



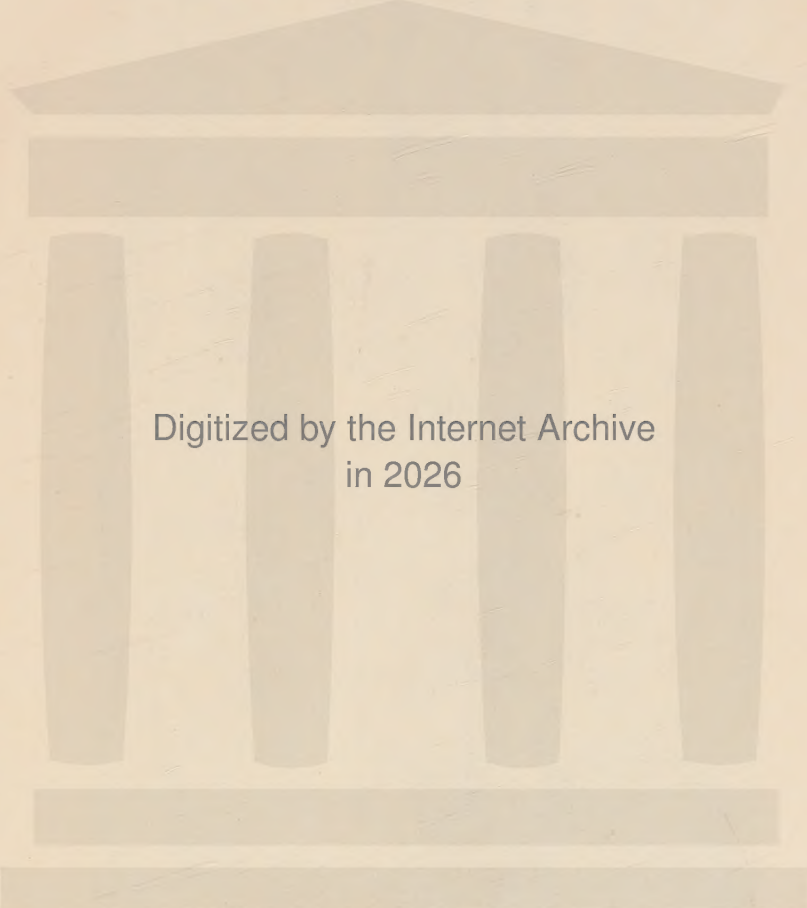
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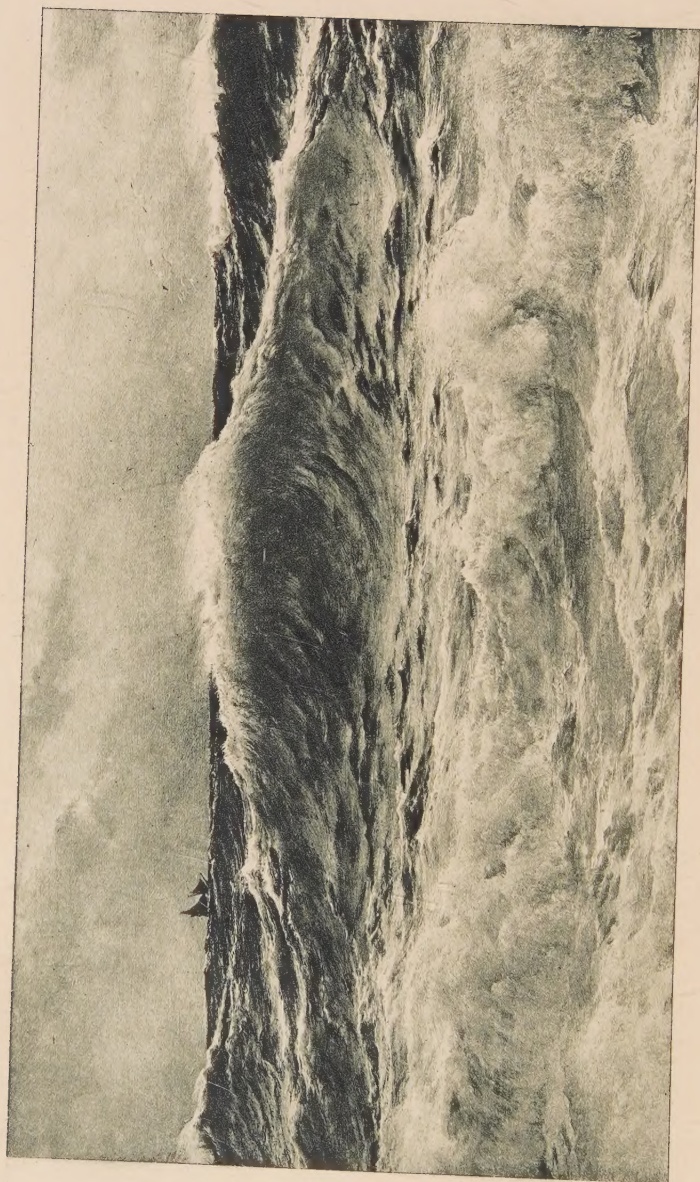


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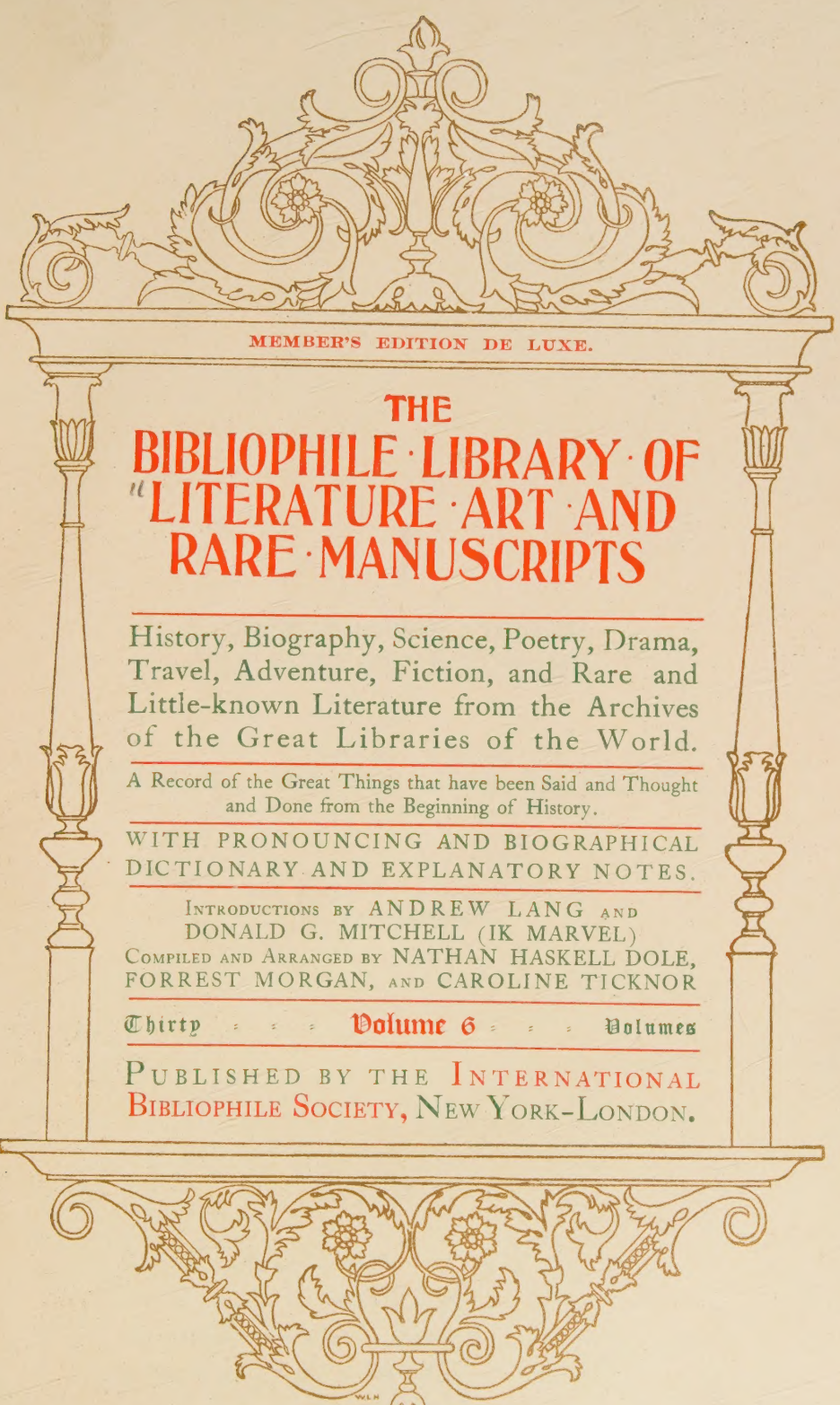
A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought
and Done from the Beginning of History.

WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (K. MARVEL)
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Thirty *Volume 5* Volumes

PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL
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CONCERNING THE MARRIAGE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF LANCASTER TO THE SON OF THE KING OF CASTILLE.

By JEAN FROISSART.

It is necessary that I should speak of the negotiations of the Duke of Lancaster with the King of Castille and the Duke of Berry respecting the marriage of his daughter. The King of Castille was desirous of having her for his son, as the means of peace with England; and the Duke of Berry wished her for himself, being very impatient to marry her. The Duke of Lancaster was wise; he saw that the most advantageous alliance for himself and his countess was Castille, for by it he should recover the inheritance of that country for his daughter.

The Duke of Berry, having been disappointed in marrying the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, was told that the Count of Boulogne had a beautiful daughter named Jane, and the duke therefore sent to the count, demanding this lady in marriage; meantime, the Duchess of Lancaster made preparations for her journey into Castille, whither she was to carry her daughter to solemnize her marriage with the king's son.

The party having set out from Bordeaux, and traversed the kingdom of Navarre, met King John of Castille at Burgos. And when the marriage had been duly solemnized, and all contracts signed, the duchess left her daughter with the king and her young husband, who was then but eight years old, and went to Monteil; on arriving at which place such active search was made that she discovered where her father had been buried, and had his bones taken up, and reverently interred in Seville cathedral with very solemn obsequies, which were attended by

King John, his son, the young Prince of Galicia, and the greater part of the prelates and barons of the realm.

The marriage of the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster with the Infant of Castille was no sooner concluded, than the Duke of Berry became more urgent in his negotiations with the Count de Foix, who at length acceded to his proposals, and sent to him his cousin of Boulogne, whom the duke married with the least possible delay. The marriage was very magnificent; the feastings and tournaments lasted for four days, and I, the writer of this book, was a partaker of them all.

After this a truce for three years was negotiated between the French and English and all their allies; and notwithstanding it was objected to on the part of the Scots, in consequence of their recent success against the English at the battle of Otterbourne, it was finally settled, through the means of commissioners of high rank on both sides, who held their conference at a place called Leulinghem, between Boulogne and Calais.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From the old ballad.)

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain!
 They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,
 And said, "Run speedilie,
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 "What recks the death of ane?
 Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three
 And hide me by the braken bush,
 That grows on yonder lily lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew;
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yonder lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to the brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were hire."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde:
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
 About the breaking of the day;
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
 And the Percy led captive away.



A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.¹

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

(GRANDPAPA LOQUITUR.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.
 This age, I think, prefers recitals
 Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
 And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few
 Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"
 (Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,
 Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
 I can recall how Some One present
 (Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read,
 And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.
 Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
 Where men knew more of "morning ale"
 Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
 'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"
 It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
 With fond elation,

¹ From "Collected Poems." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 8vo., price 6s.

I turned the brown old leaves. For there
 All through one hopeful happy summer,
 At such a page (I well knew where),
 Some secret comer,

Whom can I picture, 'Trix, like you
 (Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
 Would sometimes place for private view
 A certain token; —

A rose leaf meaning "Garden wall,"
 An ivy leaf for "Orchard corner,"
 A thorn to say "Don't come at all," —
 Unwelcome warner! —

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
 But then Romance required dissembling,
 (Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
 Some genuine trembling; —

Though, as a rule, all used to end
 In such kind confidential parley
 As may to you kind Fortune send,
 You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
 We had our crosses like our betters;
 Fate sometimes looked askance upon
 Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
 The dust upon the folio settled;
 For some one, in the right, was pained,
 And some one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
 Of fixed intent and purpose stony
 To serve King George, enlist and make
 Minced meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived — ten years at least.
 And so, when she I mean came hither,
 One day that need for letters ceased,
 She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained Chapter : "How
The English King laid Siege to Calais ;"
I think Gran. knows it even now, —
Go ask her, Alice.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

(Modern Form. From Percy's "Reliques.")

God prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all ;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and beare away :
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport ;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere ;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare ;



BATTLE OF CHEVY CHACE

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede: "
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” sayd hee, “whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow deere.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee ;
Who sayd, “Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

“Yet will wee spend our dearest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay ;”
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say :

“Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.”
“Accurst bee he,” Erle Percy sayd,
“By whome this is denied.”

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

“That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on :
You bee two erles,” sayd Witherington,
“And I a squier alone.

"He doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
He fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew ;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and tryed,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright ;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might ;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
 With swords of tempered steele;
 Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling downe did feele.

“Yeeld thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas sayd;
 “In faith I will thee bringe,
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee
 By James our Scottish king.

“Thy ransome I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most couragious knight
 That ever I did see.”

“Noe, Douglas,” quoth Erle Percy then,
 “Thy proffer I doe scorne;
 I will not yeelde to any Scott,
 That ever yett was borne.”

With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an English bow,
 Which stricke Erle Douglas to the heart,
 A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
 “Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end:
 Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand;
 And said, “Erle Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had lost my land!

“O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more renownèd knight
 Mischance cold never take.”

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percy;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceived
The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baròn.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
 As one in doleful dumpes;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
 One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
 His sisters sonne was hee;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Erle Douglas dye;
 Of twenty hundred Scottisch speares,
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest were slaine in Chevy Chace,
 Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle;
 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
 But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
 They bore with them away:
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
 Where Scotlands king did raigne,
 That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
 Was with an arrow slaine.

“O heavy newes,” King James did say;
 “Scotland can witnesse bee,
 I have not any captaine more
 Of such account as hee.”

Like tydings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slaine in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
 "Sith it will noe better bee;
 I trust I have, within my realme,
 Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take,
 I'll be revengèd on them all,
 For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king performed
 After, at Humbledowne;
 In one day, fifty knights were slaine,
 With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye;
 Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chace,
 Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
 In plentye, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease!



PILPAY'S FABLES.

[PILPAY: The reputed author of a widely circulated collection of fables, known as the "Fables of Pilpay," which originated from an old Indian collection in Sanskrit, entitled "Panchatantra." It was first translated into Pahlavi about 550 A.D., and subsequently through the Arabic was transmitted to all the peoples of Europe. Versions are found even in the Malay, Mongol, and Afghan languages.]

HOW WE OUGHT TO MAKE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, AND WHAT
 ADVANTAGE MAY BE REAPED FROM THEIR CONVERSATION.

"You have now told me," said the King, "to my infinite satisfaction, the story of a knave who, under the false appearances

of friendship, occasioned the death of an innocent person. I desire you next to inform me, what benefit may be made of honest men and real friends in civil life."

"Your Majesty," answered the Brahmin, "is to know that honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction: add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us. But nothing can, perhaps, give your Majesty a clearer or nobler idea of the pleasures of a reciprocal friendship than the following Fable."

FABLE I.

THE RAVEN, THE RAT, AND THE PIGEONS.

Near adjoining to Odorna there was once a most delightful place, which was extremely full of wildfowl, and was therefore much frequented by the sportsmen and fowlers. A Raven one day accidentally espied in this place, at the foot of a tree, on the top of which she had built her nest, a certain Fowler with a net in his hand. The poor Raven was afraid at first, imagining it was herself that the Fowler aimed at; but her fears ceased when she observed the motions of the person, who, after he had spread his net upon the ground, and scattered some corn about it to allure the birds, went and hid himself behind a hedge, where he was no sooner lain down, but a flock of Pigeons threw themselves upon the corn, without hearkening to their chieftain, who would fain have hindered them, telling them that they were not so rashly to abandon themselves to their passions. This prudent leader, who was an old Pigeon called Montivaga, perceiving them so obstinate, had many times a desire to separate himself from them; but fate, that imperiously controls all living creatures, constrained him to follow the fortune of the rest, so that he alighted upon the ground with his companions. It was not long after this before they all saw themselves under the net, and just ready to fall into the Fowler's hands.

"Well," said Montivaga on this, mournfully to them, "what think you now; will you believe me another time, if it be possible that you may get away from this destruction? I see," continued he, perceiving how they fluttered to get loose, "that

every one of you minds his own safety only, never regarding what becomes of his companions ; and, let me tell you, that this is not only an ungrateful but a foolish way of acting ; we ought to make it our business to help one another, and it may be so charitable an action may save us all : let us all together strive to break the net." On this they all obeyed Montivaga, and so well bestirred themselves, that they tore the net up from the ground, and carried it up with them into the air. The Fowler, on this, vexed to lose so fair a prey, followed the Pigeons, in hopes that the weight of the net would tire them.

In the mean time the Raven, observing all this, said to herself, "This is a very pleasant adventure, I am resolved to see the issue of it ;" and accordingly she took wing and followed them. Montivaga observing that the Fowler was resolved to pursue them, "This man," said he to his companions, "will never give over pursuing us till he has lost sight of us ; therefore, to prevent our destruction, let us bend our flight to some thick wood or some ruined castle, to the end that, when we are protected by some forest or thick wall, despair may force him to retire." This expedient had the desired success ; for, having secured themselves among the boughs of a thick forest, where the Fowler lost sight of them, he returned home, full sorely afflicted for the loss of his game and his net to boot.

As for the Raven, she followed them still, out of curiosity to know how they got out of the net, that she might make use of the same secret upon the like occasion.

The Pigeons, thus quit of the Fowler, were overjoyed : however, they were still troubled with the entanglements of the net, which they could not get rid of : but Montivaga, who was fertile in inventions, soon found a way for that.

"We must address ourselves," said he, "to some intimate friend, who, setting aside all treacherous and by-ends, will go faithfully to work for our deliverance. I know a Rat," continued he, "that lives not far from hence, a faithful friend of mine, whose name is Zirac ; he, I know, will gnaw the net, and set us at liberty." The Pigeons, who desired nothing more, all entreated to fly to this friend ; and soon after they arrived at the Rat's hole, who came forth upon the fluttering of their wings ; and, astonished and surprised to see Montivaga so entangled in the net, "O ! my dear friend," said he, "how came you in this condition ?"

To whom Montivaga replied, "I desire you, my most faith-

ful friend, first of all to disengage my companions." But Zirac, more troubled to see his friend bound than for all the rest, would needs pay his respects to him first ; but Montivaga cried out, "I conjure you once more, by our sacred friendship, to set my companions at liberty before me ; for that besides being their chieftain I ought to take care for them in the first place, I am afraid the pains thou wilt take to unbind me will slacken thy good offices to the rest ; whereas the friendship thou hast for me will excite thee to hasten their deliverance, that thou mayest be sooner in a condition to give me my freedom." The Rat, admiring the solidity of these arguments, applauded Montivaga's generosity, and fell to unloosening the strangers ; which was soon done, and then he performed the same kind office for his friend.

Montivaga, thus at liberty, together with his companions, took his leave of Zirac, returning him a thousand thanks for his kindness. And when they were gone, the Rat returned to his hole.

The Raven, having observed all this, had a great desire to be acquainted with Zirac. To which end he went to his hole, and called him by his name. Zirac, frightened to hear a strange voice, asked who he was. To which the Raven answered, "It is a Raven who has some business of importance to impart to thee."

"What business," replied the Rat, "can you and I have together ? We are enemies." Then the Raven told him, he desired to list himself in the number of a Rat's acquaintance whom he knew to be so sincere a friend.

"I beseech you," answered Zirac, "find out some other creature, whose friendship agrees better with your disposition. You lose your time in endeavoring to persuade me to such an incompatible reconciliation."

"Never stand upon incompatibilities," said the Raven, "but do a generous action, by affording an innocent person your friendship and acquaintance, when he desires it at your hands."

"You may talk to me of generosity till your lungs ache," replied Zirac, "I know your tricks too well : in a word, we are creatures of so different species that we can never be either friends or acquaintance. The example which I remember of the Partridge, that overhastily granted her friendship to a Falcon, is a sufficient warning to make me wiser."

FABLE II.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FALCON.

"A Partridge," said Zirac, keeping close in his hole, but very obligingly pursuing his discourse, "was promenading at the foot of a hill, and tuning her throat, in her coarse way, so delightfully, that a Falcon flying that way, and hearing her voice, came towards her, and very civilly was going to ask her acquaintance. 'Nobody,' said he to himself, 'can live without a friend; and it is the saying of the wise that they who want friends labor under perpetual sickness.' With these thoughts he would fain have accosted the Partridge; but she, perceiving him, escaped into a hole, all over in a cold sweat for fear.

"The Falcon followed her, and presenting himself at the entrance of the hole, 'My dear Partridge,' said he, 'I own that I never had hitherto any great kindness for you, because I did not know your merit; but since my good fortune now has made me acquainted with your merry note, be pleased to give me leave to speak with you, that I may offer you my friendship, and that I may beg of you to grant me yours.'

" 'Tyrant,' answered the Partridge, 'let me alone, and labor not in vain to reconcile fire and water.'

" 'Most amiable Partridge,' replied the Falcon, 'banish these idle fears, and be convinced that I love you, and desire that we may enter into a familiarity together: had I any other design, I would not trouble myself to court you with such soft language out of your hole. Believe me, I have such good pounces, that I would have seized a dozen other Partridges in the time that I have been courting your affection. I am sure you will have reasons enough to be glad of my friendship; first, because no other Falcon shall do you any harm while you are under my protection; secondly, because that being in my nest, you will be honored by the world; and, lastly, I will procure you a male to keep you company, and give you all the delights of love and a young progeny.'

"It is impossible for me to think that you can have so much kindness for me,' replied the Partridge: 'but, indeed, should this be true, I ought not to accept your proposal; for you being the prince of birds, and of the greatest strength, and I a poor weak Partridge, whenever I shall do anything that displeases you, you will not fail to tear me to pieces.'

“‘No, no,’ said the Falcon, ‘set your heart at rest for that; the faults that friends commit are easily pardoned.’ Much other discourse of this kind passed between them, and many doubts were started and answered satisfactorily, so that at length the Falcon testified such an extraordinary friendship for the Partridge, that she could no longer refuse to come out of her hole. And no sooner was she come forth, than the Falcon tenderly embraced her, and carried her to his nest, where for two or three days he made it his whole business to divert her. The Partridge, overjoyed to see herself so caressed, gave her tongue more liberty than she had done before, and talked much of the cruelty and savage temper of the birds of prey. This began to offend the Falcon; though for the present he dissembled it. One day, however, he unfortunately fell ill, which hindered him from going abroad in search of prey, so that he grew hungry; and wanting victuals, he soon became melancholy, morose, and churlish. His being out of humor quickly alarmed the Partridge, who kept herself, very prudently, close in a corner, with a very modest countenance. But the Falcon, soon after, no longer able to endure the importunities of his stomach, resolved to pick a quarrel with the poor Partridge. To which purpose, ‘It is not proper,’ said he, ‘that you should lie lurking there in the shade, while all the world is exposed to the heat of the sun.’

“The Partridge, trembling every joint of her, replied, ‘King of birds, it is now night, and all the world is in the shade as well as I, nor do I know what sun you mean.’ ‘Insolent baggage,’ replied the Falcon, ‘then you will make me either a liar or mad:’ and so saying, he fell upon her, and tore her to pieces.

“Do not believe,” pursued the Rat, “that upon the faith of your promises, I will lay myself at your mercy.”

“Recollect yourself,” answered the Raven, “and consider that it is not worth my while to fool my stomach with such a diminutive body as thine; it is therefore with no such intent I am talking with thee, but I know thy friendship may be beneficial to me; scruple not, therefore, to grant me this favor.”

“The sages of old,” replied the Rat, “admonish us to take care of being deluded by the fair words of our enemies, as was a certain unfortunate Man, whose story, if you please, I will relate to you.”

FABLE III.

THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

A Man mounted upon a Camel once rode into a thicket, and went to rest himself in that part of it from whence a caravan was just departed, and where the people having left a fire, some sparks of it, being driven by the wind, had set a bush, wherein lay an Adder, all in a flame. The fire environed the Adder in such a manner that he knew not how to escape, and was just giving himself over to destruction, when he perceived the Man already mentioned, and with a thousand mournful conjurations begged of him to save his life. The Man, on this, being naturally compassionate, said to himself, "It is true these creatures are enemies to mankind; however, good actions are of great value, even of the very greatest when done to our enemies; and whoever sows the seed of good works, shall reap the fruit of blessings." After he had made this reflection, he took a sack, and tying it to the end of his lance, reached it over the flame to the Adder, who flung himself into it; and when he was safe in, the traveler pulled back the bag, and gave the Adder leave to come forth, telling him he might go about his business; but hoped he would have the gratitude to make him a promise, never to do any more harm to men, since a man had done him so great a piece of service.

To this the ungrateful creature answered, "You much mistake both yourself and me: think not that I intend to be gone so calmly; no, my design is first to leave thee a parting blessing, and throw my venom upon thee and thy Camel."

"Monster of ingratitude!" replied the Traveler, "desist a moment at least, and tell me whether it be lawful to recompense good with evil."

"No," replied the Adder, "it certainly is not; but in acting in that manner I shall do no more than what yourselves do every day; that is to say, retaliate good deeds with wicked actions, and requite benefits with ingratitude."

"You cannot prove this slanderous and wicked aspersion," replied the Traveler: "nay, I will venture to say that if you can show me any one other creature in the world that is of your opinion, I will consent to whatever punishment you think fit to inflict on me for the faults of my fellow-creatures."

"I agree to this willingly," answered the Adder; and at

the same time spying a Cow, "Let us propound our question," said he, "to this creature before us, and we shall see what answer she will make." The Man consented; and so both of them accosting the Cow, the Adder put the question to her, how a good turr was to be requited. "By its contrary," replied the Cow, "if you mean according to the custom of men; and this I know by sad experience. I belong," said she, "to a man, to whom I have long been several ways extremely beneficial: I have been used to bring him a calf every year, and to supply his house with milk, butter, and cheese; but now I am grown old, and no longer in a condition to serve him as formerly I did, he has put me in this pasture to fat me, with a design to sell me to a butcher, who is to cut my throat, and he and his friends are to eat my flesh: and is not this requiting good with evil?"

On this, the Adder, taking upon him to speak, said to the Man, "What say you now? are not your own customs a sufficient warrant for me to treat you as I intend to do?"

The Traveler, not a little confounded at this ill-timed story, was cunning enough, however, to answer, "This is a particular case only, and give me leave to say, one witness is not sufficient to convict me; therefore pray let me have another."

"With all my heart," replied the Adder; "let us address ourselves to this Tree that stands here before us." The Tree, having heard the subject of their dispute, gave his opinion in the following words: "Among men, benefits are never requited but with ungrateful actions. I protect travelers from the heat of the sun, and yield them fruit to eat, and a delightful liquor to drink; nevertheless, forgetting the delight and benefit of my shade, they barbarously cut down my branches to make sticks, and handles for hatchets, and saw my body to make planks and rafters. Is not this requiting good with evil?"

The Adder, on this, looking upon the Traveler, asked if he was satisfied. But he was in such a confusion that he knew not what to answer. However, in hopes to free himself from the danger that threatened him, he said to the Adder, "I desire only one favor more; let us be judged by the next beast we meet; give me but that satisfaction, it is all I crave: you know life is sweet; suffer me therefore to beg for the means of continuing it." While they were thus parleying together, a Fox passing by was stopped by the Adder, who conjured him to put an end to their controversy.

The Fox, upon this, desiring to know the subject of their dispute, said the Traveler, "I have done this Adder a signal piece of service, and he would fain persuade me that, for my reward, he ought to do me a mischief." "If he means to act by you as you men do by others, he speaks nothing but what is true," replied the Fox; "but, that I may be better able to judge between you, let me understand what service it is that you have done him."

The Traveler was very glad of this opportunity of speaking for himself, and recounted the whole affair to him: he told him after what manner he had rescued him out of the flames with that little sack, which he showed him.

"How!" said the Fox, laughing outright, "would you pretend to make me believe that so large an Adder as this could get into such a little sack? It is impossible!" Both the Man and the Adder, on this, assured him of the truth of that part of the story; but the Fox positively refused to believe it. At length said he, "Words will never convince me of this monstrous improbability; but if the Adder will go into it again, to convince me of the truth of what you say, I shall then be able to judge of the rest of this affair."

"That I will do most willingly," replied the Adder; and, at the same time, put himself into the sack.

Then said the Fox to the Traveler, "Now you are the master of your enemy's life: and, I believe, you need not be long in resolving what treatment such a monster of ingratitude deserves of you." With that the Traveler tied up the mouth of the sack, and, with a great stone, never left off beating it till he had pounded the Adder to death; and, by that means, put an end to his fears and the dispute at once.

"This Fable," pursued the Rat, "informs us that there is no trusting to the fair words of an enemy, for fear of falling into the like misfortunes."

"You say very true," replied the Raven, "in all this; but what I have to answer to it is that we ought to understand how to distinguish friends from enemies: and, when you have learned that art, you will know I am no terrible or treacherous foe, but a sincere and hearty friend: for I protest to thee, in the most solemn manner, that what I have seen thee do for thy friend the Pigeon and his companions has taken such root in me that I cannot live without an acquaintance with thee;

and I swear I will not depart from hence till thou hast granted me thy friendship."

Zirac perceiving, at length, that the Raven really dealt frankly and cordially with him, replied, "I am happy to find that you are sincere in all this; pardon my fears, and now hear me acknowledge that I think it is an honor for me to wear the title of thy friend; and, if I have so long withstood thy importunities, it was only to try thee, and to show thee that I want neither wit nor policy, that thou mayst know hereafter how far I may be able to serve thee." And so saying, he came forward; but even now he did not venture fairly out, but stopped at the entrance of his hole.

"Why dost thou not come boldly forth?" demanded the Raven. "Is it because thou art not yet assured of my affection?"

"That is not the reason," answered the Rat; "but I am afraid of thy companions upon the trees."

"Set thy heart at rest for that," replied the Raven; "they shall respect thee as their friend: for it is a custom among us that, when one of us enters into a league of friendship with a creature of another species, we all esteem and love that creature." The Rat, upon the faith of these words, came out to the Raven, who caressed him with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship, swearing to him an inviolable amity, and requesting him to go and live with him near the habitation of a certain neighboring Tortoise, of whom he gave a very noble character.

"Command me henceforward in all things," replied Zirac, "for I have so great an inclination for you, that from henceforward I will forever follow you as your shadow: and, to tell you the truth, this is not the proper place of my residence; I was only compelled some time since to take sanctuary in this hole, by reason of an accident, of which I would give you the relation, if I thought it might not be offensive to you."

"My dear friend," replied the Raven, "can you have any such fears? or rather are you not convinced that I share in all your concerns? But the Tortoise," added he, "whose friendship is a very considerable acquisition, which you cannot fail of, will be no less glad to hear the recital of your adventures: come, therefore, away with me to her," continued he; and, at the same time, he took the rat in his bill, and carried him to the Tortoise's dwelling, to whom he related what he had seen

Zirac do. She congratulated the Raven for having acquired so perfect a friend, and caressed the Rat at a very high rate; who, for his part, was too much a courtier not to testify how sensible he was of all her civilities. After many compliments on all sides, they went all three to walk by the banks of a purling rivulet; and, having made choice of a place somewhat distant from the highway, the Raven desired Zirac there to relate his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

FABLE IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF ZIRAC.

"I was born," said Zirac, "and lived many years in the city of India called Marout, where I made choice of a place to reside in that seemed to be the habitation of silence itself, that I might live without disturbance. Here I enjoyed long the greatest earthly felicity, and tasted the sweets of a quiet life, in company of some other Rats, honest creatures, of my own humor. There was also in our neighborhood, I must inform you, a certain Dervise, who every day remained idly in his habitation while his companion went a begging. He constantly, however, ate a part of what the other brought home, and kept the remainder for his supper. But, when he sat down to his second meal, he never found his dish in the same condition that he left it: for while he was in his garden I always filled my belly, and constantly called my companions to partake with me, who were no less mindful of their duty to nature than myself. The Dervise, on this, constantly finding his pittance diminished, flew out at length into a great rage, and looked into his books for some receipt or some engine to apprehend us: but all that availed him nothing, I was still more cunning than he. One unfortunate day, however, one of his friends, who had been a long journey, entered into his cell to visit him; and, after they had dined, they fell into a discourse concerning travel. This Dervise, our good purveyor, among other things asked his friend what he had seen that was most rare and curious in his travels. To whom the Traveler began to recount what he had observed most worthy remark; but, as he was studying to give him a description of the most delightful places through which he had passed, the Dervise still interrupted him from time to time, with the noise

which he made, by clapping his hands one against the other, and stamping with his foot against the ground, to fright us away : for, indeed, we made frequent sallies upon his provision, never regarding his presence nor his company. At length the Traveler, taking it in dudgeon that the Dervise gave so little ear to him, told him, in downright terms, that he did ill to detain him there, to trouble him with telling stories he did not attend to, and make a fool of him.

“‘Heaven forbid!’ replied the Dervise, altogether surprised, ‘that I should make a fool of a person of your merit : I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but there is in this place a nest of rats that will eat me up to the very ears before they have done ; and there is one above the rest so bold, that he even has the impudence to come and bite me by the toes as I lie asleep, and I know not how to catch the felonious devil.’ The Traveler, on this, was satisfied with the Dervise’s excuses ; and replied, ‘Certainly there is some mystery in this : this accident brings to my mind a remarkable story, which I will relate to you, provided you will hearken to me with a little better attention.’”

FABLE V.

A HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

“One day,” continued the Traveler, “as I was on my journey, the bad weather constrained me to stop at a town where I had several acquaintances of different ranks ; and, being unable to proceed on my journey for the continuance of the rain, I went to lodge with one of my friends, who received me very civilly. After supper he put me to bed in a chamber that was parted from his own by a very thin wainscot only ; so that, in despite of my ears, I heard all his private conversation with his Wife.

“‘To-morrow,’ said he, ‘I intend to invite the principal burghers of the town to divert my friend who has done me the honor to come and see me.’

“‘You have not sufficient wherewithal to support your family,’ answered his Wife, ‘and yet you talk of being at great expenses : rather think of sparing that little you have for the good of your children, and let feasting alone.’

“‘This is a man of great religion and piety,’ replied the Husband ; ‘and I ought to testify my joy on seeing him, and

to give my other friends an opportunity of hearing his pious conversation ; nor be you in care for the small expense that will attend this. The providence of God is very great ; and we ought not to take too much care for to-morrow, lest what befell the Wolf befall us.' ”

FABLE VI.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOLF.

“One day,” continued the Husband, “a great Hunter, returning from the chase of a deer, which he had killed, unexpectedly espied a wild boar coming out of a wood, and making directly towards him. ‘Very good,’ cried the Hunter, ‘this beast comes very opportunely ; he will not a little augment my provision.’ With that he bent his bow, and let fly his arrow with so good an aim that he wounded the boar to death. Such, however, are the unforeseen events that attend too covetous a care for the necessaries of life, that this fair beginning was but a prelude to a very fatal catastrophe. For the beast, feeling himself wounded, ran with so much fury at the Hunter, that he ripped up his belly with his tusks in such a manner that they both fell dead upon the place.

“At the very moment when this happened, there passed by a Wolf, half-famished, who, seeing so much victuals lying upon the ground, was in an ecstasy of joy. ‘However,’ said he to himself, ‘I must not be prodigal of all this good food ; but it behoves me to husband my good fortune, to make my provision hold out the longer.’ Being very hungry, however, he very prudently resolved to fill his belly first, and make his store for the future afterwards. Not willing, however, to waste any part of his treasure, he was for eating his meat, and, if possible, having it too ; he therefore resolved to fill his belly with what was least delicate, and accordingly began with the string of the bow, which was made of gut ; but he had no sooner snapped the string, but the bow, which was highly bent, gave him such a terrible thump upon the breast that he fell stone-dead upon the other bodies.

“‘This Fable,’ said the Husband, pursuing his discourse ‘instructs us that we ought not to be too greedily covetous.’

“‘Nay,’ said the Wife, ‘if this be the effect of saving, even invite whom you please to-morrow.’

"The company was accordingly invited ; but the next day, as the Wife was getting the dinner ready, and making a sort of sauce with honey, she saw a rat fall into the honey pot, which turned her stomach, and stopped the making of that part of the entertainment. Unwilling, therefore, to make use of the honey, she carried it to the market, and when she parted with it, took pitch in exchange. I was then, by accident, by her, and asked her why she made such a disadvantageous exchange for her honey.

"‘Because,’ said she, in my ear, ‘it is not worth so much to me as the pitch.’ Then I presently perceived there was some mystery in the affair, which was beyond my comprehension. It is the same with this rat : he would never be so bold, had he not some reason for it which we are ignorant of. The rats,” continued he, “in this part of the world, are a cunning, covetous, and proud generation ; they heap money as much as the misers of our own species ; and when one of them is possessed of a considerable sum, he becomes a prince among them, and has his set of comrades, who would die to serve him, as they live by him ; for he disburses money for their purchases of food, etc., of one another, and they live his slaves in perfect idleness. And for my part, I am apt to believe that this is the case with this impudent rat ; that he has a number of slaves of his own species at command, to defend and uphold him in his audacious tricks, and that there is money hidden in his hole.”

The Dervise no sooner heard the Traveler talk of money, than he took a hatchet, and so bestirred himself, that having cleft the wall, he soon discovered my treasure, to the value of a thousand deniers in gold, which I had heaped together with great labor and toil. These had long been my whole pleasure ; I told them every day ; I took delight to handle them, and tumble upon them, placing all my happiness in that exercise. But to return to the story. When the gold tumbled out, ‘Very good,’ said the Traveler ; ‘had I not reason to attribute the insolence of these rats to some unknown cause ?’

“I leave you to judge in what a desperate condition I was, when I saw my habitation ransacked after this manner. I resolved on this to change my lodging ; but all my companions left me ; so that I had a thorough experience of the truth of the proverb, ‘No money, no friend.’ Friends, nowadays, love us no longer than our friendship turns to their advantage. I

have heard among men, that one day a wealthy and a witty man was asked how many friends he had. 'As for friends alamode,' said he, 'I have as many as I have crowns; but as for real friends, I must stay till I come to be in want, and then I shall know.'

"While I was pondering, however, upon the accident that had befallen me, I saw a rat pass along, who had been heretofore used to profess himself so much devoted to my service, that you would have thought he could not have lived a moment out of my company. I called to him, and asked him why he shunned me like the rest.

"'Thinkest thou,' said the ungrateful and impudent villain, 'that we are such fools as to serve thee for nothing? When thou wast rich, we were thy servants; but now thou art poor, believe me, we will not be the companions of thy poverty.'

"'Alas! thou oughtest not to despise the poor,' said I, 'because they are the beloved of Providence.'

"'It is very true,' answered he; 'but not such poor as thou art. For Providence takes care of those among men who have, for the sake of religion, forsaken the world; not those whom the world has forsaken.' Miserably angry was I with myself for my former generosities to such a wretch; but I could not tell what to answer to such a cutting expression. I stayed, however, notwithstanding my misfortunes, with the Dervise, to see how he would dispose of the money he had taken from me; and I observed that he gave one half to his friend, and that each of them laid their shares under their pillows. On seeing this, an immediate thought came into my mind to go and regain this money. To this purpose I stole softly to the Dervise's bedside, and was just going to carry back my treasure; but unfortunately his friend, who, unperceived by me, observed all my actions, threw his bed staff at me with so good a will that he had almost broke my foot, which obliged me to recover my hole with all the speed I could, though not without some difficulty. About an hour after, I crept out again, believing by this time the Traveler might be asleep also. But he was too diligent a sentinel, and too much afraid of losing his good fortune. However, I plucked up a good heart, went forward, and was already got to the Dervise's bed's head, when my rashness had like to have cost me my life. For the Traveler gave me a second blow upon the head, that stunned me in such a manner that I could hardly find my hole again. At the same instant he also threw

his bed staff at me a third time ; but missing me, I recovered my sanctuary ; where I was no sooner set down in safety, than I protested that I would never more pursue the recovery of a thing which had cost me so much pains and jeopardy. In pursuance of this resolution, I left the Dervise's habitation, and retired to that place where you saw me with the Pigeon."

The Tortoise was extremely well pleased with the recital of the Rat's adventures ; and at the same time embracing him, "You have done well," said she, "to quit the world, and the intrigues of it, since they afford us no perfect satisfaction. All those who are turmoiled with avarice and ambition do but labor for their own ruin, like a certain Cat which I once knew, whose adventures you will not be displeased to hear."

FABLE VII.

THE RAVENOUS CAT.

"A certain Person whom I have often seen," continued the Tortoise, "bred up a Cat very frugally in his own house. He gave her enough to suffice nature, though nothing superfluous : and she might, if she pleased, have lived very happily with him ; but she was very ravenous, and, not content with her ordinary food, hunted about in every corner for more. One day, passing by a dove house, she saw some young pigeons that were hardly fledged ; and presently her teeth watered for a taste of those delicate viands. With this resolution, up she boldly mounted into the dove house, never minding whether the master were there or no, and was presently with great joy preparing to satisfy her voluptuous desires. But the master of the place no sooner saw the epicure of a Cat enter, than he shut up the doors, and stopped up all the holes at which it was possible for her to get out again, and so bestirred himself that he caught the felonious baggage, and hanged her up at the corner of the pigeon house. Soon after this, the owner of the Cat passing that way, and seeing his Cat hanged, 'Unfortunate greedy-gut,' said he, 'hadst thou been contented with thy meaner food, thou hadst not been now in this condition ! Thus,' continued he, moralizing on the spectacle, 'insatiable gluttons are the procurers of their own untimely ends. Alas ! the felicities of this world are uncertain, and of no continuance. Wise men, I well remember, say there is no reliance

upon these six things, nor anything of fidelity to be expected from them : —

“‘1. From a cloud ; for it disperses in an instant.

“‘2. From feigned friendship ; for it passes away like a flash of lightning.

“‘3. From a woman's love ; for it changes upon every frivolous fancy.

“‘4. From beauty ; for the least injury of time, misfortune, or disease destroys it.

“‘5. From false prayers ; for they are but smoke.

“‘6. And from the enjoyments of the world ; for they all vanish in a moment.’”

“Men of judgment,” replied the Rat, “are all of this opinion : they never labor after these vain things ; there is nothing but the acquisition of a real friend can tempt us to the expectation of a lasting happiness.”

The Raven then spoke in his turn : “There is no earthly pleasure or advantage,” said he, “like a true friend ; which I shall endeavor to prove, by the recital of the following story.”

FABLE VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A certain Person, of a truly noble and generous disposition, once heard, as he lay in bed, somebody knocking at his door at an unseasonable hour. Somewhat surprised at it, he, without stirring out of his place, first asked who was there. But when by the answer he understood that it was one of his best friends, he immediately rose, put on his clothes, and ordering his servant to light a candle, went and opened the door.

So soon as he saw him, “Dear Friend,” said he, “I at all times rejoice to see you, but doubly now, because I promise myself, from this extraordinary visit, that I can be of some service to you. I cannot imagine your coming so late to be for any other reason, but either to borrow money, or to desire me to be your second, and I am very happy in that I can assure you that I am provided to serve you in either of these requests. If you want money, my purse is full, and it is open to all your occasions. If you are to meet with your enemy, my arm and sword are at your service.” “There is nothing I have less

occasion for," answered his Friend, "than these things which you proffer me. I only came to understand the condition of your health, fearing the truth of an unlucky and disastrous dream."

While the Raven was reciting this Fable, our set of friends beheld at a distance a little wild Goat making towards them with an incredible swiftness.

They all took it for granted, by her speed, that she was pursued by some hunter; and they immediately without ceremony separated, every one to take care of himself. The Tortoise slipped into the water, the Rat crept into a hole which he accidentally found there, and the Raven hid himself among the boughs of a very high tree. In the mean time the Goat stopped all of a sudden, and stood to rest itself by the side of the fountain; when the Raven, who looked about every way, perceiving nobody, called to the Tortoise, who immediately peeped up above the water; and seeing the Goat afraid to drink, "Drink boldly," said the Tortoise, "for the water is very clear:" which the Goat having done, "Pray tell me," cried the Tortoise, "what is the reason you seem to be in such a fright?" "Reason enough," replied the Goat, "for I have just made my escape from the hands of a Hunter, who pursued me with an eager chase."

"Come," said the Tortoise, "I am glad you are safe, and I have an offer to make you: if you can like our company, stay here, and be one of our friends; you will find, I assure you, our hearts honest and our conversation beneficial. Wise men," continued she, "say that the number of friends lessens trouble: and that if a man had a thousand friends, he ought to reckon them no more than as one; but, on the other side, if a man has but one enemy, he ought to reckon that one for a thousand, so dangerous and so desperate a thing is an avowed enemy." After this discourse, the Raven and the Rat entered into company with the Goat, and showed her a thousand civilities; with which she was so taken that she promised to stay there as long as she lived.

These four friends, after this, lived in perfect harmony a long while, and spent their time very pleasantly together. But one day, as the Tortoise, the Rat, and the Raven had met, as they used to do, by the side of the fountain, the Goat was missing; this very much troubled the other friends, as they knew not what accident might have befallen her. They soon

came to a resolution, however, to seek for and assist her ; and presently the Raven mounted up into the air, to see what discoveries he could make, and looking round about him, at length, to his great sorrow, saw at a distance the poor Goat entangled in a Hunter's net. He immediately dropped down, on this, to acquaint the Rat and Tortoise with what he had seen ; and you may be well assured these ill tidings extremely afflicted all the three friends.

"We have professed a strict friendship together, and long lived happily in it," said the Tortoise ; "and it will be shameful now to break through it, and leave our innocent and good-natured friend to destruction : no, we must find some way," continued she, "to deliver the poor Goat out of captivity."

On this, said the Raven to the Rat, "Remember now, O excellent Zirac ! thy own talents, and exert them for the public good : there is none but you can set our friend at liberty ; and the business must be quickly done, for fear the Huntsman lay his clutches upon her."

"Doubt not but I will gladly do my endeavor," replied the Rat ; "therefore let us go immediately, lest we lose time." The Raven, on this, took up Zirac in his bill, and carried him to the place ; where being arrived, he fell without delay to gnawing the meshes that held the Goat's foot, and had almost set him at liberty by the time the Tortoise arrived. So soon as the Goat perceived this slow-moving friend, she sent forth a loud cry : "O !" said she, "why have you ventured yourself to come hither ?"

"Alas," replied the Tortoise, "I could no longer endure your absence."

"Dear Friend," said the Goat, "your coming to this place troubles me more than the loss of my own liberty ; for if the Hunter should happen to come at this instant, what will you do to make your escape ? For my part I am almost unbound, and my swift heels will prevent me from falling into his hands ; the Raven will find his safety in his wings ; the Rat will run into any hole ; only you, that are so slow of foot, will become the Hunter's prey."

No sooner had the Goat spoken the words than the Hunter appeared ; but the Goat being loosened ran away ; the Raven mounted into the sky ; the Rat slipped into a hole ; and, as the Goat had said, only the slow-paced Tortoise remained without help.

When the Hunter arrived, he was not a little surprised to find his net broken. This was no small vexation to him, and made him look narrowly about, to see if he could discover who had done him the injury ; and, unfortunately, in searching, he spied the Tortoise. "O !" said he, "very well, I am very glad to see you here ; I find I shall not go home empty-handed, however, at last : here's a plump Tortoise, and that's worth something, I'm sure." With that he took the Tortoise up, put it in his sack, threw the sack over his shoulder, and so was trudging home.

When he was gone, the three friends came from their several places, and met together, when, missing the Tortoise, they easily judged what was become of her. Then sending forth a thousand sighs, they made most doleful lamentations, and shed a torrent of tears. At length the Raven, interrupting this sad harmony, "Dear friends," said he, "our moans and sorrows do the Tortoise no good ; we ought, instead of this, if it be possible, to think of a way to save her life. The sages of former ages have informed us that there are four sorts of persons that are never known but upon the proper occasions : men of courage in fight ; men of honesty in business ; a wife in her husband's misfortunes ; and a true friend in extreme necessity. We find, alas ! our dear friend the Tortoise is in a sad condition ; and therefore we must, if possible, succor her."

"It is well advised," replied the Rat, "and now I think on't, an expedient is come into my head. Let the Goat go and show herself in the Hunter's eye, who will then be sure to lay down his sack to run after her."

"Very well advised," replied the Goat, "I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little distance before him, which will encourage him to follow me, and so draw him a good way from his sack, which will give the Rat time to set our friend at liberty." This stratagem had so good a face that it was soon approved by them all ; and immediately the Goat ran halting before the Hunter, and seemed to be so feeble and faint that he thought he had her safe in his clutches ; and so laying down his sack, ran after the Goat with all his might. That cunning creature suffered him ever and anon almost to come up to her, and then led him another green-goose chase, till in short she had fairly dragged him out of sight ; which the Rat perceiving, came and gnawed the string that tied the sack, and let out the Tortoise, who went and hid herself in a thick bush.



CHAUCER

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THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES. 1785

At length the Hunter, tired with running in vain after his prey, left off the chase, and returned to his sack. "Here," said he, "I have something safe however: thou art not quite so swift of foot as this plaguy Goat; and if thou wert, art too fast here to find the way to make thy legs of any use to thee." So saying, he went to the bag, but there missing the Tortoise, he was in amaze, and thought himself in a region of hobgoblins and spirits. He could not but stand and bless himself, that a Goat should free herself out of his nets, and by and by run hopping before him, and make a fool of him; and that in the mean while a Tortoise, a poor feeble creature, should break the string of a sack, and make its escape. All these considerations struck him with such a panic fear, that he ran home as if a thousand robin goodfellows or rawhead and bloody bones had been at his heels. After which the four friends met together again, congratulated each other on their escapes, made new protestations of friendship, and swore never to separate till death parted them.



THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the first great English poet, was born about 1340, son of a London vintner. He was sent abroad on many embassies, and later became a prosperous London customs official and a knight of the shire; but from 1386 till the end of Richard II.'s reign (1399) he was out of favor, and very poor. Henry IV. granted him a comfortable pension shortly after winning the throne; but Chaucer died the next year, October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His one great work is "The Canterbury Tales."]

WHAN that Aprillē with his shourēs sotē¹
The drought of March hath percēd to the rotē,
And bathēd every veine in swich² licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetē brethē
Enspirēd hath in every holte³ and hethē
The tendrē croppēs and the yongē sonnē
Hath in the Ram his halfē cours y-ronnē,
And smalē fowlēs maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,

¹ Sweet.

² Such.

³ Grove.

So priketh hem nature in hir coragës;
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimagës,
 And palmers for to seken strangë strondes;
 To ferne halwes¹ kouthē² in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every shirës endë
 Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wendë,
 The holy blisful martyr for to sekë,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they wer sekë.

Befel, that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimagë
 To Canterbury with ful devout coragë,
 At night was come into that hostelrie
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallë³
 In felawship, and pilgrims wer they allë,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,
 And wel we weren esëd⁴ atte beste.⁵

And shortly, whan the sonnë was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,⁶
 That I was of hir⁷ felawship anon,
 And madë forward erly for to rise,
 To take our way ther as I you devise.

But nathëles, while I have time and space,
 Or that I forther in this talë pacë,
 Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
 To tell you alle the condition
 Of eche of hem, so as it semëd to me,
 And which they weren, and of what degre;
 And eek in what array that they were innë:
 And at a knight than wol I first beginnë.

THE KNIGHT.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the timë that he first began
 To riden out, he lovëd chevalrie,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordës werre,⁸
 And therto had he ridden, no man ferre,⁹
 As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenessë,
 And ever honoured for his worthinessë.

¹ Distant Saints. ² Known. ³ Fallen. ⁴ Accommodated. ⁵ In
 the best manner. ⁶ Every one of them. ⁷ Their. ⁸ War. ⁹ Farther.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonnē.¹
 Ful often time he had the bord begonne²
 Aboven allē nations in Pruce.³
 In Lettowe hadde he reysēd⁴ and in Rucē,
 No cristen man so oft of his degre.
 In Gernade⁵ at the siege eek had he be
 Of Algesir, and rid in Belmarie.⁶
 At Leyes⁷ was he, and at Satalie,⁸
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretē see⁶
 At many a noble arive¹⁰ hadde he be.
 At mortal batails hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for our faith at Tramassene
 In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke¹¹ worthy knight had ben also
 Somtimē with the lord of Palatie,¹²
 Agen another hethen in Turkie:
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.¹³
 And though that he was worthy he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
 In all his lif, unto no maner¹⁴ wight.
 He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his aray,
 His hors was good, but he ne was not gay.
 Of fustian he werēd a gipon,¹⁵
 Allē besmotred¹⁶ with his habergeon,
 For he was late y-com from his viage,¹⁷
 And he wentē for to don¹⁸ his pilgrimage.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

With him ther was his sone a yong SQUIER,
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lockēs crull¹⁹ as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.

¹ Alexandria was captured A.D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

² *I.e.* he had been placed at the head of the table; or, possibly, won chief place in tourneys.

³ Pruce, Prussia; Lettowe, Lithuania; Ruce, Russia. ⁴ Journeyed.

⁵ The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344.

⁶ Palmyra. ⁷ Layas, in Armenia. ⁸ Attalia. ⁹ The Mediterranean.

¹⁰ Arive, disembarkation. ¹¹ Same. ¹² Palathia, in Anatolia. ¹³ Great renown. ¹⁴ No kind of person. ¹⁵ A short cassock. ¹⁶ Smutted. ¹⁷ Journey. ¹⁸ Perform. ¹⁹ Curled.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
 And wonderly delivre,¹ and grete of strengthe.
 And he had ben sometime in chevachie,²
 In Flaundres, in Artois, and Picardie,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embrouded³ was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of freshë flourës, white and rede.
 Singing he was, or floyting⁴ al the day,
 He was as fresh, as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with slevës long and wyde.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayrë ryde.
 He coude songës make, and wel endite,
 Juste and eek dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
 So hote he lovëd, that by nightertale⁵
 He slep no more than doth a nightingale.
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.

HIS GROOM.

A YEMAN⁶ hadde he, and servánts no mo
 At that time, for him lustë ride so;⁷
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene.
 A shefe of peacock arwës⁸ bright and kene
 Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
 Wel coude he dress his takel⁹ yemanly:
 His arwës droupëd not with fethers lowe.
 And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed¹⁰ had he, with a broun visage.
 Of woodcraft coude¹¹ he wel al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,¹²
 And by his side a swerd and bokelér,
 And on that other side a gaie daggere,
 Harneisëd¹³ wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
 A Cristofre¹⁴ on his brest of silver shene.
 An horne he bar, the baudrik was of grene.
 A forster was he sothly as I gesse.

¹ Agile, nimble. ² Military expedition. ³ Embroidered. ⁴ Playing on the flute.
⁵ Nighttime. ⁶ Yeman, or yeoman, is an abbreviation of *yeongeman*, as *youthe* is of *yeongthe*. ⁷ He preferred to ride so. ⁸ Arrows with peacock feathers.
⁹ Bows and arrows. ¹⁰ I.e. round, like a nut, probably from being cropped. ¹¹ Knew. ¹² Armor for the arm. ¹³ Equipped.
¹⁴ A figure of St. Christopher.

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy;
 Hir gretest oth n'as but by Seint Eloy;¹
 And she was clepēd madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sang the servicē divine,
 Entunēd in hir nose ful semely;
 And French she spak ful fayre and fetisly,²
 After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
 For French of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At metē wely-taught was she withalle;
 She let no morsel from hir lippēs falle,
 Ne wet hir fingrēs in hir saucē depe.
 Wel coud she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no dropē ne fell upon hir brest.
 In curtesie was set ful moch hir lest.³
 Hir over lippē wipēd she so clene,
 That in hir cuppē was no ferthing⁴ sene
 Of gresē, whan she dronken had hir draught.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raught.⁵
 And sikerly⁶ she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peinēd hir to contrefeten⁷ chere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitoús,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it wer ded or bledde.
 Of smalē houndēs had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel brede.⁸
 But sorē wept she if on of hem wer dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerdē⁹ smert:¹⁰
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimple¹¹ y-pinched was;
 Hir nosē tretis;¹² hir eyen grey as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
 But sikerly she had a fayr forehed.
 It was almost a spannē brod I trowe;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

¹ Either read Seinte Loy, St. Eligius or Seynt Eloy, St. Louis.
 cleverly.

² Delight, pleasure.

⁴ Fourth part; hence, bit.

³ Neatly,

⁵ Reached.

⁶ Surely.

⁷ She took great pains to assume.

⁸ Best flour bread.

⁹ A stick.

¹⁰ Hardly.

¹¹ A covering for the neck.

¹² Long and well proportioned.

Full fetis¹ was hir cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smal coral about hir arm she bare
 A pair of bedës, gauded² all with grene;
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first y-write a crownëd A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another Nonne also with hir had she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and Preestës thre.

THE MONK.

A MONK ther was, a fayr for the maistrie,³
 An outrider, that lovëd venerie;⁴
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deintë hors had he in stable:
 And whan he rood, men might his bridel here
 Gingéling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eek as loude, as doth the chapel belle.
 Ther as⁵ this lord was keper of the celle,
 The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
 Because that it was old and somdel streit,
 This ilke monk let oldë thingës pace,
 And held after the newe world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pullëd hen,⁶
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkëles,
 Is likned to a fish that is waterles;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 But thilke text held he not worth an oistre.
 And I say his opiniön was good.
 What⁷ shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,⁸
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondës, and laboure,
 As Austin bit?⁹ how shal the world be served?
 Let Austin have his swink¹⁰ to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a prickasoure¹¹ aright:
 Greihounds he had as swift as foul in flight:
 Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

¹ Neat, tasteful.

² With green gawdes, or large Paternoster beads.

³ A fair one; for the maistrie, excellent above all others. MS. Bod. 761. *Secreta h. Samp de Clowburnel*, fol. 17 b. *Ciroigne bone pur la maistrie a briser et a meurer apostemes*, etc. — *Tyrwhitt*.

⁴ Hunting.

⁵ Where.

⁶ Bald

or scurvy; a molting.

⁷ Why.

⁸ Mad.

⁹ Biddeth.

¹⁰ Labor.

¹¹ A

hard rider, from prick, to spur on a horse.

I saw his sleeves purfilēd at the hond
 With gris,¹ and that the finest of the lond.
 And for to fastne his hood under his chinne,
 He had of gold y-wrought a curious pinne:
 A love knot in the greter end ther was.
 His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,
 And eek his face, as it had ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe,² and rolling in his hed,
 That stemēd as a forneis of a led.³
 His botēs souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayr prelat.
 He was not pale as a for-pinēd⁴ gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

THE FRIAR.

A FRERE ther was, a wanton⁵ and a mery,
 A Limitour,⁶ a ful solempnē man.
 In all the ordres foure is non that can⁷
 So moche of daliance⁸ and fayr langage.
 He hadde y-made ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wimmen, at his ownē cost.
 Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
 With frankleins⁹ over all in his contree,
 And eek with worthy wimmen of the toun:
 For he had power of confessioun,
 As said himselfē, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licenciat.
 Ful swetely herd he confessiōn,
 And plesant was his absolution.
 He was an esy man to give penance,
 Ther as he wiste to han¹⁰ a good pitance¹¹:
 For unto a poure ordre for to give
 Is signē that a man is wel y-shrive.
 For if he gave, he dorste make avánt,¹²
 He wistē that a man was repentánt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may not wepe although him sorē smerte.

¹ Gray rabbit fur.² Sunk deep in his head.³ Copper caldron.⁴ Wasted, tormented.⁵ Lively.⁶ *I.e.* one licensed to beg within a certain

district.

⁷ Knew.⁸ Gossip.⁹ Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen

of good estate.

¹⁰ Have.¹¹ Mess of victuals.¹² Boast.

Therfore in stede of weping and praieres,
 Men moot give silver to the pourē freres.
 His tippet¹ was ay farsed² ful of knives,
 And pinnēs, for to given fayrē wives.
 And certainly he had a mery note.
 Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.³
 Of yeddings⁴ he bare utterly the prys.
 His nekkē whit was as the flour-de-lys.
 Therto he strong was as a champioun,
 He knew the taverns wel in every toun,
 And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
 Bet⁵ than a lazar or a beggestere,⁶
 For unto swiche a worthy man as he
 Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
 To han with sikē lazars⁷ acquaintance.
 It is not honest, it may not avance,
 As for to delen, with no such pouraille,⁸
 But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
 And o'er all, ther as profit shuld arise,
 Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
 Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the bestē begger in his hous:
 For though a widwe⁹ haddē not a shoo,
 (So plesant was his *In principio*)¹⁰
 Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
 His purchas¹¹ was wel better than his rent.
 And rage he coude and pleyen as a whelp,
 In lovē-days,¹² coud he mochel help.
 For ther he was not like a cloisterere,
 With thredbar cope, as is a pour scolere,
 But he was like a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lispēd for his wantonnesse,
 To make his English swete upon his tonge;
 And in his harping, whan that he had songs,
 His eyen twinkeld in his hed aright,
 As don the sterres in a frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was clept Huberd.

¹ Cowl. ² Stuffed. ³ On a harp. ⁴ Gleeman's songs. ⁵ Better.
⁶ Beggar. ⁷ Lepers. ⁸ Commonalty, poor people. ⁹ Widow. ¹⁰ "In the
 beginning," Latin text either of the first verse of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel.
¹¹ Proceeds of his alms collecting. ¹² Days appointed for the amicable settle-
 ment or arbitration of differences.



CHAUCER'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK, WHICH HE OCCUPIED DURING THE REIGN OF EDWARD III.

THE MERCHANT.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee,¹ and highe on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
 His botës clapsed fayre and fetisly.
 His resons spak he ful solempnely,
 Souning² alway th' encrease of his winning.
 He wold the see were kept for anything
 Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.³
 Wel coud he in eschangës sheeldes⁴ selle,
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;⁵
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So stedfastly did he his governance,
 With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.⁶
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot⁷ how men him calle.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logik haddë long y-go.
 As lenë was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But lokëd holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtëpy,⁸
 For he had geten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was lever han⁹ at his beds hed
 A twenty bokës, clad in black or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robës riche, or fidel, or sautrie.¹⁰
 But all be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofre,
 But all that he might of his frendës hentë,¹¹
 On bokës and on lerning he it spentë,
 And besily gan for the soulës praie
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.¹²
 Of studie took he mostë cure and hede.

¹ Mixed, various colors, motley. ² Sounding. ³ A seaport in Essex.

⁴ French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side.

⁵ Employed his knowledge. ⁶ An arrangement for borrowing money. ⁷ Know

not. ⁸ A sort of short upper cloak. ⁹ I.e. he had rather, he preferred.

¹⁰ Psaltery. ¹¹ Get. ¹² To attend school.

Not a word spak he morë than was nede;
 And that he said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quik, and ful of high sentënce.
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

THE SERGEANT OF LAW.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAW^e ware and wise,
 That often had y-ben at the parvys,¹
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
 He semed such, his wordës were so wise,
 Justice he was ful often in assise.
 By patent, and by pleyn commissioun;
 For his sciënce, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robës had he many on.
 So grete a purchasour was nowher non.
 All was fee simple to him in effect,
 His purchasing might not ben in suspect.
 Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semëd besier than he was.
 In termës had he cas and domës² alle,
 That from the time of king William wer falle,
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
 Ther coudë no wight pinche³ at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a seint⁴ of silk, with barrës⁵ smale;
 Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

THE GENTLEMAN.

A FRANKËLEIN was in this compaignie;
 White was his berd, as is the dayësie.
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.
 Wel loved he by the morwë⁶ a sop in win.
 To liven in delit was æ his wone,⁷
 For he was Epicurës owen sone,
 That held opinion, that plein delít
 Was veraily felicité parfit.

¹ Church porch.
⁶ Morning.

² Opinions.

³ Find fault with.

⁴ Belt.

⁵ Stripes.

⁷ Habit.

An housholder, and that a gret¹ was he;
 Seint Julian² he was in his contre,
 His breed, his ale, was alway after on³;
 A better envyned⁴ man was no wher non.
 Withoutē bak meet never was his hous,
 Of flesh and fish, and that so plenteous,
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
 Of allē deintees that men coud of thinke,
 After the sondry sesons of the yere,
 So changēd he his mete and his soupere.
 Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
 And many a breme, and many a luce⁵ in stewe.
 Wo was his cook, but if⁶ his saucē were
 Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longē day.
 At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
 Ful often timē he was knight of the shire.
 An anlas⁷ and a gipeer⁸ all of silk,
 Heng at his girdel, white as morwe⁹ milk.
 A shereve had he ben, and a countour.¹⁰
 Was no wher such a worthy vavasour.¹¹

PILGRIMS IN LIVERY.

An HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTÉR,
 A WEBBE,¹² a DEYER, and a TAPISÉR,¹³
 Were al y-clothēd in o liveré,
 Of a solempne and gret fraternité
 Ful freshe and newe hir gere y-piked¹⁴ was.
 Hir knivēs were y-chaped¹⁵ not with bras,
 But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
 Hir girdles and hir pouchēs every del.¹⁶
 Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
 To sitten in a gild hall, on a deis.¹⁷
 Everich,¹⁸ for the wisdom that he can,
 Was shaply¹⁹ for to ben an alderman.
 For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
 And eek hir wivēs wolde it wel assent:

¹ *I.e.* a great one. ² St. Julian was a patron of pilgrims. ³ One o'clock.

⁴ Better stocked with wine. ⁵ Pike. ⁶ *I.e.* if it were not. ⁷ A kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the waist. ⁸ A purse. ⁹ Morning.

¹⁰ Accountant. ¹¹ A kind of middle-class landholder. ¹² A weaver. ¹³ A tapestry worker. ¹⁴ Trimmed. ¹⁵ Furnished with "chapes" or metal plates.

¹⁶ Every bit. ¹⁷ Dais. ¹⁸ Each one of them. ¹⁹ Suitable.

And elles¹ certainly they were to blame.
 It is ful fair to ben y-clept madame,
 And gon to vigiliës al before,
 And have a mantel reallich² y-bore.

THE COOK.

A Cook they hadden with hem for the nones,³
 To boilë chiknës and the marie-bones,
 And poudre-marchant-tart and galingale,⁴
 Wel coudë he knowe a draught of London ale.
 He coudë roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
 And maken mortreux,⁵ and wel bake a pie.
 But gret harm was it, as it thoughtë me,
 That on his shinne a mormal⁶ hadde he.
 For blanc manger that made he with the best.

THE SAILOR.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by West:
 For ought I wote, he was of Dertëmouth.
 He rode upon a rouncie,⁷ as he couthe,
 Al in a gounë of falding⁸ to the knee.
 A dagger hanging by a las⁹ hadde hee
 About his nekke under his arm adoun.
 The hot sommër had made his hew al broun.
 And certainly he was a good felaw.
 Ful many a draught of win he had y-draw¹⁰
 From Burdeux-ward, whil that the chapman slepe.
 Of nicë conscience took he no kepe.
 If that he faught, and had the higher hand,
 By water he sent hem hoom to every land.
 But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
 His stremës and his strandes him besides,
 His herbergh,¹¹ and his mone, his lodemanage,¹²
 Ther was non such, from Hull unto Cartage.
 Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
 With many a tempest had his berd ben shake.
 He knew wel al the havens, as they were,
 Fro Gotland, to the Cape de Finistere,

¹ Otherwise. ² Royally. ³ The nonce, the occasion. ⁴ A sharp flavoring powder; galingale is the root of sweet cyperus. ⁵ A rich broth or soup.
⁶ *Mort mal*, a cancer, or gangrene. ⁷ A common hack, Rozinante. ⁸ Coarse, rough-napped cloth. ⁹ Belt, rope. ¹⁰ Stolen. ¹¹ Harbor, lodging. ¹² Pilotship.

And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine,
His barge y-cleped was the Magdelaine.

THE PHYSICIAN.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISIK,
In all this world ne was ther non him lik
To speke of phisik, and ofurgerie :
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patiént a ful gret del
In houres by his magik naturel.
Well coude he fortunen the ascendént
Of his images for his patiént.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave the sikē man his bote.¹
Ful redy had he his apotecaries
To send him draggēs, and his lettuaries,²
For eche of hem made other for to winne :
Hir friendship n'as not newē to beginne.
Of his diēt mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluité,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in pers³ he clad was al
Linēd with taffata, and with sendal.⁴
And yet he was but esy of dispence :
He keptē that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial ;
Therfor he lovēd gold in special.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

A good WIF was ther oȝr besidē Bathe,
But she was somdel⁵ deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth making she haddē swiche an haunt,⁶
She passēd hem of Ypres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring⁷ before hir shuld gon,

¹ Remedy.² Digestive powders and electuaries.³ Sky-colored, blue.⁴ A kind of thin silk.⁵ A little.⁶ Practice, custom.⁷ The offertory at

And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
 That she was out of allë charité.
 Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
 I dorstë swer, they weyëden a pound;
 That on the Sondag were upon hir hede.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet rede,
 Ful streit y-teyed, and shoon ful moist¹ and newe.
 Bold was hir face, and fayr and reed of hew.
 She was a worthy woman all hir lyfe,
 Housbonds at chirchë door had she had fyfe,
 Withouten other compaignie in youthe.
 But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.²
 And thries had she ben at Jerusaleme.
 She haddë passëd many a strangë streme.
 At Romë she had ben, and at Boloine,
 In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
 She coudë moche of wandring by the way.
 Gat-tothëd³ was she, sothly for to say.
 Upon an ambler esily she sat,
 Y-wimplëd wel, and on hir hede an hat,
 As brode as is a bokler, or a targe.
 A fote-mantel about hir hippës large,
 And on hir fete a pair of sporrës sharpe.
 In felawship wel coud she laughe and carpe
 Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
 For of that art she coud⁴ the oldë dance.

THE POOR PARSON.

A good man was thër of religioun,
 That was a pourë PERSON⁵ of a toun:
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was alsó a lernëd man, a clerk,
 That Cristës gospel trewly woldë preche.
 His parishens devoutly wold he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversité ful patient:
 And such he was y-prevëd often sithes.
 Ful loth wer him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wold he yeven⁶ out of doute,
 Unto his pourë parishens aboute,
 Of his offring, and eek of his substánce.
 He coud in litel thing have suffisánce.

¹ Fresh.² Now.³ With teeth far apart or projecting; hence lascivious.⁴ Knew.⁵ Parson, rector.⁶ Give.

Wyd was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne leftē nought for rain ne thonder,
 In siknes and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,¹
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordēs caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold rustē, what shuld iren do ?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewēd² man to rust:
 And shame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
 A foul shephērd to see, and clenē shepe :
 Wel ought a prest ensample for to yeve,
 By his clennessē, how his sheep shuld live.
 He settē not his benefice to hire,
 And left his shepe acombrēd in the mire,
 And ran unto London, unto Seintē Poules,
 To seken him a chantērie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhed to be withhold :
 But dwelt at home, and keptē wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuoús,
 He was to sinful men not dispitoús,
 Ne of his spechē dangerous ne digne,³
 But in his teching discret and benigne.
 To drawn folk to heven, with fairēnesse,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse :
 But it were any person obstinat,
 What so he were of high or low estat,
 Him wold he snibben sharply for the nones,⁴
 A better prest I trow that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne makēd him no spicēd conscience,
 But Cristēs lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

THE PLOWMAN.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
 That hadde y-laid of dong ful many a fother.⁵

¹ High and low. ² Ignorant. ³ Proud. ⁴ Occasion. ⁵ Cart load.

A trewë swinker,¹ and a good was he,
 Living in pees, and parfit charité.
 God loved he best with al his hoolë herte
 At al times, were it gain or smerte,
 And than his neighëbour right as himselve.
 He woldë thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
 For Cristës sake, for every pourë wight,
 Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
 His tithës paied he ful fayre and wel
 Both of his proprë swink, and his catél.
 In a tabard² he rode upon a mere.

THE MILLER.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
 Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
 That provéd wel, for overal ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
 He was short shuldréd, brode, a thikkë gnarre,³
 Ther n'as no door, that he n'olde heve of harre,⁴
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop⁵ right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a sowës eres.
 His nose-thirls blackë were and wide.
 A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
 His mouth as widë was as a forneís.
 He was a jangler,⁶ and a goliardeís,⁷
 And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
 Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
 And yet he had a thomb of gold pardé.
 A whit cote and a blew hood weréd he.
 A baggëpipë coude he blowe and soune,
 And therwithall he brought us out of toun.

¹ Laborer.³ A hard knot in a tree.⁵ Top.² Laborer's sleeveless coat.⁴ Hinge.⁶ A prater, babbler.

⁷ *Un goliardois*, Fr.; *Goliardus*, or *Goliardensis*, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Goliath, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, towards the end of the twelfth century, who wrote the "Apocalypsis Goliæ," and other pieces in burlesque Latin rhymes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map.

THE STEWARD.

The REVĒ was a slendrē colerik man,
 His berd was shave as neighe as ever he **can**.
 His heer was by his erēs round y-shorne.
 His top was docked like a prest beforne.
 Ful longē were his leggēs, and ful lene,
 Y-like a staff, ther was no calf y-sene.
 Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
 Ther was non auditour coud on him winne.
 Wel wiste he by the drouht, and by the rain,
 The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
 His lordēs sheep, his neet, his deyerie,
 His swyn, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
 Were holly in this revēs governing,
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
 Ther coudē no man bring him in arerage.
 Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
 That he ne knew his sleight and his covine¹:
 They were adrad² of him, as of the deth.
 His winning was ful fayr upon an heth,
 With grenē trees y-shadwed was his place.
 He coude better than his lord pourcháce.
 Ful riche he was y-stored privily.
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
 To yeve and lene³ him of his owen good,
 And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
 In youth he lernēd had a good mistere.
 He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
 This reve sate upon a right good stot,⁴
 That was all pomelee⁵ grey, and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of pers⁶ upon he hade,
 And by his side he bare a rusty blade,
 Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
 Beside a toun men clepen Baldeswell.
 Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
 And ever he rode the hindrest of the route.

THE APPARITOR.

A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fyr-red cherubinnēs face,

¹ Deceit.² Afraid.³ Lend.⁴ A stallion.⁵ Dappled.⁶ Blue.

For sausëflem¹ he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
 With scallëd browës blak, and pillëd berd:
 Of his visàgë children were aferd.
 Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
 Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
 Ne oinément that woldë clense or bite,
 That him might helpen of his whelkës white,
 Ne of the knobbës sitting on his chekes.
 Wel loved he garlik, oniöns, and lekes,
 And for to drinkë strong win red as blood.
 Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.²
 And whan that he wel dronken had the wyn,
 Than wold he speken no word but Latyn. . . .
 In danger³ hadde he at his owen gise
 The yongë girlës⁴ of the diocise,
 And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
 A gerlond had he set upon his hede,
 As gret as it were for an alëstake:⁵
 A bokler had he maad him of a cake.

THE PARDONER.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONER⁶
 Of Rouncevall, his frend and his comper,⁷
 That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
 Full loude he sang, "Com hider, love, to me."
 This sompnour bar to him a stiff burdoün,
 Was never tromp of half so great a soun.
 This pardonere had here⁸ as yelwe as wax,
 But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
 By uncës heng his lökkës that he hadde,
 And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
 Ful thinne it lay, by culpons⁹ on and on,
 But hood, for jolité, ne wered he non,
 For it was trussëd up in his wallet.
 Him thought he rode al of the newe get,¹⁰
 Dishevel, sauf his cap, he rode all bare.
 Swich glaring eyen had he, as an hare.

¹ With red pimpled face. ² Mad. ³ Within the reach or control of his office. ⁴ This word is applied to both sexes in Chaucer, and therefore may mean the young men as well as the young women. ⁵ A signpost in front of an alehouse. ⁶ A seller of indulgences. ⁷ Friend. ⁸ Hair. ⁹ Shreds.
¹⁰ Fashion.

A vernicle¹ had he sewed on his cappe.
 His wallet lay befor him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
 A vois he hadde, as smale as eny gote.
 No berdē had he, ne never non shuld have,
 As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
 I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
 Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
 For in his male² he hadde a pilwebere,³
 Which, that he saidē, was our lady veil:
 He said, he hadde a gobbet⁴ of the seyl
 That seinte Peter had, whan that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.⁵
 He had a cros of laton⁶ ful of stones,
 And in a glas he haddē piggēs bones.
 But with these reliks, whannē that he fond
 A pourē person dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneie
 Than that the persone gat in moneths tweie.
 And thus with fainēd flattering and japes,
 He made the person, and the peple, his apes.

But trewely to tellen attē last,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
 Wel coud he rede a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He mustē preche, and wel afile⁷ his tonge,
 To winnē silver, as he right wel coude:
 Therefore he sang ful merily and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Thestat, tharaie, the nombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assemblēd was this compaignie
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.

MINE HOST.

Gret chere made oure Host us everich on,
 And to the souper set he us anon:

¹ A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. ² Portmanteau. ³ A pillowcase. ⁴ Morsel. ⁵ Took hold of him. ⁶ A sort of mixed metal, of the color of brass. ⁷ Polish.

And servēd us with vitail attē beste.
 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.¹
 A semely man our hostē was withalle
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
 A largē man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel y-taught,
 And of manhed him lackēd rightē naught.
 Eek therto was he right a mery man,
 And after souper plaien he began,
 And spake of mirthe amongēs other thinges,
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges.



EARLY DUTCH POETRY.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A HUNTER went a hunting into the forest wide,
 And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
 "Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
 And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
 "What! should I fear a woman — who never feared a man?"
 Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
 She seized his arms and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
 Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
 The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low, —
 Two sucklings dead — one turning upon a spit he saw.
 "And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
 Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
 "What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
 And tell me of your parents — perchance I know them — speak."
 "But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown: —
 My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
 And Margaret his consort — my mother too is she;
 You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
 "The monarch of the Grecians — a comely man and gay —
 But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
 "Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
 I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
 "How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green? —
 I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,

¹ It pleased us well.

And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
 But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
 Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
 And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
 "You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
 I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
 "I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
 I'll lend it to you slyly — go — seek — the maiden find."
 Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad;
 "Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
 "O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
 You dared not then have called me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
 She struck the tree in fury with a club stick which she took,
 Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves
 shook.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love
 dwells,
 Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet
 love dwells:
 And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
 One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
 The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
 I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.
 The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
 And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
 And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
 From evening to the morning till broke the gay daylight;
 And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
 I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
 And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
 But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
 We'll chain the nightingale — his head unto his feet,
 And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
 I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
 And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

A Knight and his Esquire did stray — *Santio*¹
 In the narrow path and the gloomy way, — *Non weder*

¹ The chorus of this Romance is: —

— Santio
 Non weder de kneder de koorde *sante jante*
 Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

So quoth the Knight — “Yon tree do thou — *Santio*
 Climb — bring the turtle from the bough.” — *Non weder*
 “Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree — *Santio*
 Is far too light to carry me.” — *Non weder*
 The Knight grew grave and stern: and he — *Santio*
 Mounted himself the waving tree. — *Non weder*
 “My master is fallen dead below — *Santio*
 Where are my well-earned wages now?” — *Non weder*
 “Your well-earned wages! get you all — *Santio*
 Chariots and steeds are in the stall.” — *Non weder*
 “Chariots and steeds I seek not after, — *Santio*
 But I will have the youngest daughter.” — *Non weder*
 The Squire is now a Knight; and still — *Santio*
 Drives steeds and chariots at his will. — *Non weder*



MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS.

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE: The reputed author of an early English book of travels, written in popular style and abounding in extravagant stories, which was translated into various languages. The writer calls himself John Maundeville, knight of St. Albans, and claims to have visited Turkey, Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Amazonia, etc., and to have been in the service of the Sultan of Egypt. Recent investigations show that most of his material is derived from the writings of Pliny, William of Bodensele, Friar Odoric, and Vincent de Beauvais.]

THE LADY OF THE LAND.

AND some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say: for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and showeth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth: and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes,

that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, mauger his head; and from that rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damsel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight, and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "For I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee naught. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow: and then she turned again, into her cave; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE RIGHT BALM.

And wyte ye well that, that a man ought to take good kepe for to buy balm, but if he can know it right well : for he may right lightly be deceived. For men sell a gum, that men clepen turpentine, instead of balm : and they put thereto a little balm for to give good odor. And some put wax in oil of the wood of the fruit of balm, and say that it is balm : and some distill cloves of gillyflower and of spikenard of Spain and of other spices, that be well smelling ; and the liquor that goeth out thereof they clepe it balm : and they wean that they have balm ; and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by subtilty of craft, for to deceive the Christian men, as I have see full many a time. And after them, the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it eftsoons, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse. But if it like you, I shall show, how ye shall know and prove, to the end that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that the natural balm is full clear, and of citron color, and strong smelling. And if it be thick, or red, or black, it is sophisticate, that is to say counterfeited and made like it, for deceit.

THE CASTLE OF THE SPARROWHAWK.

And from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk ; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man ; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made ; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake that Sparrowhawk, 7 days and 7 nights, and as some men say, 3 days and 3 nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things : and that hath been proved oftentimes. And o time befell, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time ; and at the end of 7 days and 7 nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish ; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches ; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the

body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked ; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have : for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing : for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the king said, that he would ask none other thing. And the lady answered, " Sith that I may not withdraw ycu from your lewd courage, I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace, and always to the 9 degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies ; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermonye, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods ; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant, that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he had : and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there ; and wished a purse ever more full of gold ; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order ; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have : and so it was. And therefore look he kepe him well, that shall wake : for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before ; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

THE STATE OF PRESTER JOHN.

This Emperor Prester John, when he goeth in to battle, against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him : but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious stones : and every of the crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms, and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host, and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy retinue, then he hath borne before him but a cross of tree, without peinture,

and without gold or silver or precious stones ; in remembrance, that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich, and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might. He dwelleth commonly in the city of Sus-a ; and there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace, be two round pommels of gold ; and in every of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone, that men call sardoin ; and the bordure and the bars be of ivory : and the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal : and the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst and some of gold, full of precious stones ; and the pillars, that bear up the tables, be of the same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to his throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jasper green, another of amethyst, another of sardoin, another of cornelian, and the seventh that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordured with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the seat of his throne be of emeralds, and bordured with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncle give light enough, natheless at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions.



THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON, English poet, born at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are a collection of Pastorals, 1593 ; "The Barons' Wars," and "Eng-



BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

land's Heroical Epistles," 1598; "The Polyolbion," first part, 1612, second, 1622.]

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

“Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French Lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
 Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their billows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went —
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry.

FROM "THE WHITE COMPANY."¹

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

THE RAVAGED COUNTRY.

IF it were grim and desolate upon the English border, however, what can describe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried tract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteadings, and the gray, gaunt gable ends of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards, littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges—look where you might, the signs of ruin and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the farthest sky line, the gnarled turrets of a castle, or the graceful pinnacles of church or of monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodily and in silence the little party rode along the narrow and irregular track, their hearts weighed down by this far-stretching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and a blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Foix, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead.

From time to time as they advanced they saw strange lean figures scraping and scratching amid the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of the band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild

¹ By permission of Smith, Elder & Co. (Crown 8vo., price 6s.)



CONAN DOYLE'S HOUSE AT HINDHEAD, "UNDERSHAW"

animals. More than once, however, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent—with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, mutinous faces—that it made the young Englishman heartsick to look upon them. Indeed, it seemed as though all hope and light had gone so far from them that it was not to be brought back; for when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedily at the coins, peering questioningly at him, and champing with their animal jaws. Here and there amid the brushwood the travelers saw the rude bundle of sticks which served them as a home—more like a fowl's nest than the dwelling place of man. Yet why should they build and strive, when the first adventurer who passed would set torch to their thatch, and when their own feudal lord would wring from them with blows and curses the last fruits of their toil? They sat at the lowest depth of human misery, and hugged a bitter comfort to their souls as they realized that they could go no lower. Yet they had still the human gift of speech, and would take council among themselves in their brushwood hovels, glaring with bleared eyes and pointing with thin fingers at the great widespread chateaux which ate like a cancer into the life of the countryside. When such men, who are beyond hope and fear, begin in their dim minds to see the source of their woes, it may be an evil time for those who have wronged them. The weak man becomes strong when he has nothing, for then only can he feel the wild, mad thrill of despair. High and strong the chateaux, lowly and weak the brushwood hut; but God help the seigneur and his lady when the men of the brushwood set their hands to the work of revenge!

Sir Tristram de Rochefort, Seneschal of Auvergne and Lord of Villefranche, was a fierce and renowned soldier who had grown gray in the English wars. As lord of the marches and guardian of an exposed countryside, there was little rest for him even in times of so-called peace, and his whole life was spent in raids and outfalls upon the Brabanters, late comers, flayers, free companions, and roving archers who wandered over his province. At times he would come back in triumph, and a

dozen corpses swinging from the summit of his keep would warn evil doers that there was still a law in the land. At others his ventures were not so happy, and he and his troop would spur it over the drawbridge with clatter of hoofs hard at their heels and whistle of arrows about their ears. Hard he was of hand and harder of heart, hated by his foes, and yet not loved by those whom he protected, for twice he had been taken prisoner, and twice his ransom had been wrung by dint of blows and tortures out of the starving peasants and ruined farmers. Wolves or watchdogs, it was hard to say from which the sheep had most to fear.

The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and stern as its master. A broad moat, a high outer wall turreted at the corners, with a great black keep towering above all — so it lay before them in the moonlight. By the light of two flambeaux, protruded through the narrow slit-shaped openings at either side of the ponderous gate, they caught a glimpse of the glitter of fierce eyes and of the gleam of the weapons of the guard. The sight of the two-headed eagle of Du Guesclin, however, was a passport into any fortalice in France, and ere they had passed the gate the old border knight came running forwards with hands outthrown to greet his famous countryman.

The material for a feast was ever at hand in days when, if there was grim want in the cottage, there was at least rude plenty in the castle. Within an hour the guests were seated around a board which creaked under the great pasties and joints of meat, varied by those more dainty dishes in which the French excelled, the spiced ortolan and the truffled beccaficoes. The great fire crackled in the grate, the hooded hawks slept upon their perches, the rough deerhounds with expectant eyes crouched upon the tiled floor; close at the elbows of the guests stood the dapper little lilac-coated pages; the laugh and jest circled round and all was harmony and comfort. Little they recked of the brushwood men who crouched in their rags along the fringe of the forest and looked with wild and haggard eyes at the rich, warm glow which shot a golden bar of light from the high arched windows of the castle.

"These folk here," said the knight of Bohemia, "they do not seem too well fed."

"Ah, canaille!" cried the Lord of Villefranche. "You would scarce credit it, and yet it is sooth that when I was taken at Poitiers it was all that my wife and foster brother could do

to raise the money from them for my ransom. The sulky dogs would rather have three twists of a rack, or the thumbikins for an hour, than pay out a denier for their own feudal father and liege lord. Yet there is not one of them but hath an old stocking full of gold pieces hid away in a snug corner."

"Why do they not buy food then?" asked Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! it seemed to me their bones were breaking through their skin."

"It is their grutching and grumbling that makes them thin. We have a saying here, Sir Nigel, that if you pommel Jacques Bonhomme he will pat you, but if you pat him he will pommel you. Doubtless you find it so in England."

"Ma foi, no!" said Sir Nigel. "I have two Englishmen of this class in my train, who are at this instant, I make little doubt, as full of your wine as any cask in your cellar. He who pommeled them might come by such a pat as he would be likely to remember."

"I cannot understand it," quoth the seneschal, "for the English knights and nobles whom I have met were not men to brook the insolence of the baseborn."

"Perchance, my fair lord, the poor folk are sweeter and of a better countenance in England," laughed the Lady Rochefort. "Mon Dieu! you cannot conceive to yourself how ugly they are! Without hair, without teeth, all twisted and bent; for me, I cannot think how the good God ever came to make such people. I cannot bear it, I, and so my trusty Raoul goes ever before me with a cudgel to drive them from my path."

"Yet they have souls, fair lady, they have souls!" murmured the chaplain, a white-haired man with a weary, patient face.

"So I have heard you tell them," said the lord of the castle; "and for myself, father, though I am a true son of holy Church, yet I think that you were better employed in saying your mass and in teaching the children of my men at arms, than in going over the countryside to put ideas in these folks' heads which would never have been there but for you. I have heard that you have said to them that their souls are as good as ours, and that it is likely that in another life they may stand as high as the oldest blood of Auvergne. For my part, I believe that there are so many worthy knights and gallant gentlemen in heaven who know how such things should be arranged, that there is little fear that we shall find ourselves mixed up with base

roturiers and swineherds. Tell your beads, father, and con your psalter, but do not come between me and those whom the king has given to me ! ”

“ God help them ! ” cried the old priest. “ A higher King than yours has given them to me, and I tell you here in your own castle hall, Sir Tristram de Rochefort, that you have sinned deeply in your dealings with these poor folk, and that the hour will come, and may even now be at hand, when God’s hand will be heavy upon you for what you have done.” He rose as he spoke, and walked slowly from the room.

“ Pest take him ! ” cried the French knight. “ Now, what is a man to do with a priest, Sir Bertrand ? — for one can neither fight him like a man nor coax him like a woman.”

“ By St. Ives ! Tristram, this chaplain of yours seems to me to be a worthy man, and you should give heed to his words, for though I care nothing for the curse of a bad pope, it would be a grief to me to have aught but a blessing from a good priest.”

“ He shall have four silver candlesticks,” said the seneschal, moodily. “ And yet I would that he would leave the folk alone. You cannot conceive in your mind how stubborn and brainless they are. Mules and pigs are full of reason beside them. God He knows that I have had great patience with them. It was but last week that, having to raise some money, I called up to the castle Jean Goubert, who, as all men know, has a casketful of gold pieces hidden away in some hollow tree. I give you my word that I did not so much as lay a stripe upon his fool’s back, but after speaking with him, and telling him how needful the money was to me, I left him for the night to think over the matter in my dungeon. What think you that the dog did ? Why, in the morning we found that he had made a rope from strips of his leathern jerkin, and had hung himself to the bar of the window.”

“ For me, I cannot conceive such wickedness ! ” cried the lady.

“ And there was Gertrude Le Bœuf, as fair a maiden as eye could see, but as bad and bitter as the rest of them. When young Amory de Valance was here last Lammastide, he looked kindly upon the girl, and even spoke of taking her into his service. What does she do, with her dog of a father ? Why, they tie themselves together and leap into the Linden Pool, where the water is five spears’ lengths deep. I give you my word that

it was a great grief to young Amory, and it was days ere he could cast it from his mind. But how can one serve people who are so foolish and so ungrateful?"

HOW THE BRUSHWOOD MEN CAME TO THE CHATEAU OF VILLEFRANCHE.

It was late ere Alleyne Edricson, having carried Sir Nigel the goblet of spiced wine which it was his custom to drink after the curling of his hair, was able at last to seek his chamber. It was a stone-flagged room upon the second floor, with a bed in a recess for him, and two smaller pallets on the other side, on which Aylward and Hordle John were already snoring. Alleyne had knelt down to his evening orisons, when there came a tap at his door, and Ford entered with a small lamp in his hand. His face was deadly pale, and his hand shook until the shadows flickered up and down the wall.

"What is it, Ford?" cried Alleyne, springing to his feet.

"I can scarce tell you," said he, sitting down on the side of the couch, and resting his chin upon his hand. "I know not what to say or what to think."

"Has aught befallen you, then?"

"Yes, or I have been slave to my own fancy. I tell you, lad, that I am all undone, like a fretted bowstring. Hark hither, Alleyne! it cannot be that you have forgotten little Tita, the daughter of the old glass stainer at Bordeaux?"

"I remember her well."

"She and I, Alleyne, broke the lucky groat together ere we parted, and she wears my ring upon her finger. 'Caro mio,' quoth she when last we parted, 'I shall be near thee in the wars, and thy danger will be my danger.' Alleyne, as God is my help, as I came up the stairs this night I saw her stand before me, her face in tears, her hands out as though in warning — I saw it, Alleyne, even as I see those two archers upon their couches. Our very finger tips seemed to meet, ere she thinned away like a mist in the sunshine."

"I would not give overmuch thought to it," answered Alleyne. "Our minds will play us strange pranks."

Ford shook his head. "I saw little Tita as clearly as though I were back at the Rue des Apôtres at Bordeaux," said he. "But the hour is late, and I must go."

"Where do you sleep, then?"

"In the chamber above you. May the saints be with us all!" He rose from the couch and left the chamber, while Alleyne could hear his feet sounding upon the winding stair. The young squire walked across to the window and gazed out at the moonlit landscape.

The window at which he stood was in the second floor of that portion of the castle which was nearest to the keep. In front lay the broad moat, with the moon lying upon its surface, now clear and round, now drawn lengthwise as the breeze stirred the waters. Beyond, the plain sloped down to a thick wood, while further to the left a second wood shut out the view. Between the two an open glade stretched, silvered in the moon-shine, with the river curving across the lower end of it.

As he gazed, he saw of a sudden a man steal forth from the wood into the open clearing. He walked with his head sunk, his shoulders curved, and his knees bent, as one who strives hard to remain unseen. Ten paces from the fringe of trees he glanced around, and waving his hand he crouched down, and was lost to sight among a belt of furze bushes. After him there came a second man, and after him a third, a fourth, and a fifth, stealing across the narrow open space and darting into the shelter of the brushwood. Nine and seventy Alleyne counted of these dark figures flitting across the line of the moonlight. Many bore huge burdens upon their backs, though what it was that they carried he could not tell at the distance. Out of the one wood and into the other they passed, all with the same crouching, furtive gait, until the black bristle of trees had swallowed up the last of them.

For a moment Alleyne stood in the window, still staring down at the silent forest, uncertain as to what he should think of these midnight walkers. Then he bethought him that there was one beside him who was fitter to judge on such a matter. His fingers had scarce rested upon Aylward's shoulder ere the bowman was on his feet, with his hand outstretched to his sword.

"Qui va?" he cried. "Holà! mon petit. By my hilt! I thought there had been a camisade. What then, mon gar?"

"Come hither by the window, Aylward," said Alleyne. "I have seen fourscore men pass from yonder shaw across the glade, and nigh every man of them had a great burden on his back. What think you of it?"

"I think nothing of it, mon camarade! There are as many

masterless folk in this country as there are rabbits on Cowdray Down, and there are many who show their faces by night but would dance in a hempen collar if they stirred forth in the day. On all the French marches are droves of outcasts, reivers, spoilers, and drawlatches, of whom I judge that these are some, though I marvel that they should dare to come so nigh to the castle of the seneschal. All seems very quiet now," he added, peering out of the window.

"They are in the further wood," said Alleyne.

"And there they may bide. Back to rest, *mon petit*; for, by my hilt! each day now will bring its own work. Yet it would be well to shoot the bolt in yonder door when one is in strange quarters. So!" He threw himself down upon his pallet and in an instant was fast asleep.

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning when Alleyne was aroused from a troubled sleep by a low cry or exclamation. He listened, but, as he heard no more, he set it down as the challenge of the guard upon the walls, and dropped off to sleep once more. A few minutes later he was disturbed by a gentle creaking of his own door, as though some one were pushing cautiously against it, and immediately afterwards he heard the soft thud of cautious footsteps upon the stair which led to the room above, followed by a confused noise and a muffled groan. Alleyne sat up on his couch with all his nerves in a tingle, uncertain whether these sounds might come from a simple cause—some sick archer and visiting leech perhaps—or whether they might have a more sinister meaning. But what danger could threaten them here in this strong castle, under the care of famous warriors, with high walls and a broad moat around them? Who was there that could injure them? He had well-nigh persuaded himself that his fears were a foolish fancy, when his eyes fell upon that which sent the blood cold to his heart, and left him gasping, with hands clutching at the counterpane.

Right in front of him was the broad window of the chamber, with the moon shining brightly through it. For an instant something had obscured the light, and now a head was bobbing up and down outside, the face looking in at him, and swinging slowly from one side of the window to the other. Even in that dim light there could be no mistaking those features. Drawn, distorted, and blood-stained, they were still those of the young fellow-squire who had sat so recently upon his own

couch. With a cry of horror Alleyne sprang from his bed and rushed to the casement, while the two archers, aroused by the sound, seized their weapons and stared about them in bewilderment. One glance was enough to show Edricson that his fears were but too true. Foully murdered, with a score of wounds upon him and a rope round his neck, his poor friend had been cast from the upper window and swung slowly in the night wind, his body rasping against the wall and his disfigured face upon a level with the casement.

"My God!" cried Alleyne, shaking in every limb. "What has come upon us? What devil's deed is this?"

"Here is flint and steel," said John, stolidly. "The lamp, Aylward! This moonshine softens a man's heart. Now we may use the eyes which God hath given us."

"By my hilt!" cried Aylward, as the yellow flame flickered up, "it is indeed young Master Ford, and I think that this seneschal is a black villain, who dare not face us in the day but would murder us in our sleep. By the twang of string! if I do not soak a goose's feather with his heart's blood, it will be no fault of Samkin Aylward of the White Company."

"But, Aylward, think of the men whom I saw yesternight," said Alleyne. "It may not be the seneschal. It may be that others have come into the castle. I must to Sir Nigel ere it be too late. Let me go, Aylward, for my place is by his side."

"One moment, mon gar. Put that steel headpiece on the end of my yew stave. So! I will put it first through the door; for it is ill to come out when you can neither see nor guard yourself. Now, camarades, out swords and stand ready! Holà, by my hilt! it is time that we were stirring!"

As he spoke, a sudden shouting broke forth in the castle, with the scream of a woman and the rush of many feet. Then came the sharp clink of clashing steel, and a roar like that of an angry lion—"Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!" The bowman pulled back the bolt of the door, and thrust out the headpiece at the end of the bow. A clash, the clatter of the steel cap upon the ground, and, ere the man who struck could heave up for another blow, the archer had passed his sword through his body. "On, camarades, on!" he cried; and, breaking fiercely past two men who threw themselves in his way, he sped down the broad corridor in the direction of the shouting.

A sharp turning, and then a second one, brought them to

the head of a short stair, from which they looked straight down upon the scene of the uproar. A square oak-floored hall lay beneath them, from which opened the doors of the principal guest chambers. This hall was as light as day, for torches burned in numerous sconces upon the walls, throwing strange shadows from the tusked or antlered heads which ornamented them. At the very foot of the stair, close to the open door of their chamber, lay the seneschal and his wife: she with her head shorn from her shoulders, he thrust through with a sharpened stake, which still protruded from either side of his body. Three servants of the castle lay dead beside them, all torn and dragged, as though a pack of wolves had been upon them. In front of the central guest chamber stood Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, half-clad and unarmored, with the mad joy of battle gleaming in their eyes. Their heads were thrown back, their lips compressed, their blood-stained swords poised over their right shoulders, and their left feet thrown out. Three dead men lay huddled together in front of them; while a fourth, with the blood squirting from a severed vessel, lay back with updrawn knees, breathing in wheezy gasps. Further back—all panting together, like the wind in a tree—there stood a group of fierce, wild creatures, bare-armed and bare-legged, gaunt, unshaven, with deep-set murderous eyes and wild beast faces. With their flashing teeth, their bristling hair, their mad leapings and screamings, they seemed to Alleyne more like fiends from the pit than men of flesh and blood. Even as he looked, they broke into a hoarse yell and dashed once more upon the two knights, hurling themselves madly upon their sword points; clutching, scrambling, biting, tearing, careless of wounds if they could but drag the two soldiers to earth. Sir Nigel was thrown down by the sheer weight of them, and Sir Bertrand with his thunderous war cry was swinging round his heavy sword to clear a space for him to rise, when the whistle of two long English arrows, and the rush of the squire and the two English archers down the stairs, turned the tide of the combat. The assailants gave back, the knights rushed forward, and in a very few moments the hall was cleared, and Hordle John had hurled the last of the wild men down the steep steps which led from the end of it.

“Do not follow them,” cried Du Guesclin. “We are lost if we scatter. For myself I care not a denier, though it is a poor thing to meet one’s end at the hands of such scum; but

I have my dear lady here, who must by no means be risked. We have breathing space now, and I would ask you, Sir Nigel, what it is that you would counsel?"

"By St. Paul!" answered Sir Nigel, "I can by no means understand what hath befallen us, save that I have been woken up by your battle cry, and, rushing forth, found myself in the midst of this small bickering. Harrow and alas for the lady and the seneschal! What dogs are they who have done this bloody deed?"

"They are the Jacks, the men of the brushwood. They have the castle, though I know not how it hath come to pass. Look from this window into the bailey."

"By heaven!" cried Sir Nigel, "it is as bright as day with the torches. The gates stand open, and there are three thousand of them within the walls. See how they rush and scream and wave! What is it that they thrust out through the postern door? My God! it is a man at arms, and they pluck him limb from limb, like hounds on a wolf. Now another, and yet another. They hold the whole castle, for I see their faces at the windows. See, there are some with great bundles on their backs."

"It is dried wood from the forest. They pile them against the walls and set them in a blaze. Who is this who tries to check them? By St. Ives! it is the good priest who spake for them in the hall. He kneels, he prays, he implores! What! villains, would ye raise hands against those who have befriended you? Ah, the butcher has struck him! He is down! They stamp him under their feet! They tear off his gown and wave it in the air! See now, how the flames lick up the walls! Are there none left to rally round us? With a hundred men we might hold our own."

"Oh, for my Company!" cried Sir Nigel. "But where is Ford, Alleyne?"

"He is foully murdered, my fair lord."

"The saints receive him! May he rest in peace! But here come some at last who may give us counsel, for amid these passages it is ill to stir without a guide."

As he spoke, a French squire and the Bohemian knight came rushing down the steps, the latter bleeding from a slash across his forehead.

"All is lost!" he cried. "The castle is taken and on fire, the seneschal is slain, and there is naught left for us."

"On the contrary," quoth Sir Nigel, "there is much left to us, for there is a very honorable contention before us, and a fair lady for whom to give our lives. There are many ways in which a man might die, but none better than this."

"You can tell us, Godfrey," said Du Guesclin to the French squire: "how came these men into the castle, and what succors can we count upon? By St. Ives! if we come not quickly to some counsel we shall be burned like young rooks in a nest."

The squire, a dark, slender stripling, spoke firmly and quickly, as one who was trained to swift action. "There is a passage under the earth into the castle," said he, "and through it some of the Jacks made their way, casting open the gates for the others. They have had help from within the walls, and the men at arms were heavy with wine: they must have been slain in their beds, for these devils crept from room to room with soft step and ready knife. Sir Amory the Hospitaller was struck down with an ax as he rushed before us from his sleeping chamber. Save only ourselves, I do not think that there are any left alive."

"What, then, would you counsel?"

"That we make for the keep. It is unused, save in time of war, and the key hangs from my poor lord and master's belt."

"There are two keys there."

"It is the larger. Once there, we might hold the narrow stair; and at least, as the walls are of a greater thickness, it would be longer ere they could burn them. Could we but carry the lady across the bailey, all might be well with us."

"Nay; the lady hath seen something of the work of war," said Tiphaine, coming forth, as white, as grave, and as unmoved as ever. "I would not be a hamper to you, my dear spouse and gallant friend. Rest assured of this, that if all else fail I have always a safeguard here"—drawing a small silver-hilted poniard from her bosom—"which sets me beyond the fear of these vile and blood-stained wretches."

"Tiphaine," cried Du Guesclin, "I have always loved you; and now, by Our Lady of Rennes! I love you more than ever. Did I not know that your hand will be as ready as your words, I would myself turn my last blow upon you, ere you should fall into their hands. Lead on, Godfrey! A new golden pyx will shine in the minster of Dinan if we come safely through with it."

The attention of the insurgents had been drawn away from murder to plunder, and all over the castle might be heard their

cries and whoops of delight as they dragged forth the rich tapestries, the silver flagons, and the carved furniture. Down in the courtyard half-clad wretches, their bare limbs all mottled with blood stains, strutted about with plumed helmets upon their heads, or with the Lady Rochefort's silken gowns girt round their loins and trailing on the ground behind them. Casks of choice wine had been rolled out from the cellars, and starving peasants squatted, goblet in hand, draining off vintages which De Rochefort had set aside for noble and royal guests. Others, with slabs of bacon and joints of dried meat upon the ends of their pikes, held them up to the blaze or tore at them ravenously with their teeth. Yet all order had not been lost amongst them, for some hundreds of the better armed stood together in a silent group, leaning upon their rude weapons and looking up at the fire, which had spread so rapidly as to involve one whole side of the castle. Already Alleyne could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames, while the air was heavy with heat and full of the pungent whiff of burning wood.

HOW FIVE MEN HELD THE KEEP OF VILLEFRANCHE.

Under the guidance of the French squire the party passed down two narrow corridors. The first was empty, but at the head of the second stood a peasant sentry, who started off at the sight of them, yelling loudly to his comrades. "Stop him, or we are undone!" cried Du Guesclin, and had started to run, when Aylward's great war bow twanged like a harp string, and the man fell forward upon his face, with twitching limbs and clutching fingers. Within five paces of where he lay a narrow and little-used door led out into the bailey. From beyond it came such a Babel of hooting and screaming, horrible oaths and yet more horrible laughter, that the stoutest heart might have shrunk from casting down the frail barrier which faced them.

"Make straight for the keep!" said Du Guesclin, in a sharp, stern whisper. "The two archers in front, the lady in the center, a squire on either side, while we three knights shall bide behind and beat back those who press upon us. So! Now open the door, and God have us in His holy keeping!"

For a few moments it seemed that their object would be attained without danger, so swift and so silent had been their movements. They were halfway across the bailey ere the frantic, howling peasants made a movement to stop them. The

few who threw themselves in their way were overpowered or brushed aside, while the pursuers were beaten back by the ready weapons of the three cavaliers. Unscathed they fought their way to the door of the keep, and faced round upon the swarming mob, while the squire thrust the great key into the lock.

“My God!” he cried, “it is the wrong key.”

“The wrong key!”

“Dolt, fool that I am! This is the key of the castle gate; the other opens the keep. I must back for it!” He turned, with some wild intention of retracing his steps, but at the instant a great jagged rock, hurled by a brawny peasant, struck him full upon the ear, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

“This is key enough for me!” quoth Hordle John, picking up the huge stone, and hurling it against the door with all the strength of his enormous body. The lock shivered, the wood smashed, the stone flew into five pieces, but the iron clamps still held the door in its position. Bending down, he thrust his great fingers under it, and with a heave raised the whole mass of wood and iron from its hinges. For a moment it tottered and swayed, and then, falling outward, buried him in its ruin, while his comrades rushed into the dark archway which led to safety.

“Up the steps, Tiphaine!” cried Du Guesclin. “Now round, friends, and beat them back!” The mob of peasants had surged in upon their heels, but the two trustiest blades in Europe gleamed upon that narrow stair, and four of their number dropped upon the threshold. The others gave back, and gathered in a half-circle round the open door, gnashing their teeth and shaking their clenched hands at the defenders. The body of the French squire had been dragged out by them and hacked to pieces. Three or four others had pulled John from under the door, when he suddenly bounded to his feet, and clutching one in either hand dashed them together with such force that they fell senseless across each other upon the ground. With a kick and a blow he freed himself from two others who clung to him, and in a moment he was within the portal with his comrades.

Yet their position was a desperate one. The peasants from far and near had been assembled for this deed of vengeance, and not less than six thousand were within or around the walls of the Chateau of Villefranche. Ill armed and half starved, they

were still desperate men, to whom danger had lost all fears: for what was death that they should shun it to cling to such a life as theirs? The castle was theirs, and the roaring flames were spurting through the windows and flickering high above the turrets on two sides of the quadrangle. From either side they were sweeping down from room to room and from bastion to bastion in the direction of the keep. Faced by an army, and girt in by fire, were six men and one woman; but some of them were men so trained to danger and so wise in war that even now the combat was less unequal than it seemed. Courage and resource were penned in by desperation and numbers, while the great yellow sheets of flame threw their lurid glare over the scene of death.

"There is but space for two upon a step to give free play to our sword arms," said Du Guesclin. "Do you stand with me, Nigel, upon the lowest. France and England will fight together this night. Sir Otto, I pray you to stand behind us with this young squire. The archers may go higher yet and shoot over our heads. I would that we had our harness, Nigel."

"Often have I heard my dear Sir John Chandos say that a knight should never, even when a guest, be parted from it. Yet it will be more honor to us if we come well out of it. We have a vantage, since we see them against the light and they can scarce see us. It seems to me that they muster for an onslaught."

"If we can but keep them in play," said the Bohemian, "it is likely that these flames may bring us succor if there be any true men in the country."

"Bethink you, my fair lord," said Alleyne to Sir Nigel, "that we have never injured these men, nor have we cause of quarrel against them. Would it not be well, if but for the lady's sake, to speak them fair and see if we may not come to honorable terms with them?"

"Not so, by St. Paul!" cried Sir Nigel. "It does not accord with mine honor, nor shall it ever be said that I, a knight of England, was ready to hold parley with men who have slain a fair lady and a holy priest."

"As well hold parley with a pack of ravening wolves," said the French captain. "Ha! Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!"

As he thundered forth his war cry, the Jacks who had

been gathering before the black arch of the gateway rushed in madly in a desperate effort to carry the staircase. Their leaders were a small man, dark in the face, with his beard done up in two plaits, and another larger man, very bowed in the shoulders, with a huge club studded with sharp nails in his hand. The first had not taken three steps ere an arrow from Aylward's bow struck him full in the chest, and he fell coughing and spluttering across the threshold. The other rushed onwards, and breaking between Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel he dashed out the brains of the Bohemian with a single blow of his clumsy weapon. With three swords through him he still struggled on, and had almost won his way through them ere he fell dead upon the stair. Close at his heels came a hundred furious peasants, who flung themselves again and again against the five swords which confronted them. It was cut and parry and stab as quick as eye could see or hand act. The door was piled with bodies, and the stone floor was slippery with blood. The deep shout of Du Guesclin, the hard, hissing breath of the pressing multitude, the clatter of steel, the thud of falling bodies, and the screams of the stricken, made up such a medley as came often in after years to break upon Alleyne's sleep. Slowly and sullenly at last the throng drew off, with many a fierce backward glance, while eleven of their number lay huddled in front of the stair which they had failed to win.

"The dogs have had enough," said Du Guesclin.

"By St. Paul! there appear to be some very worthy and valiant persons among them," observed Sir Nigel. "They are men from whom, had they been of better birth, much honor and advancement might be gained. Even as it is, it is a great pleasure to have seen them. But what is this that they are bringing forward?"

"It is as I feared," growled Du Guesclin. "They will burn us out, since they cannot win their way past us. Shoot straight and hard, archers; for, by St. Ives! our good swords are of little use to us."

As he spoke, a dozen men rushed forward, each screening himself behind a huge fardel of brushwood. Hurling their burdens in one vast heap within the portal, they threw burning torches upon the top of it. The wood had been soaked in oil, for in an instant it was ablaze, and a long, hissing yellow flame licked over the heads of the defenders, and drove them further up to the first floor of the keep. They had scarce reached it,

however, ere they found that the wooden joists and planks of the flooring were already on fire. Dry and worm eaten, a spark upon them became a smolder, and a smolder a blaze. A choking smoke filled the air, and the five could scarce grope their way to the staircase which led up to the very summit of the square tower.

Strange was the scene which met their eyes from this eminence. Beneath them on every side stretched the long sweep of peaceful country, rolling plain, and tangled wood, all softened and mellowed in the silver moonshine. No light, nor movement, nor any sign of human aid could be seen, but far away the hoarse clangor of a heavy bell rose and fell upon the winter air. Beneath and around them blazed the huge fire, roaring and crackling on every side of the bailey, and even as they looked the two corner turrets fell with a deafening crash, and the whole castle was but a shapeless mass, spouting flames and smoke from every window and embrasure. The great black tower upon which they stood rose like a last island of refuge amid this sea of fire; but the ominous crackling and roaring below showed that it would not be long ere it was engulfed also in the common ruin. At their very feet was the square courtyard, crowded with the howling and dancing peasants, their fierce faces upturned, their clenched hands waving, all drunk with bloodshed and with vengeance. A yell of execration and a scream of hideous laughter burst from the vast throng, as they saw the faces of the last survivors of their enemies peering down at them from the height of the keep. They still piled the brushwood round the base of the tower, and gamboled hand in hand around the blaze, screaming out the doggerel lines which had long been the watchword of the Jacquerie: —

Cesseez, cesseez, gens d'armes et piétons,
De piller et manger le bonhomme,
Qui de longtemps Jacques Bonhomme
Se nomme.

Their thin, shrill voices rose high above the roar of the flames and the crash of the masonry, like the yelping of a pack of wolves who see their quarry before them and know that they have well-nigh run him down.

"By my hilt!" said Aylward to John, "it is in my mind that we shall not see Spain this journey. It is a great joy to

me that I have placed my feather bed and other things of price with that worthy woman at Lyndhurst, who will now have the use of them. I have thirteen arrows yet, and if one of them fly unfleshed, then, by the twang of string ! I shall deserve my doom. First at him who flaunts with my lady's silken frock. Clap in the clout, by God ! though a hand's breadth lower than I had meant. Now for the rogue with the head upon his pike. Ha ! to the inch, John. When my eye is true, I am better at rovers than at long-butts or hoyles. A good shoot for you also, John ! The villain hath fallen forward into the fire. But I pray you, John, to loose gently, and not to pluck with the drawing hand, for it is a trick that hath marred many a fine bowman."

Whilst the two archers were keeping up a brisk fire upon the mob beneath them, Du Guesclin and his lady were consulting with Sir Nigel upon their desperate situation.

"'Tis a strange end for one who has seen so many stricken fields," said the French chieftain. "For me one death is as another, but it is the thought of my sweet lady which goes to my heart."

"Nay, Bertrand, I fear it as little as you," said she. "Had I my dearest wish, it would be that we should go together."

"Well answered, fair lady !" cried Sir Nigel. "And very sure I am that my own sweet wife would have said the same. If the end be now come, I have had great good fortune in having lived in times when so much glory was to be won, and in knowing so many valiant gentlemen and knights. But why do you pluck my sleeve, Alleyne."

"If it please you, my fair lord, there are in this corner two great tubes of iron, with many heavy balls, which may perchance be those bombards and shot of which I have heard."

"By St. Ives ! it is true," cried Sir Bertrand, striding across to the recess where the ungainly, funnel-shaped, thick-ribbed engines were standing. "Bombards they are, and of good size. We may shoot down upon them."

"Shoot with them, quotha ?" cried Aylward in high disdain, for pressing danger is the great leveler of classes. "How is a man to take aim with these fool's toys, and how can he hope to do scath with them ?"

"I will show you," answered Sir Nigel ; "for here is the great box of powder, and if you will raise it for me, John, I will show you how it may be used. Come hither, where the

folk are thickest round the fire. Now, Aylward, crane thy neck and see what would have been deemed an old wife's tale when we first turned our faces to the wars. Throw back the lid, John, and drop the box into the fire!"

A deafening roar, a fluff of bluish light, and the great square tower rocked and trembled from its very foundations, swaying this way and that like a reed in the wind. Amazed and dizzy, the defenders, clutching at the cracking parapets for support, saw great stones, burning beams of wood, and mangled bodies hurtling past them through the air. When they staggered to their feet once more, the whole keep had settled down upon one side, so that they could scarce keep their footing upon the sloping platform. Gazing over the edge, they looked down upon the horrible destruction which had been caused by the explosion. For forty yards round the portal the ground was black with writhing, screaming figures, who struggled up and hurled themselves down again, tossing this way and that, sightless, scorched, with fire bursting from their tattered clothing. Beyond this circle of death their comrades, bewildered and amazed, cowered away from this black tower and from these invincible men, who were most to be dreaded when hope was furthest from their hearts.

"A sally, Du Guesclin, a sally!" cried Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! they are in two minds, and a bold rush may turn them." He drew his sword as he spoke and darted down the winding stairs, closely followed by his four comrades. Ere he was at the first floor, however, he threw up his arms and stopped. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we are lost men!"

"What then?" cried those behind him.

"The wall hath fallen in, the stair is blocked, and the fire still rages below. By St. Paul! friends, we have fought a very honorable fight, and may say in all humbleness that we have done our devoir, but I think that we may now go back to the Lady Tiphaine and say our orisons, for we have played our parts in this world, and it is time that we made ready for another."

The narrow pass was blocked by huge stones littered in wild confusion over each other, with the blue choking smoke reeking up through the crevices. The explosion had blown in the wall and cut off the only path by which they could descend. Pent in, a hundred feet from earth, with a furnace raging under them and a ravening multitude all round who

thirsted for their blood, it seemed indeed as though no men had ever come through such peril with their lives. Slowly they made their way back to the summit, but as they came out upon it the Lady Tiphaine darted forward and caught her husband by the wrist.

"Bertrand," said she, "hush and listen! I have heard the voices of men all singing together in a strange tongue."

Breathless they stood and silent, but no sound came up to them, save the roar of the flames and the clamor of their enemies.

"It cannot be, lady," said Du Guesclin. "This night hath overwrought you, and your senses play you false. What men are there in this country who would sing in a strange tongue?"

"Holà!" yelled Aylward, leaping suddenly into the air with waving hands and joyous face. "I thought I heard it ere we went down, and now I hear it again. We are saved, comrades! By these ten finger bones, we are saved! It is the marching song of the White Company. Hush!"

With upraised forefinger and slanting head, he stood listening. Suddenly there came swelling up a deep-voiced, rollicking chorus from somewhere out of the darkness. Never did choice or dainty ditty of Provence or Languedoc sound more sweetly in the ears than did the rough-tongued Saxon to the six who strained their ears from the blazing keep:—

We'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

"Ha, by my hilt!" shouted Aylward, "it is the dear old bow song of the Company. Here come two hundred as tight lads as ever twirled a shaft over their thumb nails. Hark to the dogs, how lustily they sing!"

Nearer and clearer, swelling up out of the night, came the gay marching lilt:—

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England.
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows.

What of the men ?

The men were bred in England,

The bowmen, the yeomen,

The lads of the dale and fell,

Here's to you and to you,

To the hearts that are true,

And the land where the true hearts dwell.

"They sing very joyfully," said Du Guesclin, "as though they were going to a festival."

"It is their wont when there is work to be done."

"By St. Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, "it is in my mind that they come too late, for I cannot see how we are to come down from this tower."

"There they come, the hearts of gold!" cried Aylward. "See, they move out from the shadow. Now they cross the meadow. They are on the further side of the moat. Holà, camarades, holà! Johnston, Eccles, Cooke, Harward, Bligh! Would ye see a fair lady and two gallant knights done foully to death?"

"Who is there?" shouted a deep voice from below. "Who is this who speaks with an English tongue?"

"It is I, old lad. It is Sam Aylward of the Company; and here is your captain, Sir Nigel Loring, and four others, all laid out to be grilled like an Easterling's herrings."

"Curse me if I did not think that it was the style of speech of old Samkin Aylward," said the voice, amid a buzz from the ranks. "Wherever there are knocks going there is Sammy in the heart of it. But who are these ill-faced rogues who block the path? To your kennels, canaille! What! you dare look us in the eyes? Out swords, lads, and give them the flat of them! Waste not your shafts upon such runagate knaves."

There was little fight left in the peasants, however, still dazed by the explosion, amazed at their own losses, and disheartened by the arrival of the disciplined archers. In a very few minutes they were in full flight for their brushwood homes, leaving the morning sun to rise upon a blackened and blood-stained ruin, where it had left the night before the magnificent castle of the Seneschal of Auvergne. Already the white lines in the east were deepening into pink as the archers gathered round the keep and took counsel how to rescue the survivors.

"Had we a rope," said Alleyne, "there is one side which is not yet on fire, down which we might slip."

"But how to get a rope?"

"It is an old trick," quoth Aylward. "Holà! Johnston, cast me up a rope, even as you did at Maupertius in the war time."

The grizzled archer thus addressed took several lengths of rope from his comrades, and knotting them firmly together, he stretched them out in the long shadow which the rising sun threw from the frowning keep. Then he fixed the yew stave of his bow upon end and measured the long, thin, black line which it threw upon the turf.

"A six-foot stave throws a twelve-foot shadow," he muttered. "The keep throws a shadow of sixty paces. Thirty paces of rope will be enow and to spare. Another strand, Watkin! Now pull at the end that all may be safe. So! It is ready for them."

"But how are they to reach it?" asked the young archer beside him.

"Watch and see, young fool's head," growled the old bowman. He took a long string from his pouch and fastened one end to an arrow.

"All ready, Samkin?"

"Ready, camarade."

"Close to your hand, then." With an easy pull he sent the shaft flickering gently up, falling upon the stonework within a foot of where Aylward was standing. The other end was secured to the rope, so that in a minute a good strong cord was dangling from the only sound side of the blazing and shattered tower. The Lady Tiphaine was lowered with a noose drawn fast under the arms, and the other five slid swiftly down, amid the cheers and joyous outcry of their rescuers.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.¹

JAMES I. OF SCOTS. — 20TH FEBRUARY, 1437.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

I CATHERINE am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

Ay, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

¹ NOTE BY ROSSETTI. — Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

A few stanzas from King James' lovely poem, known as "The King's Quhair," are quoted in the course of this ballad. The writer must express regret for the necessity which has compelled him to shorten the ten-syllabled lines to eight syllables, in order that they might harmonize with the ballad meter.

¹ By permission of Ellis & Elvey.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scottish realm had been,
At Secze were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scottish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned, — the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
In the camp or the court," she said:
"But for my sake come to your people's arms
And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield."
"O face your foes on your throne," she cried,
"And show the power you wield;
And under your Scottish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liego.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The lowering brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And marry a lordly wrongdoer
By the headsman's ax had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Graeme,
The bold o'ermastering man:—
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates,
I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be:—

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scottish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King:—

"Is this not so, my lords?"

But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King: "Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.

Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"

The Graeme fired dark with rage:—

"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Graeme
To the King at Edinbro':—

"No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scottish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon, half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach side
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,

Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—

“O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

“Four years it is since first I met,
’Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

“A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

“And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam’st with both thine arms i’ the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

“And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

“And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore, —
The winding sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

“O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God’s message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!”

While the woman spoke, the King’s horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
 But the King gazed on her yet,
 And in silence save for the wail of the sea
 His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said : " God's ways are His own :
 Man is but shadow and dust.
 Last night I prayed by His altar stone ;
 To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son ;
 And in Him I set my trust.

" I have held my people in sacred charge,
 And have not feared the sting .
 Of proud men's hate, to His will resigned
 Who has but one same death for a hind
 And one same death for a King.

" And if God in His wisdom have brought close
 The day when I must die,
 That day by water or fire or air
 My feet shall fall in the destined snare
 Wherever my road may lie.

" What man can say but the Fiend hath set
 Thy sorcery on my path,
 My heart with the fear of death to fill,
 And turn me against God's very will
 To sink in His burning wrath ? "

The woman stood as the train rode past,
 And moved nor limb nor eye ;
 And when we were shipped, we saw her there
 Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
 Sank slow in her rising pall ;
 And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
 And I said, " The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
 How my name is Kate Barlass :—
 But a little thing, when all the tale
 Is told of the weary mass
 Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
 God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the house top down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loath to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there
Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behave.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
And soothe the Queen thereby;) —
“In a book ’tis writ that this same year
A King shall in Scotland die.

“And I have pondered the matter o’er,
And this have I found, Sir Hugh,—
There are but two Kings on Scottish ground,
And those Kings are I and you.

“And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
And you are yourself alone;
So stand you stark at my side with me
To guard our double throne.

“For here sit I and my wife and child,
As well your heart shall approve,
In full surrender and soothfastness,
Beneath your Kingdom of Love.”

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled;
But I knew her heavy thought,
And I strove to find in the good King’s jest
What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, “My Liege, for the Queen’s dear love
Now sing the song that of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
In Windsor’s castle hold.”

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of hate that rose between,
Forever dwelt at the poet’s heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
And the music sweetly rang;
And when the song burst forth, it seemed
’Twas the nightingale that sang.

“Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
Of bliss your kalends are begun:
Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!

*Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
 Awake for shame, — your heaven is won, —
 And amorously your heads lift all:
 Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!"*

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
 The speech whose praise was hers,
 It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
 And the voice of the bygone years.

*"The fairest and the freshest flower
 That ever I saw before that hour,
 The which o' the sudden made to start
 The blood of my body to my heart.*

* * * * *

*Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
 Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"*

And the song was long, and richly stored
 With wonder and beauteous things;
 And the harp was tuned to every change
 Of minstrel ministrings;
 But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
 Its strings were his own heartstrings.

*"Unworthy but only of her grace,
 Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
 In guerdon of all my lovè's space
 She took me her humble creature.
 Thus fell my blissful aventure
 In youth of love that from day to day
 Flowereth ay new, and further I say.*

*"To reckon all the circumstance
 As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
 Of my rancor and woeful chance,
 It were too long, — I have done therefor.
 And of this flower I say no more
 But unto my help her heart hath tended
 And even from death her man defended."*

"Ay, even from death," to myself I said;
 For I thought of the day when she
 Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
 Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
 With an arrow deadly bright:
 And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
 And the wings were spread far over the roof
 More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
 Of Love's high pomp and state,
 There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
 And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
 The voice of dire appeal
 In which the King then sang of the pit
 That is under Fortune's wheel.

*"And under the wheel beheld I there
 An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
 That to behold I quaked for fear:
 And this I heard, that who therein fell
 Came no more up, tidings to tell:
 Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
 I wist not what to do for fright."*

And oft has my thought called up again
 These words of the changeful song:—
*"Wist thou thy pain and thy travail
 To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"*
 And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
 And well his heart was graced
 With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
 As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
 Close clung the necklet chain
 As he bent her pearl-tired head aside,
 And in the warmth of his love and pride
 He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
 The very red of the rose
 That, couched on the happy garden bed,
 In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scottish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King.
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not speak
Then he called for the Voidee cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like specters sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armed men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell,—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
“Our bliss was our farewell!”

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood,—
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
“O Catherine, help!” she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
“Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!”

“For *her* sake most!” I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney nook
I snatched and held to the King:—
“Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harboring.”

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, “For *her* sake!”

Then he cried to the Queen, “God's will be done!”
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
Where thro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he played.)

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door
But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
To the place of the hearthstone sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was widely aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried,—
“Now tell us, where is thy lord?”
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast:
But it was the Graeme's own son
Cried, “This is a woman,—we seek a man!”
And away from her girdle zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: “Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low.”

And she said, “My Catherine, God help thee!”
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, “O God help *him*,”
She sobbed, “for we can no more!”

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit
The window high in the wall, —
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And naught remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armed tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less: and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Graeme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smoldering ;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare :
With the crown, the King was stript away, —
The Knight was reft of his battle array, —
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth, —
Sir John Hall was his name ;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
Beneath the torchlight flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder blades
His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst ;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him ;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James ! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands ;
And oh ! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scottish lands !

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that naught could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt ;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripped,
There stood Sir Robert Graeme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With twofold combating !

Ah ! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright : —
*" O Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,
Who slew our King, God give thee shame ! "*
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp : " Mine hour is come ;
But oh ! to succor thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul ! "

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength
And said : " Have I kept my word ? —
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave ?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword ! "

With that he smote his King through the breast ;
And all they three in the pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Graeme,
Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above : —
" If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou dost spare
Thy forfeit life shall pay ! "

O God ! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest ?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God ! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled ; —

Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scottish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and scepter in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spanned.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soul was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt :
And only to me some sign
She made ; and save the priests that were there
No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace ;
And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace flame
That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor ;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
And still was the death pall spread ;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire ;
And naught she spake, — she had ceased to speak, —
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said, — " My King, they are dead !"
And she knelt on the chapel floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile, —
" James, James, they suffered more !"

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
To winter of lifelong grief.

And "O James!" she said, — "My James!" she said, —
"Alas for the woeful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King!"



REVIEW OF JOHN FOSTER KIRK'S "CHARLES THE BOLD."¹

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(For biographical sketch, see page 1650.)

THE career of Charles the Bold naturally falls into two parts. This twofold division is naturally suggested by Charles' twofold position. His career divides itself into a French and a German portion. In both alike he is exposed to the restless rivalry of Lewis of France; but in the one period that rivalry is carried on openly within the French territory, while in the second stage the crafty king finds the means to deal far more effectual blows through the agency of Teutonic hands. That Charles should thus play a part in the affairs of both countries naturally followed from his position as at once a French prince and a prince of the Empire; but it is certainly remarkable that his two spheres of action can be thus mapped out with almost as much chronological as geographical precision. The position of Charles was a very peculiar one; it requires a successful shaking off of modern notions fully to take in what it was. He held the rank of one of the first princes in Europe without being a king, and without possessing an inch of ground for which he did not owe service to some superior lord.

And more than this, he did not owe service to one lord only. The phrase of "Great Powers" had not been invented in the fifteenth century; but there can be no doubt that, if it had been, the Duke of Burgundy would have ranked among

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CHARLES THE BOLD

From a painting by Jean Van Eyck

the foremost of them. He was, in actual strength, the equal of his royal neighbor to the west, and far more than the equal of his Imperial neighbor to the east. Yet for every inch of his territories he owed a vassal's duty to one or other of them. Placed on the borders of France and the Empire, some of his territories were held of the Empire and some of the French crown. Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Artois, was a vassal of France; but Charles, Duke of Brabant, Count of Burgundy, Holland, and a dozen other duchies and counties, held his dominions as a vassal of Cæsar. His dominions were large in positive extent, and they were valuable out of all proportion to their extent. No other prince in Europe was the direct sovereign of so many rich and flourishing cities, rendered still more rich and flourishing through the long, and, in the main, peaceful administration of his father. The cities of the Netherlands were incomparably greater and more prosperous than those of France or England; and, though they enjoyed large municipal privileges, they were not, like those of Germany, independent commonwealths, acknowledging only an external superior in their nominal lord. Other parts of his dominions, the duchy of Burgundy especially, were as rich in men as Flanders was rich in money.

So far the Duke of Burgundy had some great advantages over every other prince of his time. But, on the other hand, his dominions were further removed than those of any prince in Europe from forming a compact whole. He was not king of one kingdom, but duke, count, and lord of innumerable duchies, counties, and lordships, acquired by different means, held by different titles and of different overlords, speaking different languages, subject to different laws, transmitted according to different rules of succession, and each subject to possible escheat to its own lord. These various territories, moreover, had as little geographical as they had political connection. They lay in two large masses, the two Burgundies forming one and the Low Countries forming the other, so that their common master could not go from one of his capitals to another without passing through a foreign territory.

And even within these two great masses, there were portions of territory intersecting the ducal dominions which there was no hope of annexing by fair means. The dominions of a neighboring duke or count might be acquired by marriage, by purchase, by exchange, by various means short of open rob-

bery. But the dominions of the free cities and of the ecclesiastical princes were in their own nature exempt from any such processes. If the Duke of Burgundy became also Duke of Brabant, the inhabitants simply passed from one line of princes to another ; no change was involved in their laws or in their form of government. But as Mr. Kirk well points out, the bishopric of Lüttich could never pass by marriage, inheritance, forfeiture, or purchase. Just as little could the free Imperial city of Besançon. The duke whose dominions hemmed them in could win them only by sheer undisguised conquest, a conquest too which must necessarily change the whole framework of their government. The rights of princely government were in no way affected by the transfer, even the violent transfer, of a duchy from one duke to another ; but the rights of the Church in one case, and the rights of civic freedom in the other, would have been utterly trampled underfoot by the annexation of a bishopric or a free city.

Charles too, lord of so many lordships, was also closely connected with many royal houses. In France he was not only the first feudatory of the kingdom, the Dean of the Peers of France : he was also a prince of the blood royal, with no great number of lives between him and the crown. On his mother's side he claimed descent from the royal houses of England and Portugal : he closely identified himself with England ; he spoke our language ; he played an active part in our politics ; he seems to have cherished a hope, one perhaps not wholly unreasonable, that, among the revolutions and disputed successions of our country, the extinction of both the contending houses might at last place the island crown upon his own brow. Looking to his eastern frontier, to the states which he held of the Empire, he was beyond all comparison the most powerful of the Imperial feudatories. The next election might place him upon the throne of the Cæsars, where he would be able to reign after a very different sort from the feeble Austrian whom he aspired to succeed or to displace. Or, failing of any existing crown, he might dream of having a crown called out of oblivion for his special benefit. Burgundy might again give its name to a kingdom, and his scattered duchies and lordships might be firmly welded together under a royal scepter. Perhaps no man ever had so many dreams, dreams which in any one else would have been extravagant, naturally suggested to him by the position in which he found himself by inheritance.

And now what sort of man was he who inherited so much, and whose inheritance prompted him to strive after so much more? We wish to speak of him as he was in his better days; towards the end of his life the effect of unexpected misfortunes darkened all his faults, even if it did not actually touch his reason. . . .

Charles was perhaps unlucky in the age in which he lived; he was certainly unlucky in the predecessor whom he succeeded and in the rival against whom he had to struggle. It may be, as Mr. Kirk says, that he was better fitted for an earlier age than that in which he lived; it is certain that he was quite unfit either to succeed Philip the Good or to contend against Lewis the Eleventh. One can have no hesitation in saying that Charles was morally a better man than his father. He had greater private virtues, and he was certainly not stained with greater public crimes. Yet Philip passed with unusual prosperity and reputation through a reign of unusual length, while the career of Charles was short and stormy, and he left an evil memory behind him. Philip, profligate as a man and unprincipled as a ruler, was still the Good Duke, who lived beloved and died regretted by his subjects. Charles, chaste and temperate in his private life, and with a nearer approach to justice and good faith in his public dealings than most princes of his time, was hated even by his own soldiers, and died unlamented by any one.

As in many other men, the virtues and the vices of Charles were closely linked together. He knew no mercy either for himself or for anybody else. Austere in his personal morals and a strict avenger of vice in others, he probably made himself enemies by his very virtues, where a little genial profligacy might have made him friends. His home government was strictly just; his ear was open to the meanest petitioner, and he was ready to send the noblest offender to the scaffold. But such stern justice was not the way to make himself popular in those days. A justice which knows not how to yield or to forgive is hardly suited for fallible man in any age, and in that age Charles sometimes drew blame upon himself by acts which we should now look on as crowning him with honor. His inexorable justice refused to listen to any entreaties for the life of a gallant young noble who had murdered a man of lower degree. In this we look on him as simply discharging the first duty of a sovereign; in his own age the execution seemed to men of all ranks to be an act of remorseless cruelty. In short,

Charles, as a civil ruler, practiced none of the arts by which much worse rulers have often made themselves beloved. He was chary of gifts, of praise, of common courtesy. No wonder then that so many of his servants forsook him for a prince who at least knew how to appreciate and to reward their services.

And what Charles was as a ruler he was even more conspicuously as a captain. In warfare his discipline was terrible; he imposed indeed no hardship on the lowest sentinel which he did not equally impose upon himself; but the commander who had no kind word for any one, and a heavy punishment for the slightest offense, did not go the way to win the love of his soldiers. His cruelty towards Dinant and Lüttich did not greatly exceed—in some respects it did not equal—the ordinary cruelty of the age; but the cold and quasi judicial severity with which he planned the work of destruction is almost more repulsive than the familiar horrors of the storm and the sack.

It was his utter want of sympathy with mankind which made Charles the Bold hated, while really worse men have been beloved. The ambition of Philip the Good was more unprincipled than that of his son, but it was more moderate, and kept more carefully within the bounds of possibility. The means by which he gained large portions of his dominions, Holland and Hennegau especially, were perhaps more blameworthy than anything in the career of Charles, and in particular acts of cruelty and in violent outbursts of wrath there was little to choose between father and son. But Philip's ambition was satisfied with now and then seizing a province or two which came conveniently within his grasp; he did not keep the world constantly in commotion; he had no longing after royal or Imperial crowns, and indeed refused them when they came in his way; his rule was on the whole peaceful and beneficent, and his very annexations, when they were once made, secured large districts from the horrors of border warfare. But Charles was always planning something, and the world was always wondering what he might be planning. He attacked and annexed so widely that it was no wonder if even those whom he had no mind to attack deemed it necessary to stand ready for him.

His loftiest flights of ambition were far from being so wild and reckless as they are commonly represented; his dream of a new Burgundian kingdom was far from irrational; still less was there anything monstrous either in a great French prince

aspiring to a paramount influence in France, or in a great German prince aspiring to the crown of the Empire. But the misfortune of Charles was that he was always aspiring after something ; he was always grasping at something which he had not, instead of enjoying what he had. Neither his own subjects nor strangers were allowed a moment's peace : wars with France, wars with Lüttich, Gelders annexed, Elsass purchased, Neuss besieged, Lorraine conquered, Provence bargained for, were enough to keep the whole world in commotion. The ten years of Charles' reign are as rich in events as the forty-eight years of his father.

Mr. Kirk is fond of enlarging on Charles' good faith ; and for a prince of the fifteenth century, the praise is not wholly undeserved. As compared with the contemporary kings of England and France, the Duke of Burgundy may fairly pass for a man of his word. He certainly did not openly trample on oaths and obligations like Edward the Fourth, nor did he carry on a systematic trade of secret intrigue like Lewis the Eleventh. Even in the affair of Péronne, to which Mr. Kirk frequently points as an exception to Charles' general straightforwardness, there seems to have been no deliberate treachery on Charles' part, though there certainly was a breach in words of the safeconduct which he had given to Lewis. The King sought an interview of his own accord ; it was to take place in the then Burgundian town of Péronne. The Duke gave the King a safeconduct, notwithstanding anything which had happened or might happen. While Lewis was at Péronne, Charles discovered, or believed that he had discovered, evidence that the King was plotting with the revolted people of Lüttich. Charles then kept him as a prisoner till he had signed an unfavorable treaty, and further obliged him to accompany him on his campaign against Lüttich, and to witness and take a part in the utter overthrow of his allies. Here was undoubtedly a breach of an engagement : according to the letter of the bond, Charles should have taken Lewis safe back into his own dominions, and should have declared war and pursued him the moment he had crossed the frontier. But, setting aside the literal breach of faith, to deal with Lewis as he did, to humble him before all the world, to make him follow where he was most unwilling to go, was quite in character with the stern and ostentatious justice of Charles. As a mere breach of faith, it was a light matter compared with the everyday career of Lewis

himself. But what shocked the feeling of the time was for a vassal to put his suzerain lord under personal duress. To rebel against such a lord and make war upon him was an ordinary business; but for a Duke of Burgundy to make a King of France his prisoner was a breach of all feudal reverence, a sacrilegious invasion of the sanctity of royalty, which carried men's minds back to a deed of treason more than five hundred years old.

We cannot look upon this business at Péronne as being morally of so deep a dye as the long course of insincerity pursued by Charles with regard to the marriage of his daughter. It is clear that he was possessed with a strong and not very intelligible dread of a son-in-law in any shape. Like many other princes, he shrank from the notion of a successor; he shrank especially from a successor who would not be one of his own blood, but the husband of his daughter, one who most likely would seek in her marriage and his affinity nothing but stepping stones to the ducal or royal crown of Burgundy. So far one can enter into the feeling; but it is clear that Charles first carried it to a morbid extent, and then made use of it for a disingenuous political purpose. He held out hopes of his daughter's hand to every prince whom he wished for the moment to attach to his interests, without the least serious intention of bestowing her upon any of them. Mary was used as the bait for Charles of Guienne, for Nicolas of Calabria, for Maximilian of Austria. Now this, though it might serve an immediate end, was a base and selfish policy, which could not fail to leave, as in the end it did leave, both his daughter and his dominions without any lawful or acknowledged protector. The feelings alike of a father and of a sovereign should have made Charles overcome his dread of an acknowledged successor, rather than run the risk of leaving a young girl to grapple unprotected with the turbulent people of Flanders and with such a neighbor as Lewis the Eleventh. It is here, we think, rather than in his formal breach of faith at Péronne, that we should look for the most marked exception to that general character for good faith and sincerity which is claimed for Charles by his biographer. It is certain that he piqued himself upon such a character, and that his conduct was on the whole not inconsistent with it. The worst deeds of his later career, his treatment of the princes of Lorraine and Würtemberg, his unprovoked attack on Neuss, his cruelties after the loss of

Elsass, were deeds of open violence rather than of bad faith. Through the whole of his dealings with Austria and Switzerland there runs a vein of conscious sincerity, a feeling that his own straightforwardness was not met with equal straightforwardness on the part of those with whom he had to deal.

Where then Charles failed was that he had neither the moral nor the intellectual qualities which alone could have enabled him to carry out the great schemes which he was ever planning. Success has often been the lot of brave, frank, and open-hearted princes, who have carried everything before them, and who have won hearts as well as cities by storm. Sometimes again it has fallen to the lot of a cold, crafty, secret plotter, like Charles' own rival and opposite. The gallant, genial René of Lorraine won the love of subjects and allies, and recovered the dominions which Charles had stolen from him. Lewis, from his den at Plessis, established his power over all France; he extended the bounds of France by two great provinces, and permanently attached the stout pikes and halberds of Switzerland to his interest. But Charles the Bold, always planning schemes which needed the genius and opportunities of Charles the Great, was doomed to failure in the nature of things. A prince, just, it may be, and truthful, but harsh and pitiless, who never made a friend public or private, whose very virtues were more repulsive than other men's vices, who displayed no single sign of deep or enlarged policy, but whose whole career was one simple embodiment of military force in its least amiable form,—such a prince was not the man to found an empire; he was the very man to lose the dominions which he had himself inherited and conquered.

And now we turn from the character of the man to the events in which he was the actor or the instrument. The history of Charles is a history of the highest and most varied interest. The tale, as a mere tale, as a narrative of personal adventure and a display of personal character, is one of the most attractive in European history. As such it has been chosen by Scott as the material for two of his novels, one of which, if not absolutely one of his masterpieces, at any rate ranks high among his writings. It is probably from "Quentin Durward" that most English readers have drawn their ideas of Lewis the Eleventh and of Charles the Bold; some may even have drawn their main ideas of the fights of Granson, Morat,

and Nancy from the hurried narrative in "Anne of Geierstein." In fact, a nobler subject, whether for romance or poetry or tragedy, can hardly be conceived than the exaltation and the fall of the renowned Burgundian Duke.

But to the historian the fate of Charles and his duchy has an interest which is far higher and wider than this. Chronologically and geographically alike, Charles and his duchy form the great barrier, or the great connecting link, whichever we choose to call it, between the main divisions of European history and European geography. The dukes of Burgundy of the house of Valois form a sort of bridge between the latter Middle Age and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation. They connect those two periods by forming the kernel of the vast dominion of that Austrian house to which their inheritance fell, and which, mainly by virtue of that inheritance, fills such a space in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the dominions of the Burgundian dukes hold a still higher historical position. They may be said to bind together the whole of European history for the last thousand years. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, the politics of Europe have largely gathered round the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western kingdoms — in modern language, between Germany and France. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, a succession of efforts have been made to establish, in one shape or another, a middle state between the two. Over and over again during that long period have men striven to make the whole or some portion of the frontier lands stretching from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Rhone into an independent barrier state. The first expression of the idea is to be seen in the kingdom of Lothar, the grandson of Charles the Great, a kingdom of which Provence and the Netherlands were alike portions. The neutralizations, or attempted neutralizations, of Switzerland, Savoy, Belgium, and Lüzelburg, have been the feebler contributions of the nineteenth century to the same work. Meanwhile various kingdoms and duchies of Burgundy and Lorraine have risen and fallen, all of them, knowingly or unknowingly, aiming at the same European object. That object was never more distinctly aimed at, and it never seemed nearer to its accomplishment, than when Charles the Bold actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the lake of Neufchâtel, and was not without hopes of extending his frontier to the gulf of Lyons.

To understand his position, to understand the position of the lands over which he ruled, it is not needful to go back to any of the uses of the Burgundian name earlier than the division of the Empire in 888. The old Lotharingia of forty years earlier, the narrow strip reaching from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, had then ceased to exist as a separate state. Its northern portion had become the later Lotharingia, that border land between the Eastern and Western kingdoms, which for a hundred years formed an endless subject of dispute between them. Its southern portion had become what our Old-English Chroniclers emphatically call the "middel-ric" — the Middle kingdom, the state placed between France, Germany, and Italy. This is that Burgundy, sometimes forming one kingdom, sometimes two, which was at last annexed to the Empire, and of which Arles was the capital, where those Emperors who chose to go through a somewhat empty ceremony took the crown of their Burgundian kingdom. This kingdom took in the County Palatine of Burgundy, better known as Franche Comté, which, till the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, remained a fief of the Empire. It did not take in the duchy of Burgundy, the duchy of which Dijon was the capital, which was always a fief of the crown of France. Now there can be no doubt that Charles, Duke of the French Duchy, Count of the Imperial Palatinate, Duke, by inheritance, of the Lower Lorraine (or Brabant), Duke, by conquest, of the Upper Lorraine, had always before his eyes the memory of these earlier Burgundian and Lotharingian kingdoms. Holding, as he did, parts of old Lotharingia and parts of old Burgundy, there can be no doubt that he aimed at the re-establishment of a great Middle kingdom, which should take in all that had ever been Burgundian or Lotharingian ground. He aimed in short, as others have aimed before and since, at the formation of a state which should hold a central position between France, Germany, and Italy — a state which should discharge, with infinitely greater strength, all the duties which our own age has endeavored to throw on Switzerland, Belgium, and Savoy. . . .

This twofold position of Charles, as at once a French and a German prince, forms the key to his history. When he had turned away his thoughts from his schemes of preëminence within the French kingdom, the creation of such a middle state as we have spoken of was a natural form for his ambition to

take. His schemes of this kind form the great subject of the second of the two great divisions of his history. The second division then is undoubtedly the more important, but the former is by far the better known. It has the great advantage of being recorded by one of the few mediæval writers — if Philip of Comines is to count as a mediæval writer — who are familiar to many who are not specially given to mediæval studies. It is a plain straightforward tale, about which there is little difficulty or controversy, and it is so constantly connected with the history of our own country as to have special attractions for the English student. The German career of Charles holds a very different position. One or two facts in it, at least the names of one or two great battles, are familiar to the whole world. Every one can point the moral how the rash and proud Duke was overthrown by the despised Switzer at Granson, at Morat, and at Nancy. But the real character and causes of the war are, for the most part, completely unknown or utterly misrepresented. In fact, no part of history is more thoroughly perplexing than this: the original sources are endless; the inferences made from them by later writers are utterly contradictory; and neither the original sources nor their modern commentators are at all familiar to English students in general. We think then that we shall be doing our readers more service if we pass lightly over the earlier and better known years of Charles' history, and give as much space as we can to the perplexing story of his relations towards Switzerland, Austria, and the Empire.

Each of the two positions which were held by Charles assumes special importance in one of the two great divisions of his career. He succeeded to the ducal crown in 1467; but his practical reign may be dated from a point at least two years earlier, when the old age and sickness of Philip threw the chief management of affairs into his hands. What we have called his French career lasts from this point till 1472. In these years, both before and after the death of his father, he appears mainly as a French prince. His main policy is to maintain and increase that predominance in French politics which had been gained by his father. During this period, with the single exception of his wars with Lüttich, his field of action lies almost wholly within the kingdom of France; and Lüttich, though it lay within the Empire, had at this time a closer practical connection with France than with Germany. Charles' chief French

dominions were the duchy of Burgundy and the counties of Artois and Flanders, the last being strictly a French fief, though circumstances have always tended to unite that province, together with some of its neighbors, into a system of their own, distinct alike from France and from Germany. There was also that fluctuating territory in Picardy, the towns on the Somme, so often pledged, recovered, ceded, and conquered within the space of so few years. These possessions made Charles the most powerful of French princes, to say nothing of the fiefs beyond the kingdom which helped to make him well-nigh the most powerful of European princes. As a French prince, he joined with other French princes to put limits on the power of the crown, and to divide the kingdom into great feudal holdings, as nearly independent as might be of the common overlord. As a French prince, he played his part in the War of the Public Weal, and insisted, as a main object of his policy, on the establishment of the King's brother as an all but independent Duke of Normandy. The object of Lewis was to make France a compact monarchy; the object of Charles and his fellows was to keep France as nearly as might be in the same state as Germany. But, when the other French princes had been gradually conquered, won over, or got rid of in some way or other, by the crafty policy of Lewis, Charles remained no longer the chief of a coalition of French princes, but the personal rival, the deadly enemy, of the French King.

In the second part of his life his objects were wholly different. His looks were now turned eastward and southward, or, if they were turned westward, it was with quite different aims from those with which he went forth to fight at Montlhéry. His object now was, not to gain a paramount influence within the kingdom of France, not to weaken the French monarchy, in the character of one of its vassals, but to throw it into the shade, to dismember, perhaps to conquer it, in the character of a foreign sovereign. For this end probably, more than for any other, Charles sought to be King of the Romans, King of Burgundy, King of England. For this end he strove to gather together province after province, so as to form his scattered territories into a kingdom greater than that of France, a kingdom external and antagonistic to France. As he had found that the French monarchy was too strong for him in his character of a French vassal, he would no longer be a Frenchman at all. To curb and weaken the now hostile and foreign realm,

he would form a state which should altogether hem it in from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. That is to say, he would call again into being that Middle kingdom, call it Burgundy or Lorraine as we will, which he had a better chance of calling into being than any man before or since.

And undoubtedly it would have been for the permanent interest of Europe if he had succeeded in his attempt. It would be one of the greatest of political blessings if a Duke or King of Burgundy or Lorraine could suddenly appear now [1864]. A strong independent power standing in the gap between France and Germany would release the world from many difficulties, and would insure the world against many dangers. It would in fact accomplish, in a much more thoroughgoing way, the objects which modern statesmen have tried to accomplish by guaranteeing the neutrality of the smaller states on the same border. How vain such guaranties are the experience of the last few years has taught us. But the kingdom which Charles dreamed of, had it been held together long enough to acquire any consistency, would have needed no guaranty, but would have stood by its own strength. Such a state would indeed have had two great points of weakness, its enormous extent of frontier and the heterogeneous character of its population. But German and Italian neighbors would hardly have been more dangerous to Burgundy than they have been to France, and such a Burgundy would have been far better able to resist the aggressions of France than Germany and Italy have been. The population would certainly have been made up of very discordant elements, but they would have been less discordant than the elements to be found in the modern "empire" of Austria, and they would have had a common interest in a way in which the subjects of Austria have not. Perhaps indeed a common government and a common interest might in course of time have fused them together as closely as the equally discordant elements in modern Switzerland have been fused together.

Anyhow the great dream of Charles, the formation of a barrier power between France and Germany, is one which, if it only could be carried out, would be most desirable for Europe to have carried out. Statesmen of a much later age than Charles the Bold have dreamed of the kingdom of Burgundy as the needful counterpoise to the power of France. But though the creation of such a state would be highly desirable now, it

does not follow that it was desirable then, still less does it follow that any prince or people of those days could be expected to see that it was desirable. With the map of Europe now before us, it seems madness in Switzerland, or in any other small and independent state, to league itself with France and Austria to destroy a Duke of Burgundy. That is to say, it is very easy to be a Prometheus after the fact. But neither princes nor commonwealths can be expected to look on so many centuries before them. Austria was in those days the least threatening of all powers. Its sovereigns were small German dukes, who had much ado to keep their own small dominions together. In fact, the Duke of Austria with whom we have to do was only a titular Duke of Austria; his capital was not Vienna, but Innsbruck; his dominions consisted of the county of Tyrol and the Swabian and Alsatian lordships of his house. And it would have been only by a miraculous foresight of which history gives few examples that a citizen of Switzerland or of any other country could have perceived that France was a power more really dangerous to the liberties of Europe than Burgundy was. Lewis seemed to have quite enough to do to maintain his power in his own kingdom, while Charles seemed to ride through the whole world, going forth conquering and to conquer. In this case, as in all others, we must try to throw ourselves into the position of the times, and not to judge of everything according to the notions of our own age.



QUENTIN DURWARD'S INITIATION.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Quentin Durward.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 1482.]

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said that they held in their hands the fortunes of France, as to them were intrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the

Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Bodyguard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural allies of France. They were poor, courageous, faithful—their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the comparative smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honor; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The *coutelier* and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities.

Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favored in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare his cheek bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white Saint Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind — his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel — a broad strong poniard (called the "Mercy of God") hung by his right side — the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man at arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while with

its rough mustaches he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily."

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bordeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down — sit thee down — if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. — Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *guinguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafré; "you must fear the wine pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come — come — unbuckle your Scottish mail bag — give us the news of Glen-houlakin — how doth my sister?"

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy — "why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after reveling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science — and my poor sister is dead! — And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, "What! no? — I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order — loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal — matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock — I am scarce holy enough for that."

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year

since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

"Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafré, "that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbors to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last by-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armor for the limbs,—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his arm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, "Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well-nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angusshire, in what

way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The coutelier nodded.

"Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle girth and stirrup leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.— Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, "and I received a cruel wound."

"Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself," said Le Balafré. — "Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face. — "An Ogilvie's sword never plowed so deep a furrow."

"They plowed deep enough," answered Quentin, sadly; "but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed the uncle — "holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upward, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk. — And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — Our Lady forgive me! — [here he crossed himself] — and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at St. Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. — Oh so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then — and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle — "I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart, who had taken the vows and afterward broke out of cloister and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children. — There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them — they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it — but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I have induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own. — "To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it — never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them — I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis' name, how did they teach it you?"

"It was troublesome at first," said Durward, "but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds, and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Subprior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the Subprior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to color it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbot himself."

"That is right, that is well," said his uncle. "Our King cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at anything like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafré, "that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose. — But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this?" — (he shook his chain with complacent triumph) — "they hang not on every bush — they grow not in fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knight's collars. What then! — you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

"I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, "that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honor to be won under his banners — that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the most Christian King, they say, gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the Scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him either sitting under the high dais, and feasting amid his high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and the Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. But what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French King of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest prince that ever put purple on his back — and yet he weareth not much of that neither — I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do."

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

"I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man at arms, "I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost Marshal's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mêlée* where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, '*Ha! gut getroffen!*' a good lance—a brave Scot—give him a florin to drink our health; but neither rank nor lands, nor treasures, come to the stranger in such a service—all goes to the children of the soil."

"And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

"To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafgré, drawing up his gigantic height. "Thus says King Louis: 'My good French peasant—mine honest Jacques Bonhomme—get you to your tools, your plow and your harrow, your pruning knife and your hoe—here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him.—And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordnance—here are my French Guards—here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valor which, in your father's time, lost Cressy and Azincour.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honor?"

"I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered the nephew; "but, in my mind, honor cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is—I pray you pardon me—an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer day and

winter night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts—uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!”

“Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Lesly in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth—Long live the King of France!—scarce a day but there is some commission in hand by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favor, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it pleases his Majesty to remain behind, and in the background, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. Oh, ’tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!”

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, “The good Father Peter used to often teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honorable.”

“For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?” said Balafre, somewhat sternly; “I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write or read. But I am your mother’s brother; I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you anything unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements.”

“I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle,” said the youth; “you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meager Court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half-solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favor—all this seems



THE BREAKFAST

From an etching by Ad. Lalauze. By permission of John C. Nimmo

unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

"You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafré; "and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost Marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand?—No, no, child; I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup.—But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle.—Farewell—make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path, in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snaphances as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself—farewell."

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting. It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited

were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature.

Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls, and there endeavored to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety.

The manner in which Quentin Durward had been educated was not of a kind to soften the heart, or perhaps to improve the moral feeling. He, with the rest of his family, had been trained to the chase as an amusement, and taught to consider war as their only serious occupation, and that it was the great duty of their lives stubbornly to endure, and fiercely to retaliate, the attacks of their feudal enemies, by whom their race had been at last almost annihilated. And yet there mixed with these feuds a spirit of rude chivalry, and even courtesy, which softened their rigor; so that revenge, their only justice, was still prosecuted with some regard to humanity and generosity. The lessons of the worthy old monk, better attended to, perhaps, during a long illness and adversity, than they might have been in health and success, had given young Durward still further insight into the duties of humanity toward others; and, considering the ignorance of the period, the general prejudices entertained in favor of a military life and the manner in which he himself had been bred, the youth was disposed to feel more accurately the moral duties incumbent on his station than was usual at the time.

He reflected on his interview with his uncle with a sense of embarrassment and disappointment. His hopes had been high; for although intercourse by letters was out of the question, yet a pilgrim, or an adventurous trafficker, or a crippled soldier, sometimes brought Lesly's name to Glen-houlakin, and all united in praising his undaunted courage, and his success in many petty enterprises which his master had intrusted to him. Quentin's imagination had filled up the sketch in his own way, and assimilated his successful and adventurous uncle (whose exploits probably lost nothing in the telling) to some of the champions and knights-errant of whom minstrels sang, and who won crowns and kings' daughters by dint of sword

and lance. He was now compelled to rank his kinsman greatly lower in the scale of chivalry; but blinded by the high respect paid to parents, and those who approach that character — moved by every early prejudice in his favor — inexperienced besides, and passionately attached to his mother's memory, he saw not, in the only brother of that dear relation, the character he truly held, which was that of an ordinary mercenary soldier, neither much worse nor greatly better than many of the same profession whose presence added to the distracted state of France.

Without being wantonly cruel, Le Balafré was, from habit, indifferent to human life and human suffering; he was profoundly ignorant, greedy of booty, unscrupulous how he acquired it, and profuse in expending it on the gratification of his passions. The habit of attending exclusively to his own wants and interests had converted him into one of the most selfish animals in the world; so that he was seldom able, as the reader may have remarked, to proceed far in any subject without considering how it applied to himself, or, as it is called, making the case his own, though not upon feelings connected with the golden rule, but such as were very different. To this must be added, that the narrow round of his duties and his pleasures had gradually circumscribed his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, and quenched in a great measure the wild spirit of honor, and desire of distinction in arms, by which his youth had been once animated. Balafré was, in short, a keen soldier, hardened, selfish, and narrow-minded; active and bold in the discharge of his duty, but acknowledging few objects beyond it, except the formal observance of a careless devotion, relieved by an occasional debauch with brother Boniface, his comrade and confessor. Had his genius been of a more extended character, he would probably have been promoted to some important command, for the King, who knew every soldier of his bodyguard personally, reposed much confidence in Balafré's courage and fidelity; and, besides, the Scot had either wisdom or cunning enough perfectly to understand, and ably to humor, the peculiarities of that sovereign. Still, however, his capacity was too much limited to admit of his rising to higher rank, and though smiled on and favored by Louis on many occasions, Balafré continued a mere Life Guardsman, or Scottish Archer.

Without seeing the full scope of his uncle's character, Quentin felt shocked at his indifference to the disastrous extirpation of his brother-in-law's whole family, and could not help

being surprised, moreover, that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse, which, but for the generosity of Maître Pierre, he would have been under the necessity of directly craving from him. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavored to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. But whatever was the motive, the neglect was very unsatisfactory to young Durward, and he wished more than once he had taken service with the Duke of Burgundy before he quarreled with his forester. "Whatever had then become of me," he thought to himself, "I should always have been able to keep up my spirits with the reflection that I had, in case of the worst, a stout back-friend in this uncle of mine. But now I have seen him, and, woe worth him, there has been more help in a mere mechanical stranger, than I have found in my own mother's brother, my countryman and a cavalier! One would think the slash, that has carved all comeliness out of his face, had let at the same time every drop of gentle blood out of his body."

Durward now regretted he had not had an opportunity to mention Maître Pierre to Le Balafré, in the hope of obtaining some further account of that personage: but his uncle's questions had followed fast on each other, and the summons of the great bell of Saint Martin of Tours had broken off their conference rather suddenly. That old man, he thought to himself, was crabbed and dogged in appearance, sharp and scornful in language, but generous and liberal in his actions; and such a stranger is worth a cold kinsman. — "What says our old Scottish proverb? — 'Better kind fremit, than fremit kindred.' I will find out that man, which, methinks, should be no difficult task, since he is so wealthy as mine host bespeaks him. He will give me good advice for my governance, at least; and if he goes to strange countries, as many such do, I know not but his may be as adventurous a service as that of those Guards of Louis."

As Quentin framed this thought, a whisper from those recesses of the heart in which lies much that the owner does not know of, or will not acknowledge willingly, suggested

that, perchance, the lady of the turret, she of the veil and lute, might share that adventurous journey.

As the Scottish youth made these reflections, he met two grave-looking men, apparently citizens of Tours, whom, doffing his cap with the reverence due from youth to age, he respectfully asked to direct him to the house of Maître Pierre.

"The house of whom, my fair son?" said one of the passengers.

"Of Maître Pierre, the great silk merchant, who planted all the mulberry trees in the park yonder," said Durward.

"Young man," said one of them who was nearest to him, "you have taken up an idle trade a little too early."

"And have chosen wrong subjects to practice your fooleries upon," said the further one, still more gruffly. "The Syndic of Tours is not accustomed to be thus talked to by strolling jesters from foreign parts."

Quentin was so much surprised at the causeless offense which these two decent-looking persons had taken at a very simple and civil question, that he forgot to be angry at the rudeness of their reply, and stood staring after them as they walked on with amended pace, often looking back at him, as if they were desirous to get as soon as possible out of his reach.

He next met a party of vinedressers, and addressed to them the same question; and in reply, they demanded to know whether he wanted Maître Pierre, the schoolmaster? or Maître Pierre, the carpenter? or Maître Pierre, the beadle? or half a dozen of Maître Pierres besides. When none of those corresponded with the description of the person after whom he inquired, the peasants accused him of jesting with them impertinently, and threatened to fall upon him and beat him, in guerdon of his raillery. The oldest amongst them, who had some influence over the rest, prevailed on them to desist from violence.

"You see by his speech and his fool's cap," said he, "that he is one of the foreign mountebanks who are come into the country, and whom some call magicians and soothsayers, and some jugglers, and the like, and there is no knowing what tricks they have amongst them. I have heard of such a one paying a liard to eat his bellyful of grapes in a poor man's vineyard; and he ate as many as would have loaded a wain, and never undid a button of his jerkin — and so let him pass quietly, and keep his way, as we will keep ours. — And you,

friend, if you would shun worse, walk quietly on, in the name of God, Our Lady of Marmoutier, and Saint Martin of Tours, and trouble us no more about your Maître Pierre, which may be another name for the devil, for aught we know."

The Scot, finding himself much the weaker party, judged it his wisest course to walk on without reply; but the peasants, who at first shrunk from him in horror, at his supposed talents for sorcery and grape devouring, took heart of grace as he got to a distance, and having uttered a few cries and curses, finally gave them emphasis with a shower of stones, although at such a distance as to do little or no harm to the object of their displeasure. Quentin, as he pursued his walk, began to think, in his turn, either that he himself lay under a spell, or that the people of Touraine were the most stupid, brutal, and inhospitable of the French peasants. The next incident which came under his observation did not tend to diminish this opinion.

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upward, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

"Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honor when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lis* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene-dhu*, and,

calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterward jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without further efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practiced the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamor of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered?—But we have you—and you shall aby it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief,—the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their gar-

ments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked saber, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expression of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those "heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighborhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping under the bellies, as it were, of the horses, from the point of the lances which were leveled at them, with the exclamations of "Down with the accursed heathen thieves—take and kill—bind them like beasts—spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavorable to the horsemen by the thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord, those who apprehended him showing a readiness and dispatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognizing in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connection with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favorable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, "these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly."

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminding him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a freeborn Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely

turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, an it pleases your noble Provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, "when they pillaged our *métairie*."

"Nay, but, father," said a boy, "yonder heathen was black, and this youth was fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

"Ay, child," said the peasant, "and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a gray jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer — "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, dispatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — "hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly — my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer for my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Quentin had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!" answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigor, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary: "speak a word of comfort to him ere he make his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and dispatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. —Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three, who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles, and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, either despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of great importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary around his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail, in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fel-

lows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavored to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if to induce them to pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than perhaps any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André was the object of the greatest fear, or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned Provost Marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity were swimming before his eyes—a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. “Our feudal enemies gave my kindred graves in our own land,” he thought, “but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon!” The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, “*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*,” remarked, the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, “Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gayly, for all the rebees are in tune,” twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. "Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, "that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance passengers, to witness what was passing.

"Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; "if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; "but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

"The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. "Stand by me, countryman," he said, in his own language, "for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent—I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day."

"By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

"Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, "and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halbert with which he was armed; "and now," he said, "come on, if you dare!"

The two officers whispered together.

"Ride thou after the Provost Marshal," said Trois-Eschelles, "and I will detain them here, if I can.—Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit-André mounted his horse, and left the field, and the other Marshals-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and like other

ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels, betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

"We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. "Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference."

"If my young countryman," said the Scot, smiling, "be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

"No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. "I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword — it would better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl."

"Hear how he revileth," said the finisher of the law. "Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away! — he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

"Tell me at once," said the Archer, "what has this young man done?"

"Interfered," answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, "to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lis* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand."

"How is this, young man?" said the Archer; "how came you to have committed such an offense?"

"As I desire your protection," answered Durward, "I will tell the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on a tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of *fleur-de-lis* nor of clove gilly-

flower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

"What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then?" said the Archer. "You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. — Hark ye, Master Marshals-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveler. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

"Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. "Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost Marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

"And in good time," said the Archer, "here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference toward his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his companion and Durward standing upon their defense, than he exclaimed, "Cunningham, I thank thee. — Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid. — It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew — Lindsay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw, and strike in!"

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, "What he, a cavalier of the King's Bodyguard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

"I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré. — "Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew?"

"Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signior," said the Provost Marshal; "and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

"Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; "have we not, comrades?"

"Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. "Privileges — privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

"Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost Marshal; "consider my commission."

"We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; "our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

"And we will be hanged by none," said Lindsay, "but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshals-man of our ain body."

"It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. "Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig."

"But hear ye," said the Provost Marshal, "this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

"What we *call* our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

"We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite. — "No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

"He is *my* nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

"But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

"Stand to it yet, comrade," whispered Cunningham to Balafré. — "Say he is engaged with us."

"Saint Martin! you say well, fair countryman," answered Lesly; and raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creep-

ing in among his Guards. — "You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me."

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

"We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll."

"But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers," said Quentin, with some hesitation, "I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no."

"Then settle in your own mind," said his uncle, "whether you choose to do so, or be hanged — for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows."

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

"He must go home with us to our caserne," said Cunningham; "there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these manhunters are prowling about."

"May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry, where I breakfasted, fair uncle?" said the youth — thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

"Yes, fair nephew," answered his uncle, ironically, "that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming — for that is like to be the end on't. — The Provost Marshal smiled on us when we parted," continued he, addressing Cunningham, "and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous."

"I care not for his danger," said Cunningham; "such game as we are beyond his birdbolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend

to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

"But hark you," said Balafré, "it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

"So are we all," said Cunningham. "Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay day; and if *he* expects to share, let me tell you, the pay day will come about all the sooner."

"And now for the Chateau," said Balafré; "and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the Provost Marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to frame our report both to Crawford and Oliver."



CHARLES THE BOLD AND LOUIS XI.

BY PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

[**PHILIPPE DE COMINES**, or **COMMINES**, French statesman and historian, was born in Flanders in 1445; in 1463 became a palace official of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; in 1472, being sent by Charles on a mission to Louis XI., the latter saw his value, and made offers which induced him to transfer his services to Louis,—he doubtless also foreseeing the pending downfall of Charles. Louis gave him a valuable fief, and he became by marriage Lord of Argenton. After Louis' death in 1483, Comines was imprisoned by Charles VIII., but ultimately regained favor, and remained in it until his death in 1509, under Louis XII. His "Memoirs" of his own time are the first French history proper.]

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGE WHICH THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS, AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF HISTORY, IS TO PRINCES AND GREAT LORDS.

It is the highest act of imprudence for any prince to put himself into the power of another, especially if they be at war; and it is no less advantageous to them to be well acquainted in their youth with the passages and surprising accidents of former times; for history shows them at large the success of such assemblies, the frauds, artifices, and perjuries wherewith they have inveigled, imprisoned, and killed such as, relying upon the honor of their enemies, have put themselves into their hands. I do not say that everybody has met with such treach-



LOUIS XI

erous dealings, but one example is sufficient to make many people more wise, and teach them to be careful of themselves. It appears to me upon the experience of eighteen years' business (in which I have not only been conversant with great princes, but privy to all the greatest affairs which have been transacted in France or the neighboring states), that one of the greatest means to make a man wise is to have studied the histories of ancient times, and to have learned to frame and proportion our councils and undertakings according to the model and example of our ancestors: for our life is but of short duration, and not sufficient to give us experience of so many things; besides our age is impaired, and the life of man is not so long, nor his body so strong and robust, as formerly; and as our bodies are degenerated and grown weaker, so is our faith and fidelity one towards another, especially among princes, who are altogether wedded to their own humors, without regard to any reason that can be offered; and (which is still worse) they are commonly surrounded by persons whose only aim is to please their masters, and applaud whatever they do or say, whether it be good or bad; and if any wise man interposes, and endeavors to set things in a better light, the whole court is presently in an uproar.

Again, I cannot forbear blaming and discommending illiterate princes, who generally are led by the nose by certain lawyers and priests, whom they keep commonly about them, and indeed not without reason (for as they are very serviceable to a prince, and an ornament to his court, when they are persons of honor and probity, so they are as dangerous if they prove otherwise), who have always some law or precedent in their mouths, which they wrest and pervert as they please: but a wise prince, and one that has read history, will never be deluded; nor will any courtier be so audacious as to tell a lie in his presence. Believe me, God never designed the office of a king to be executed by beasts, or such as glory and pride themselves in giving such answers as these, "I am no scholar, I refer business wholly to my council, and commit all things to their management," and then devote themselves entirely to their pleasures, without further reason or expostulation. Had they been better educated in their youth, they would have been wiser, and have earnestly desired that their person and their virtues might have been valued and esteemed by all good men. I do not say all princes employ such ill-conditioned people, but

most of those whom I had ever the honor to converse with, had always abundance of them.

I have known indeed, upon an exigence of affairs, some wise princes that understood how to cull and select their ministers, and employ them frankly and without complaint; but of this sort I knew none comparable to the king my master, than whom no prince better understood the merit of brave and learned persons, nor more readily advanced such to the highest posts of honor and advantage. He was not unlearned himself; he delighted much in asking questions; and would know a little of everything: his judgment and natural parts were excellent, which is better and more preferable than all that we can learn in this world; for all the books that ever were written, are only so many helps and assistances to our memory by the recapitulation of passages of old. For this reason a man has a greater insight into affairs by reading one single book in three months' time, than can be observed or understood by the age or experience of twenty men living successively one after another. So that, to finish this digression, I am of opinion that God cannot send a greater curse or affliction upon any nation than an unlearned and inconsiderate prince; for from hence all other misfortunes and miseries arise, and in the first place wars and division, by his committing to other persons his own peculiar authority (of which he ought to be more tender than of anything besides); and from this division famine and mortality arise, and all the dreadful consequences attending upon war; by which one may perceive how much all good subjects have reason to lament when they see the education of their young princes so miserably neglected, and left wholly in the power and management of persons of no qualifications nor desert.

THE OCCASION OF THE KING'S BEING SEIZED AND SECURED
IN THE CASTLE OF PÉRONNE BY THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY. — 1468.

I have already given an account of the arrival of this Burgundian army at Péronne, almost at the same instant with the king; for being in Champagne long before this interview was determined, the Duke of Burgundy had no time to countermand the orders he had given them, and their coming was a great check and impediment, by reason of certain jealousies

and suspicions which were entertained on both sides. However, these two princes deputed some of their ministers of state to meet and negotiate their affairs in the most amicable way that could be thought on. But whilst the treaty was in a fair way of accommodation, and three or four days had been already spent in bringing it to a conclusion, news arrived of a strange turn of affairs at Liège of which I shall give the following relation.

The king at his coming to Péronne had quite forgot his sending of two ambassadors to Liège to stir them up to a rebellion against the duke, and they had managed the affair with such diligence that they had got together such a considerable number, that the Liégeois went privately to Tongres (where the Bishop of Liège and the Lord of Humbercourt were quartered with more than 2000 men) with a design to surprise them. The bishop, the Lord of Humbercourt, and some of the bishop's servants, were taken, but the rest fled and left whatever they had behind them, as despairing to defend themselves. After which action the Liégeois marched back again to Liège, which is not far from Tongres; and the Lord of Humbercourt made an agreement for his ransom with one Monsieur William de Ville, called by the French *Le Sauvage*, a knight, who, suspecting the Liégeois would kill him in their fury, suffered the Lord of Humbercourt to escape, but was slain himself not long after. The people were exceedingly overjoyed at the taking of their bishop. There were also taken with him that day several canons of the church, whom the people equally hated, and killed five or six of them for their first repast; among the rest there was one Monsieur Robert, an intimate friend of the bishop's, and a person I have often seen attending him armed at all points, for in Germany this is the custom of the prelates. They slew this Robert in the bishop's presence, cut him into small pieces, and in sport threw them at one another's heads. Before they had marched seven or eight leagues, which was their full journey, they killed about sixteen canons and other persons, the majority of whom were the bishop's servants; but they released some of the Burgundians, for they had been privately informed that some overtures of peace had already been made, and they were forced to pretend that what they had done was only against their bishop, whom they brought prisoner along with them into their city. Those who fled (as I said before) gave the

alarm to the whole country, and it was not long before the duke had the news of it. Some said all of them were put to the sword; others affirmed the contrary (for in things of that nature, one messenger seldom comes alone); but there were some who had seen the habits of the canons who were slain, and supposing the bishop and the Lord of Humbercourt had been of the number, they positively averred that all that had not escaped were killed, and that they had seen the king's ambassadors among the Liégeois, and they mentioned their very names.

All this being related to the duke, he gave credit to it immediately; and falling into a violent passion against the king, he charged him with a design of deluding him by his coming thither; ordered the gates both of the town and castle to be suddenly shut up, and gave out, by way of pretense, that it was done for the discovery of a certain casket which was lost, and in which there were money and jewels to a very considerable value. When the king saw himself shut up in the castle, and guards posted at the gates, and especially when he found himself lodged near a certain tower in which a Count of Vermandois had caused his predecessor, one of the Kings of France, to be put to death, he was in great apprehension. I was at that time waiting upon the Duke of Burgundy in the quality of chamberlain, and (when I pleased) I lay in his chamber, as was the custom of that family. When he saw the gates were shut, he ordered the room to be cleared, and told us who remained, that the king was come thither to circumvent him; that he himself had never approved of the interview, but had complied purely to gratify the king; then he gave us a relation of the passages at Liège, how the king had behaved himself by his ambassadors, and that all his forces were killed. He was much incensed, and threatened his majesty exceedingly; and I am of opinion that if he had then had such persons about him as would have fomented his passion, and encouraged him to any violence upon the king's person, he would certainly have done it, or at least committed him to the tower.

None were present at the speaking of these words but myself and two grooms of his chamber, one of whom was called Charles de Visen, born at Dijon, a man of honor, and highly esteemed by his master. We did not exasperate, but soothed his temper as much as possibly we could. Some time after he used the same expressions to other people; and the news being

carried about the town, it came at last to the king's ear, who was in great consternation; and indeed so was everybody else, foreseeing a great deal of mischief, and reflecting on the variety of things which were to be managed for the reconciling of a difference between two such puissant princes, and the errors of which both of them were guilty, in not giving timely notice to their ministers employed in their remote affairs, which must of necessity produce some extraordinary and surprising result. . . .

HOW THE KING RENOUNCED HIS LEAGUE WITH THE LIÉGEOIS, TO BE RELEASED OUT OF THE CASTLE OF PÉRONNE.

I shall now return from my long digression, to speak of the king, who thought himself (as I said before) a prisoner in the Castle of Péronne, as he had good reason to do; for all the gates were shut and guarded by such as were deputed to that office, and continued so for two or three days; during which time the Duke of Burgundy saw not the king, neither would he suffer but very few of his majesty's servants to be admitted into the castle, and those only by the wicket; yet none of them were forbidden; but of the duke's none were permitted to speak with the king, or come into his chamber, at least such as had any authority with their master. The first day there was great murmuring and consternation all over the town. The second, the duke's passion began to cool a little, and a council was called, which sat the greater part of that day and night too. The king made private applications to all such as he thought qualified to relieve him, making them large promises, and ordering 15,000 crowns to be distributed among them; but the agent who was employed in this affair acquitted himself very ill, and kept a good part of the money for his own use, as the king was informed afterwards. The king was very fearful of those who had been formerly in his service, who, as I said before, were in the Burgundian army, and had openly declared themselves for his brother, the Duke of Normandy. The Duke of Burgundy's council were strangely divided in their opinions; the greatest part advised that the passport which the duke had given to the king should be kept, provided his majesty consented to sign the peace as it was

drawn up in writing. Some would have him prisoner as he was, without farther ceremony. Others were for sending with all speed to the Duke of Normandy, and forcing the king to make such a peace as should be for the advantage of all the princes of France. Those who proposed this advised that the king should be restrained, and a strong guard set upon him, because a great prince is never, without great caution, to be set at liberty after so notorious an affront. This opinion was so near prevailing, that I saw a person booted and ready to depart, having already several packets directed to the Duke of Normandy in Bretagne, and he waited only for the duke's letters; and yet this advice was not followed. At last the king caused overtures to be made, and offered the Duke of Bourbon, the Cardinal his brother, the Constable of France, and several others, as hostages, upon condition, that after the peace was concluded, he might return to Compiègne, and that then he would either cause the Liégeois to make sufficient reparation for the injury they had done, or declare war against them. Those whom the king had proposed for his hostages proffered themselves very earnestly, at least in public; I know not whether they said as much in private; I expect they did not: and, if I may speak my thoughts, I believe that the king would have left them there, and that he would never have returned.

The third night after this had happened, the Duke of Burgundy did not pull off his clothes, but only threw himself twice or thrice upon the bed, and then got up again and walked about, as his custom was when anything vexed him. I lay that night in his chamber, and walked several turns with him. The next morning he was in a greater passion than ever, threatening exceedingly, and ready to put some great thing in execution; but, at last, he recollected himself, and it came to this result: that if the king would swear to the peace, and accompany him to Liège, and assist him to revenge the injuries which they had done him and the Bishop of Liège, his kinsman, he would be contented. Having resolved on this, he went immediately to the king's chamber, to acquaint him with his resolutions himself. The king had some friend or other who had given him notice of it before, and assured him that his person would be in no manner of danger provided he would consent to those points; but that if he refused, he would run himself into so great danger that nothing in the world could be greater.

When the duke came into his presence, his voice trembled,

by the violence of his passion, so inclinable was he to be angry again. However, he made a low reverence with his body, but his gesture and words were sharp, demanding of the king if he would sign the peace as it was agreed and written, and swear to it when he had done. The king replied he would; and, indeed, there was nothing added to what had been granted in the treaty at Paris, which was to the advantage of the Dukes of Burgundy or Normandy, but very much to his own; for it was agreed that the Lord Charles of France should renounce the duchy of Normandy, and have Champagne and Brie, and some other places adjacent, as an equivalent. Then the duke asked him if he would go along with him to Liège, to revenge the treachery they had practiced by his instigation, and by means of that interview. Then he put him in mind of the nearness of blood between the king and the Bishop of Liège, who was of the house of Bourbon. The king answered, that when the peace was sworn, which he desired exceedingly, he would go with him to Liège, and carry with him as many or as few forces as he pleased. The duke was extremely pleased at his answer, and the articles being immediately produced and read, and the true cross which St. Charlemagne was wont to use, called the Cross of Victory, taken out of the king's casket, the peace was sworn, to the great joy and satisfaction of all people; and all the bells in the town were rung. The Duke of Burgundy immediately dispatched a courier with the news of this conclusion of peace into Bretagne, and with it he sent a duplicate of the articles, that they might see he had not deserted them, nor disengaged himself from their alliance; and, indeed, Duke Charles, the king's brother, had a good bargain, in respect of what he had made for himself in the late treaty in Bretagne, by which there was nothing left him but a bare pension, as you have heard before. Afterwards the king did me the honor to tell me that I had done him some service in that pacification.

HOW THE KING ACCOMPANIED THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY
IN HIS EXPEDITION AGAINST THE LIÉGEOIS, WHO WERE
FORMERLY HIS ALLIES.

After the conclusion of the peace, the king and the Duke of Burgundy set out the next morning for Cambray, and from thence towards the country of Liège: it was the beginning of winter, and the weather very bad. The king had with him

only his Scotch guards and a small body of his standing forces ; but he ordered 300 of his men at arms to join him. The duke's army marched in two columns ; one was commanded by the Marshal of Burgundy (of whom I have spoken before), and with him were all the Burgundians, the above-mentioned nobility of Savoy, and a great number of forces out of Hainault, Luxembourg, Namur, and Limburg ; the other body was led by the duke himself. When they came near the city of Liège, a council of war was held in the duke's presence, in which it was the opinion of some of the officers that part of the army should march back, since the gates and walls of that city had been demolished the year before, and no hopes were left them of being relieved ; for the king was with us in person, and had made some overtures for them, which was almost as much as was demanded of them : but the duke was not at all pleased with this proposition, and it was well he was not, for never prince was nearer his ruin, and it was only his suspicion of the king which was the occasion of his rejecting it. Certainly they who proposed it, out of an opinion of their too great strength, were very ill advised ; it was a great instance of their folly or pride, and I have often heard of such counsel having been given, but it was always by such officers as were either ignorant of what was fit to be done, or such as had a mind to be esteemed for their courage ; but our king (whom God pardon !) understood an affair of this nature excellently well. He was slow and timorous in undertaking any action of importance, but when once he had begun, he provided so well that it was hardly possible for his designs to miscarry.

The Marshal of Burgundy was ordered, with the brigade under his command, to advance before us and possess himself of the city ; if he was refused entrance, he was ordered to force it if he could, for there were already several deputies from the city coming and going about an accommodation. The marshal advanced as far as Namur, and the king and duke arriving the next day, he removed and marched on. As soon as he approached the city, the poor inconsiderate citizens made a sally, but were easily defeated (at least a good part of them), and the rest retired. During this confusion in the town, the bishop made his escape, and came to our army. There was at that time a legate sent from the Pope to pacify their disputes, and to inquire into the difference between the bishop and the people ; for they remained still under excommunication for the

above-mentioned reasons and offenses. This legate exceeding his commission, and hoping to make himself bishop of that city, favored the people, advised them to take arms, and to stand upon their defense, and other foolish counsels he gave them besides : but finding what danger the town was in, he endeavored to make his escape, and got away with his whole train (consisting of five and twenty persons very well mounted) ; but they were all retaken. The duke, having notice of it, sent word to those who had taken him, that they should carry him somewhere out of the way (without acquainting him with it), and make him pay as great a ransom for his liberty as they could get ; because if it came publicly to his knowledge, the honor he was obliged to pay to the apostolic see would not suffer him to detain him a prisoner. They could not take his advice, but fell out among themselves, and some who pretended to a share, coming to the duke with their complaints, as he was sitting publicly at dinner, he sent to have the legate delivered into his hands, took him from them, showed him abundance of respect, and treated him very honorably. The great body of forces which were in the vanguard, under the command of the Marshal of Burgundy and the Lord of Humbercourt, presuming they should carry their point, marched directly to the city, and (moved by their avarice), they thought it better to plunder it, than to accept of a treaty which was offered : supposing there was no necessity of staying for the king (who was seven or eight leagues behind), they advanced until just about night they arrived at the suburbs, into which they entered in a part that led directly to one of the gates which had been lately repaired by the citizens ; some parley there passed between them, but nothing was concluded on. Night came upon them, and it grew very dark before they had taken up their quarters ; so that not knowing where to dispose themselves, they were in great disorder ; some walked up and down, others called out for their masters, their comrades, and their captains. Monsieur Jehan de Vilde and other officers in the town, perceiving their folly and confusion, took courage, and (the inconvenience of having had their walls thrown down being now of great advantage to them) they sallied through the ruins and out of the breaches in the walls as they pleased upon those who were in the front ; but they attacked the pages and servants (who were left with the horses at the farther end of the suburbs, where they entered) by the way of the vineyards and hillocks, and

slew many of them, but a greater number fled (for the night knows no shame): in short, they attacked us so vigorously that in this action they slew above 800 men, of whom 100 were men at arms. But the wiser and more courageous of that vanguard kept themselves together in a body (the greatest part of them being men at arms and persons of good family), and marched up with their colors directly to the gate, imagining if there was a sally, it would be that way. A continued rain had made the ways prodigiously miry, and the men at arms being dismounted, stood up to their ankles in mud and dirt. All the inhabitants that remained in the town resolved to make a general sally at once, and, with great shouts and a vast number of torches, they were marching through the gate, when our men (who were not far off, and had four good pieces of cannon with them) fired up the street among them two or three times, and made such a slaughter that they retired out of the suburbs, and shut up their gates. Whilst this dispute lasted in the suburbs, those who had sallied by the walls, being near the town, had got together some few carts and wagons, with which they fortified themselves, and reposed (though but indifferently, for they continued out of the town from two o'clock in the morning till six): but as soon as the day began to break, and we were able to discover where they lay, we immediately repulsed them. In this action, Monsieur Jehan de Vilde was wounded, and died in the town two days after, and two or three officers of note besides.

OF THE STORMING, TAKING, AND PLUNDERING THE CITY
OF LIÈGE; TOGETHER WITH THE RUIN AND DESTRUCTION
OF THE VERY CHURCHES.

The king, to free himself from these doubts, about an hour after his return from the sally (which I mentioned before) to his quarters, sent for some of the duke's officers that had assisted at the council of war, to know the result of it; they told him it was resolved that the town should be stormed next morning in the manner that was concerted before. The king made several grave and judicious objections, and such as the duke's officers approved of very well; for they were all apprehensive of the assault, in respect of the great numbers of people in the town, and the signal proofs they had given of their courage not two hours before; so that the officers seemed inclinable

rather to defer it for some days longer, and to endeavor to have taken it by composition. They came immediately to the duke's quarters, and made a report of all the king had said unto them, and it was my fortune to be present. They represented all the king's fears, and their own too, but supposing the duke would not take it so well from them, they fathered it all upon his majesty. The duke took it extremely ill, and replied that the king raised those difficulties only to preserve the town: besides, he told them that it was impossible his design should miscarry, because they had no artillery within, nor walls without, to defend them; that their fortifications and their gates were demolished, and therefore he was resolved to delay no longer, but to storm the town, as had been concluded before. However, if the king pleased, he might retire to Namur, and stay there till the town was taken; but for his own part he would not stir till he saw what would be the event of this enterprise. The whole army dreaded this assault, and therefore none of the officers were pleased with this resolution, which was communicated to the king, not bluntly but in the mildest terms imaginable. The king knew what the duke would be at, but dissembled it, and declared he would not go to Namur, but take his fortune the next morning with the rest. My opinion is that if he had been willing to make his escape, he might have done it that night, for he had with him 100 archers of his guards, several gentlemen of his retinue, and not much fewer than 300 men at arms; but when his honor lay at stake, he scorned to do it, lest the world should have upbraided him with want of courage.

In expectation of day, the whole army reposed themselves in their arms for some time, and several went to their devotions, for it was looked upon as a very dangerous enterprise. As soon as it was broad day, and the hour had come for the assault (which as I said before was eight in the morning), the duke ordered the signal to be given, and the great guns to be fired successively, as was agreed on, to give them notice who were in our vanguard on the other side of the town (at a great distance to go about, though through the town it was but a little way). The vanguard heard the signal, and immediately prepared to storm the town; the duke's trumpets began to sound, the colors advanced to the walls, and the soldiers marched after in very good order. The king was at that time in the middle of the street, well attended with his 300 men at

arms, his guards, and some lords and officers of his household. When we came so near that we expected to be immediately at push of pike, we found no resistance at all, and not above two or three men upon the guard; for supposing, because it was Sunday, that we would not have attacked them, they were all gone to dinner, and we found the cloth laid in every house that we entered. A multitude is seldom formidable, unless commanded by some officer whom they hold in reverence and fear; yet there are certain hours and seasons in which their fury is terrible.

Before this assault the Liégeois were much fatigued and dispirited, as well for the loss they had sustained in their two sallies (in which all their chief officers were slain), as for the great pains and hard service which they had endured for eight days successively; for nobody was exempted from being upon the guard. They being blocked up on both sides (as I stated before), I suppose they thought that Sunday might have been a day of rest to them (but they were mightily mistaken), for they did not make the least defense, either on our side, or on the other, where the Burgundians of our vanguard made their attack, and entered before us; they killed but few, for the people fled over the Maes into the forest of Ardennes, and from thence into such places of refuge as they thought most proper to secure themselves in. On that side of the town where I was, I saw but three men and one woman dead; and I believe there were not above 200 killed altogether, the rest having all fled, and got into the houses or churches for sanctuary. The king marched at his own leisure (for he saw there was no opposition), and the army (consisting by my computation of about 40,000 men) entered at both ends of the town. The duke, having advanced a good way into the city, turned back to meet the king, conducting him as far as the palace, and then returned to the great church of St. Lambert, into which his soldiers were forcing their way for the sake both of the prisoners and the plunder; for though he had posted a battalion of his guards there to secure the church, yet the soldiers could not be restrained, but fell upon them, and attempted to break open the doors. I saw the Duke of Burgundy kill one man himself at his arrival, upon which the soldiers retreated, and the church was preserved for that time; but at length all the men that had fled thither for sanctuary were made prisoners, and all the furniture was taken away.

The rest of the churches, which were very numerous (for I have heard the Lord of Humbercourt, who knew the town very well, say that there were as many masses said in it every day as in Rome), were most of them plundered under pretense of searching for prisoners. I myself was in none but the great church, but I was told so, and saw the marks of it, for which a long time after the Pope excommunicated all such as had any goods belonging to the churches in that city, unless they restored them; and the duke appointed certain officers to go up and down his country, to see the Pope's sentence put in execution. After the taking and plundering the city, about noon the duke returned to the palace; the king had dined before he came, but expressed much joy at his good fortune, and highly applauded his magnanimity and conduct; for he knew well enough it would be carried to the duke, and he had in his heart a longing desire to be at home in his own kingdom. After dinner the king and the duke were very merry together, and if the king had been lavish in his commendations behind his back, he extolled his actions much more to his face, and the duke was not a little pleased to hear it.

But I am obliged to make a small digression, and give an account of the calamities of those miserable people who fled out of the town, that I may confirm what I said in the beginning of these Memoirs, when I spoke of the misfortunes and dreadful consequences which I have observed to follow those who are defeated in battle, whether king or prince, or any other potentate whatever.

These miserable creatures fled through the country of Ardennes with their wives and children. A gentleman in those parts (who till that time had been of their side) fell upon and cut off a great party of them; and to ingratiate himself with the duke, he wrote him an account of what he had done, and represented the number both of the prisoners and slain to be much greater than in reality it was, though indeed it was very great; but, however, he made his own peace with the duke by that action. Others fled to Mézières, which is a French town upon the Maes. Two or three of their ringleaders were taken and presented to the duke (one of whom was named Madoulet), whom he ordered immediately to be put to death; and several of the rest died with hunger, or cold, or watching.

HOW THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, BY REJECTING THE COUNSEL OF SEVERAL OF HIS OFFICERS, WAS DEFEATED AND SLAIN IN A BATTLE BETWEEN HIM AND THE DUKE OF LORRAINE, NOT FAR FROM NANCY. — 1477.

The King of Portugal had not left the Duke of Burgundy's camp above a day, before the Duke of Lorraine and his army of Germans broke up from St. Nicholas, and advanced towards the Duke of Burgundy, with a resolution to give him battle. The Count of Campobasso joined them that very day, and carried off with him about eightscore men at arms ; and it grieved him much that he could do his master no greater mischief. The garrison of Nancy had intelligence of his design, which in some measure encouraged them to hold out; besides, another person had got over the works, and assured them of relief, otherwise they were just upon surrendering, and would have capitulated in a little time, had it not been for the treachery of this count ; but God had determined to finish this mystery.

The Duke of Burgundy, having intelligence of the approach of the Duke of Lorraine's army, called a kind of council, contrary to his custom, for generally he followed his own will. It was the opinion of most of his officers that his best way would be to retire to Pont-à-Mousson, which was not far off, and dispose his army in the towns about Nancy, affirming that as soon as the Germans had thrown a supply of men and provisions into Nancy, they would march off again ; and the Duke of Lorraine being in great want of money, it would be a great while before he would be able to assemble such an army again ; and that their supplies of provisions could not be so great but before half the winter was over, they would be in the same straits as they were now ; and that in the mean time the duke might raise more forces, and recruit himself : for I have been told by those who ought to know best, that the Duke of Burgundy's army did not then consist of full 4000 men, and of that number not above 1200 were in a condition to fight. Money he did not want ; for in the Castle of Luxembourg (which was not far off), there were in ready cash 450,000 crowns, which would have raised men enough. But God was not so merciful to him as to permit him to take this wise counsel, or discern the vast multitude of enemies who on every side surrounded him. Therefore he chose the worst plan, and like a rash and

inconsiderate madman, resolved to try his fortune and engage the enemy with his weak and shattered army, notwithstanding the Duke of Lorraine had a numerous force of Germans, and the king's army was not far off.

As soon as the Count of Campobasso arrived in the Duke of Lorraine's army, the Germans sent him word to leave the camp immediately, for they would not entertain such traitors among them. Upon which message he retired with his party to Condé, a castle and pass not far off, where he fortified himself with carts and other things as well as he could, in hopes, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, he might have an opportunity of coming in for a share of the plunder, as he did afterwards. Nor was this practice with the Duke of Lorraine the most execrable action that Campobasso was guilty of ; but, before he left the army, he conspired with several other officers (finding it was impracticable to attempt anything against the Duke of Burgundy's person) to leave him just as they came to the charge ; for, at that time, he supposed it would put the army into the greatest terror and consternation ; and if the duke fled, he was sure he could not escape alive, for he had ordered thirteen or fourteen sure men, some to run as soon as the Germans came up to charge them, and others to watch the Duke of Burgundy, and kill him in the rout ; which was well enough contrived, for I myself have seen two or three of those who were thus employed to kill the duke. Having thus settled his conspiracy at home, he went over to the Duke of Lorraine upon the approach of the German army ; but, finding they would not entertain him, he retired to Condé, as I said before.

The German army marched forward, and with them a considerable body of French horse, whom the king had given leave to be present in that action. Several parties lay in ambush not far off, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, they might surprise some person of quality, or take some considerable booty. By this every one may see into what a deplorable condition this poor duke had brought himself, by his contempt of good counsel. Both armies being joined, the Duke of Burgundy's forces, which had been twice beaten before, and were weak and ill-provided besides, were quickly broken and entirely defeated. Many saved themselves by flight ; the rest were either taken or killed ; and among them the Duke of Burgundy himself was killed on the spot. Not having been in the battle myself, I will say nothing of the manner of his death ; but I was told by

some, that they saw him beaten down, but, being prisoners themselves, were not able to assist him ; yet, whilst they were in sight, he was not killed, but a great body of men coming that way afterwards, they killed and stripped him in the throng, not knowing who he was. This battle was fought on the 5th of January, 1476, upon the eve of Twelfth-day.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE VIRTUES OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, AND THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE'S PROSPERITY.

I saw a seal ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons ; but, at his last hour, all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished (as you have heard already) on the very spot where he had delivered up the constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive ; but may God forgive him ! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so ; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God : yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities.

No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he ; or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress, and in everything else, and, indeed, a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire

of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain, and turned afterwards to his own dishonor and confusion, for it is the conquerors and not the conquered that win renown. I cannot easily determine towards whom God Almighty showed his anger most, whether towards him who died suddenly, without pain or sickness, in the field of battle, or towards his subjects, who never enjoyed peace after his death, but were continually involved in wars against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among them; and that which was the most insupportable was that the very people to whom they were now indebted for their defense and preservation were the Germans, who were strangers and not long since had been their enemies. In short, after the duke's death, there was not a man who wished them to prosper, whoever defended them. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seemed to be as much infatuated as their master's was just before his death; for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in great danger of a relapse into calamity, and it will be well if it turn not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as He in His wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects: and He disposes the affections of subjects to their princes, as He has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased Him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so, that at the last, the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection

for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equaled, if they did not overbalance, their former prosperity; for as I had seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects: for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God, at one blow, to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighboring states could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God, all its neighbors having, in the mean time, been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection: to wit, France, England, and Spain, as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII., his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years, and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard the Third); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom: and then, in a short space of time, it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both prince and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms, God in His providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on His Divine disposal.

A COMPARISON OF THE TROUBLES AND SORROWS WHICH KING LOUIS SUFFERED, WITH THOSE HE HAD BROUGHT UPON OTHER PEOPLE ; WITH A CONTINUATION OF HIS TRANSACTIONS TILL THE TIME OF HIS DEATH. — 1483.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person : for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory : and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end, but to serve and be commanded by him ; you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

His chief hope and confidence was placed in the good hermit I spoke of (who was at Plessis, and had come thither from Calabria) ; he sent continually to him, believing it was in his power to prolong his life if he pleased, for, notwithstanding all his precepts, he had great hopes of recovering ; and if it had so happened, he would quickly have dispersed the throng he had sent to Amboise, to wait upon the new king. Finding his hopes rested so strongly upon this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God ; and it was also agreed among them, that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thoughts and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant, and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing

that had been more proper for other people to communicate ; nor did they observe that reverence and respect towards him which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom, in a mere whim, he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly beheaded (the Duke of Nemours, and the Count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences, and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die ; so with the same bluntness, and without the least circumstance of introduction, these imprudent persons told our king : "Sire, we must do our duty ; do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think therefore upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose ; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this news ! Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death ; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill ; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called king ; and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received, and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that the Lord des Cordes should not stir from his son for six months ; and that he should be desired to attempt nothing against Calais, or elsewhere, declaring that though he had designed himself to undertake such enterprises for the benefit of both the king and the kingdom, yet they were very dangerous, especially that against Calais, because the English might resent it ; and he left it in especial charge that for

five or six years after his death they should, above all things, preserve the kingdom in peace, which during his life he had never suffered. And indeed it was no more than was necessary ; for, though the kingdom was large and fertile, yet it was grown very poor, upon account of the marching and counter-marching of the soldiers up and down, in their passage from one country to another, as they have done since, to an even worse extent. He also ordered that nothing should be attempted against Bretagne, but that Duke Francis should be suffered to live in peace ; that both he and his neighbors might be without fear, and the king and kingdom remain free from wars, till the king should be of age, to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the king with his approaching death ; which I have mentioned in a more particular manner, because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils which he had made others suffer, who lived under his dominion, with those he endured himself before his death ; that it might appear that, though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more ; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death, he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him, but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there, by his order.

At the time that the Count of Dunois and the said Duke of Bourbon returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to attend the marriage of the Dauphin and the young queen, the king being in the gallery at Plessis, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search the servants of those lords to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and ordered him to do it in discourse, so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused

many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again ; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son ? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves ; and what grief must it have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions ?

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends ; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed ; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants, as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants ; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, " I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest ; but be sure (and he confirmed it with a great oath) you shall not live eight days after it ;" with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made ; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high ; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in

these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor, and received great rewards from the king. Among the rest, a son of the Lord de la Grutuse, in Flanders (who was taken in battle), whom the king married very honorably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lord de Piennes, and the Lord de Vergy, both prisoners of war, also had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates bestowed on them. Monsieur de Richebourg, the constable's brother, had the same good fortune, as did also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian, likewise prisoner of war; besides others of various countries, too numerous to be mentioned in this place.

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessisles-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by favor, and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves

the administration of public affairs, upon pretense he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the draw-bridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in ; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded : nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself ? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square ; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced ; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time ; and, perhaps, their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants, and bloody-minded ; but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince ; but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people), they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which our Lord inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in regard to those things before mentioned, as to the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much

dreaded by him before they came upon him ; and, likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been : although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince ; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is His divine method in such kind of wonders ; for He took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind, and understanding, and memory ; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week ; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust, and served her very devoutly. And so it happened ; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, at about eight in the evening, in the Castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it unto His kingdom of Paradise !

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE MISERIES OF MANKIND,
ESPECIALLY OF PRINCES, BY THE EXAMPLE OF THOSE
WHO REIGNED IN THE AUTHOR'S TIME, AND CHIEFLY
OF KING LOUIS.

Small hopes and comfort ought poor and inferior people to have in this world, considering what so great a king suffered and underwent, and how he was at last forced to leave all, and could not, with all his care and diligence, protract his life one single hour. I knew him, and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age, and at the height of his prosperity, yet I never saw him free from labor and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons ; but his chief delight was in dogs. As for ladies, he never meddled with any in my time ; for about the time of my coming to his court he lost a son, at whose death he was extremely

afflicted, and he made a vow to God in my presence never to have intercourse with any other woman but the queen ; and though this was no more than what he was bound to do by the canons of the church, yet it was much that his self-command should be so great that he should be able to persevere in his resolution so firmly, considering that the queen (though an excellent princess in other respects) was not a person in whom a man could take any great delight.

In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great distance, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad ; and when he came home at night he was often very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen ; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction ; yet, in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any prince of his time. He was continually at these sports, lodging in the country villages to which his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by business ; for during the most part of the summer there was constantly war between him and Charles Duke of Burgundy, and in the winter they made truces.

He was also involved in some trouble about the county of Roussillon, with John, King of Arragon, father of Peter of Castile, who at present is King of Spain ; for though both of them were poor, and already at variance with their subjects in Barcelona and elsewhere, and though the son had nothing but the expectation of succeeding to the throne of Don Henry of Castile, his wife's brother (which fell to him afterwards), yet they made considerable resistance ; for that province being entirely devoted to their interest, and they being universally beloved by the people, they gave our king abundance of trouble, and the war lasted till his death, and many brave men lost their lives in it, and his treasury was exhausted by it ; so that he had but a little time during the whole year to spend in pleasure, and even then the fatigues he underwent were excessive. When his body was at rest his mind was at work, for he had affairs in several places at once, and would concern himself as much in those of his neighbors as in his own, putting officers of his own over all the great families, and endeavoring to divide their authority as much as possible. When he was at war he labored for a peace or a truce, and when he had obtained it he

was impatient for war again. He troubled himself with many trifles in his government, which he had better have let alone : but it was his temper, and he could not help it ; besides, he had a prodigious memory, and he forgot nothing, but knew everybody, as well in other countries as in his own.

And, in truth, he seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom. I speak not of his minority, for then I was not with him ; but when he was eleven years old, he was, by the advice of some of the nobility, and others of his kingdom, embroiled in a war with his father, Charles VII., which lasted not long, and was called the Praguerie. When he was arrived at man's estate, he was married, much against his inclination, to the King of Scotland's daughter ; and he regretted her existence during the whole course of her life. Afterwards, by reason of the broils and factions in his father's court, he retired into Dauphiny (which was his own), whither many persons of quality followed him, and indeed more than he could entertain. During his residence in Dauphiny he married the Duke of Savoy's daughter, and not long after he had great disputes with his father-in-law, and a terrible war was begun between them. His father, King Charles VII., seeing his son attended by so many good officers, and raising men at his pleasure, resolved to go in person against him, with a considerable body of forces, in order to disperse them. While he was upon his march he put out proclamations, requiring them all, as his subjects, under great penalties, to repair to him ; and many obeyed, to the great displeasure of the Dauphin, who, finding his father incensed, though he was strong enough to resist, resolved to retire, and leave that country to him ; and accordingly he removed, with but a slender retinue, into Burgundy, to Duke Philip's court, who received him honorably, furnished him nobly, and maintained him and his principal servants (as the Count de Comminges, the Lord de Montauban, and others), by way of pensions, and to the rest he gave presents, as he saw occasion, during the whole time of their residence there. However, the Dauphin entertained so many at his own expense, that his money often failed, to his great disgust and mortification ; for he was forced to borrow, or his people would have forsaken him, which is certainly a great affliction to a prince who was utterly unaccustomed to those straits. So that during his residence at the court of Burgundy he had his anxieties, for he was constrained to cajole the duke and his ministers, lest they should think he

was too burdensome, and had lain too long upon their hands, for he had been with them six years, and his father, King Charles, was constantly pressing and soliciting the Duke of Burgundy, by his ambassadors, either to deliver him up to him, or to banish him out of his dominions. And this, you may believe, gave the Dauphin some uneasy thoughts, and would not suffer him to be idle. In which season of his life, then, was it that he may be said to have enjoyed himself? I believe from his infancy and innocence to his death, his whole life was nothing but one continued scene of troubles and fatigues; and I am of opinion that if all the days of his life were computed in which his joys and pleasures outweighed his pain and trouble, they would be found so few, that there would be twenty mournful ones to one pleasant. He lived about sixty-one years, yet he always fancied he should never outlive sixty, giving this for a reason, that for a long time no king of France had lived beyond that age. Some say, since the time of Charlemagne; but the king our master was far advanced in his sixty-first year.

What ease or what pleasure did Charles, Duke of Burgundy, enjoy more than our master King Louis? In his youth, indeed, he had less trouble, for he did not begin to enter upon any action till nearly the two and thirtieth year of his age; so that before that time he lived in great ease and quiet. His first quarrel was with his father's chief officers; and as his father took their part, he immediately withdrew from court and retired into Holland, where being well received, he fell immediately into intelligence with the Gantois, and went and visited his father sometimes. He had no allowance from his father; but Holland, being a rich country, made him great presents, as did several other great towns, hoping thereby to insinuate themselves into his favor, and reap the advantage after Duke Philip's death. And it is the common custom of the world to worship the rising sun, and court him whose future authority will be great, rather than him who is already at the height of his fortune, and can never be higher. For this reason, when Duke Philip was informed that the Gantois had expressed great kindness for his son, and that he understood how to manage them, he answered, "They always love him who is to be their sovereign; but as soon as he is their lord they will hate him." And his saying was true, for from the time of Duke Philip's death and Charles' accession. their love began to decline, and they

showed it openly, and he, on the other side, cared as little for them ; yet they did more mischief to his posterity than they could possibly do to him.



COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

(Longfellow's Translation.)

[DON JORGE MANRIQUE, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés ; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young, and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479. The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476 ; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés, but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique.]

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past, —
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay ;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;

How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart !
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found ;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust, —
They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, — but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply, '
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the highborn dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,
And odors sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubador ?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the scepter swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !

But O ! how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray !
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halis
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the scepter of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of Death,
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, — the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride, —
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green, and cities fair,
His mighty power, —
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;

Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep, —
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son, —
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivaled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;

When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call, —

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray, —
The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle plain
They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, — nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth, —
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The lifeblood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, — thy hope is certainty, —
The third — the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay:
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be, —
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

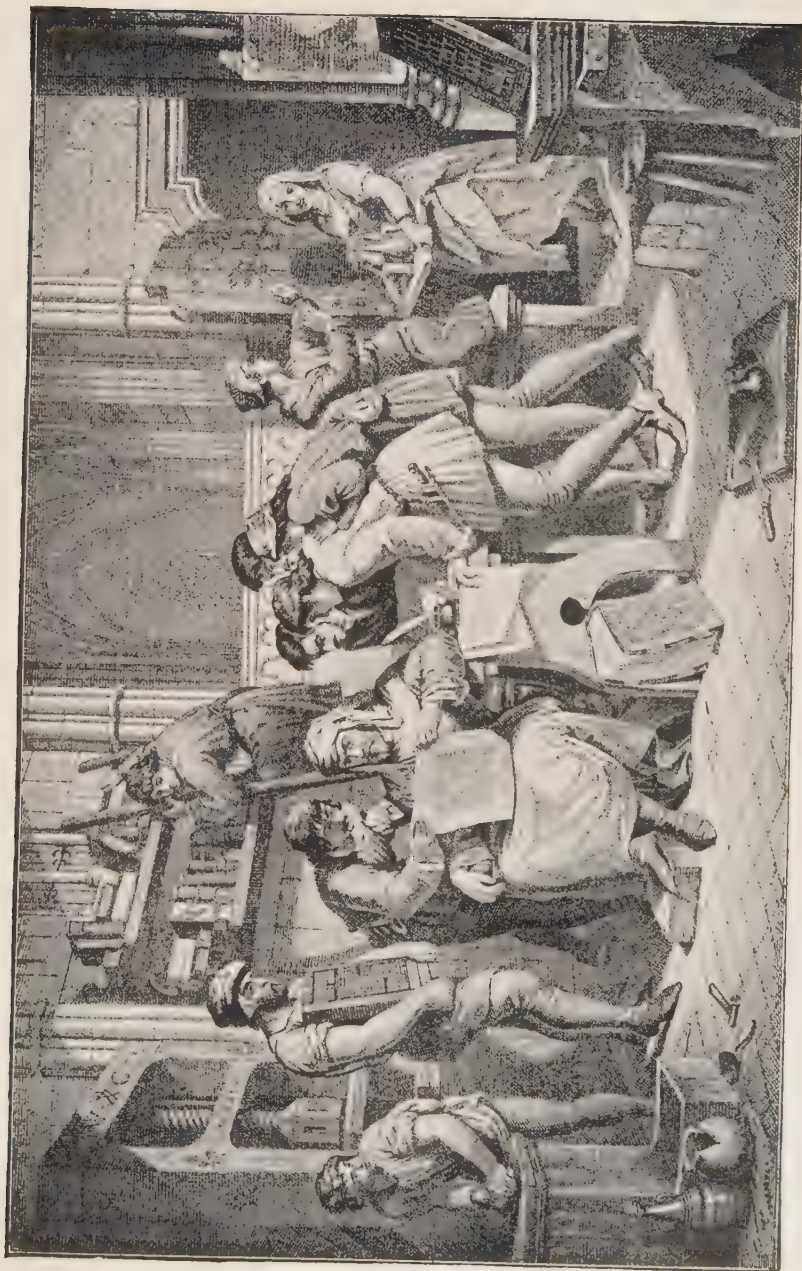


PROLOGUE TO THE RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

[WILLIAM CAXTON, English printer-author, was born in Kent between 1411 and 1422. He became a mercer in Bruges; in 1465 was governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers operating in the Low Countries; and arranged a commercial treaty with Charles the Bold. He entered the service of Charles' Duchess, sister of Edward IV., engaged in translating and learned the printing business, and in 1476 set up a press at Westminster, England. From this on he was very industrious in translating and printing till his death in 1491, and his work had important effects on the English language.]

HERE beginneth the volume entitled and named the *recueil* of the histories of Troy, composed and drawn out of divers books of Latin into French, by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble, glorious, and mighty prince in his time, Philip, duke of Bourgoyne, of Brabant, etc., in the year of the incarnation of our Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the city of London, at the commandment of the right high, mighty, and virtuous princess, his redoubted lady Margaret, by the grace of God Duchess of



CAXTON READING THE FIRST PROOF SHEET FROM HIS PRINTING PRESS
IN THE ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER

From a painting by E. H. Wenbert

Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, etc., which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders, the first day of March, the year of the incarnation of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the 19th day of September, the year of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eleven, etc.

And on that other side of this leaf followeth the prologue.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvelous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuneth that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of

France, my sovereign lord — Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders and Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Meehlin — sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevclence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labor well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simpleness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.



EPILOGUE TO THE DICTES AND SAYINGS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

HERE endeth the book named the dictes or sayings of the philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477. Which book is late translated out of French into English, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Anthony, Earl of Rivers, lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wight, Defender and Director of the *siege* apostolic for our holy Father the Pope, in this realm of England, and governor of my lord

Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee, which forthwith I saw and found therein many great, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read, but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward, I came unto my said lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritory deed in the labor of the translation thereof into our English tongue, wherein he had deserved a singular laud and thank, etc. Then my said lord desired me to oversee it and, whereas I should find fault, to correct it; wherein I answered unto his lordship that I could not amend it, but if I should so presume I might apaire it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he willed me to oversee it, and showed me divers things which, as him seemed, might be left out, as divers letters missives sent from Alexander to Darius and Aristotle and each to other, which letters were little pertinent unto the dictes and sayings aforesaid forasmuch as they specify of other matters, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus, obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and behold, as nigh as I could, how it accordeth with the original, being in French. And I find nothing discordant therein, save only in the dictes and sayings of Socrates. Wherein I find that my said lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvel that my said lord hath not written them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book, or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book, or else for the very affection, love, and good will that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth and wrote of women more than truth, which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was should write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not nor should not be believed in his other dictes and sayings. But I apperceive that my said lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in these parts nor regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions

than this is. And men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsoever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, or at least should be so. For which causes so evident my said lord, as I suppose, thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author Socrates touching women. But forasmuch as I had commandment of my said lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he has left out these dictes and sayings of the women of Greece. Therefore in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf, at the time of translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of the women of Greece and nothing of them of this realm, whom I suppose he never knew. For if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved them in especial in his said dictes. Alway not presuming to put and set them in my said lord's book, but in the end apart in the rehearsal of the works, humbly requiring all them that shall read this little rehearsal that if they find any fault to *arette* it to Socrates and not to me.

Furthermore, it cannot but be of great historical value to know what so eminent an observer of men and things, as Socrates was, should say concerning the women of his own country, with whom he was certes well acquainted, that we may compare the manners and opinions of those ancient dames with those of our own women. If we carefully conceal information of this, or other kind, from the mind, how shall men be instructed on any subject? My humble opinion, therefore, is in favor of the freedom of the press.



TO A ROSE.

By W. R. BRADSHAW.

LIKE the loved one, blushing, swooning,
 With the rapture of a kiss,
 Rose, thy ruby petals, blooming,
 Have the hush of love's own bliss.

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.

BY CHARLES W. OMAN.

THE SOIL FROM WHICH THE WARS OF THE ROSES GREW.

LORD WARWICK was by descent Earl of Salisbury. He had doubled his wealth and influence by his acquisition of the Earldom of Warwick, through a marriage with the heiress of the Beauchamps. He was Captain of Calais, Admiral of the Fleet, and Warden of the Western Marches. He was the very type of the feudal baron. He could raise armies at his call from his own earldoms. Six hundred liveried retainers followed him to Parliament. In war he was rather a general than a soldier. His genius was diplomatic, he excelled in intrigue, treachery, and the contrivance of plots.

Of all the great men of action who since the Conquest have guided the course of English policy, it is probable that none is less known to the reader of history than Richard Neville Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. The only man of anything approaching his eminence who has been treated with an equal neglect is Thomas Cromwell, and of late years the great minister of Henry the Eighth is beginning to receive some of the attention that is his due. But for the Kingmaker, the man who for ten years was the first subject of the English Crown, and whose figure looms out with a vague grandeur even through the misty annals of the Wars of the Roses, no writer has spared a monograph. Every one, it is true, knows his name, but his personal identity is quite ungrasped. Nine persons out of ten if asked to sketch his character would find, to their own surprise, that they were falling back for their information on Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons" or Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth."

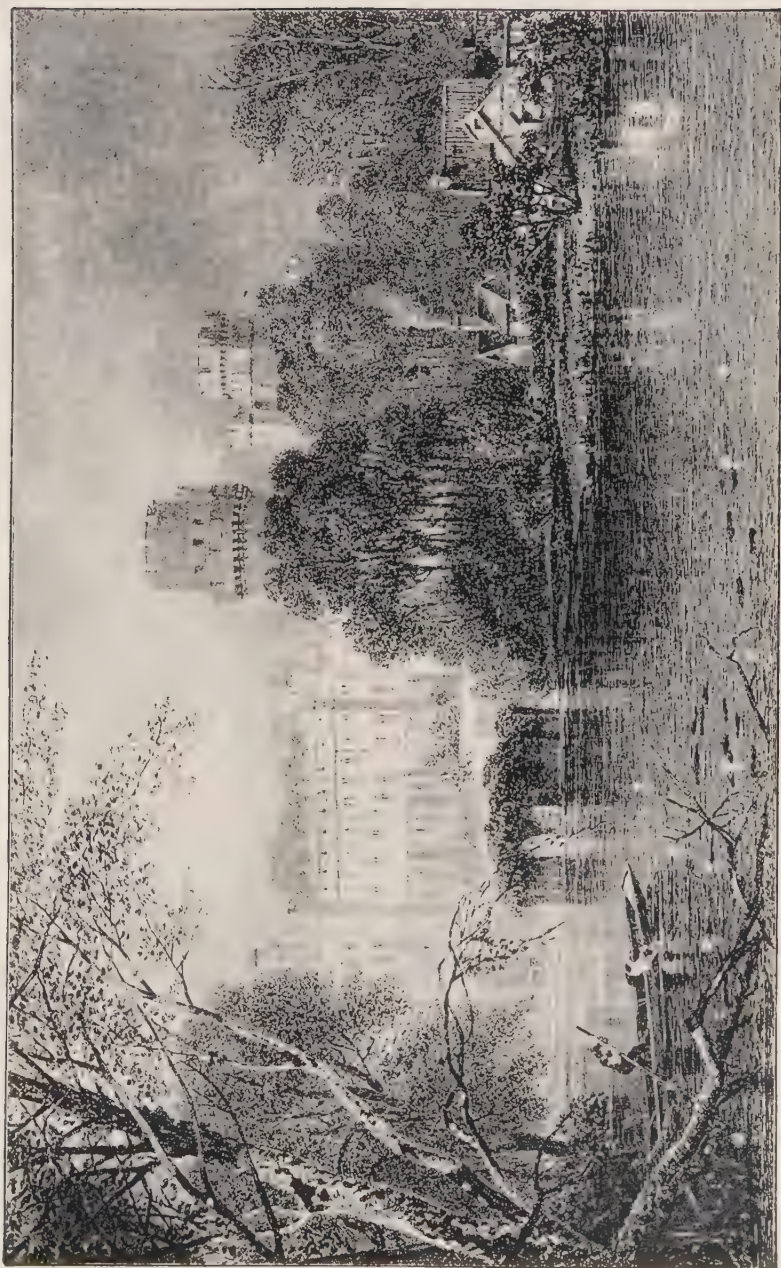
An attempt therefore, even an inadequate attempt, to trace out with accuracy his career and his habits of mind from the original authorities cannot fail to be of some use to the general reader as well as to the student of history. The result will perhaps appear meager to those who are accustomed to the biographies of the men of later centuries. We are curiously ignorant of many of the facts that should aid us to build up a picture of the man. No trustworthy representation of his bodily form exists. The day of portraits was not yet come; his monument

in Bisham Abbey has long been swept away ; no writer has even deigned to describe his personal appearance — we know not if he was dark or fair, stout or slim. At most we may gather from the vague phrases of the chroniclers, and from his quaint armed figure in the Rous Roll, that he was of great stature and breadth of limb. But perhaps the good Rous was thinking of his fame rather than his body, when he sketched the Earl in that quaint pictorial pedigree overtopping all his race save his cousin and king and enemy, Edward the Fourth.

But Warwick has only shared the fate of all his contemporaries. The men of the fifteenth century are far less well known to us than are their grandfathers or their grandsons. In the fourteenth century the chroniclers were still working on their old scale ; in the sixteenth the literary spirit had descended on the whole nation, and great men and small were writing hard at history as at every other branch of knowledge. But in the days of Lancaster and York the old fountains had run dry, and the new flood of the Renaissance had not risen. The materials for reconstructing history are both scanty and hard to handle. . . .

The whole picture of the times is very depressing on the moral if not on the material side. There are few more pitiful episodes in history than the whole tale of the reign of Henry the Sixth, the most unselfish and well-intentioned king that ever sat upon the English throne — a man of whom not even his enemies and oppressors could find an evil word to say ; the troubles came, as they confessed, “all because of his false lords, and never of him.” We feel that there must have been something wrong with the heart of a nation that could see unmoved the meek and holy King torn from wife and child, sent to wander in disguise up and down the kingdom for which he had done his poor best, and finally doomed to pine for five years a prisoner in the fortress where he had so long held his royal Court. Nor is our first impression concerning the demoralization of England wrong. Every line that we read bears home to us more and more the fact that the nation had fallen on evil times.

First and foremost among the causes of its moral deterioration was the wretched French War, a war begun in the pure spirit of greed and ambition, — there was not even the poor excuse that had existed in the time of Edward the Third — carried on by the aid of hordes of debauched foreign mercenaries (after Henry the Fifth's death the native English seldom



WARWICK CASTLE (ON THE ANCIENT SITE)

formed more than a third of any host that took the field in France), and persisted in long after it had become hopeless, partly from misplaced national pride, partly because of the personal interests of the ruling classes. Thirty-five years of a war that was as unjust as it was unfortunate had both soured and demoralized the nation. England was full of disbanded soldiers of fortune; of knights who had lost the ill-gotten lands across the Channel, where they had maintained a precarious lordship in the days of better fortune; of castellans and governors whose occupation was gone; of hangers-on of all sorts who had once maintained themselves on the spoils of Normandy and Guienne. Year after year men and money had been lavished on the war to no effect; and when the final catastrophe came, and the fights of Formigny and Chatillon ended the chapter of our disasters, the nation began to cast about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the burden of its failures.

The real blame lay on the nation itself, not on any individual; and the real fault that had been committed was not the mismanagement of an enterprise which presented any hopes of success, but a wrong-headed persistence in an attempt to conquer a country which was too strong to be held down. However, the majority of the English people chose to assume firstly that the war with France might have been conducted to a prosperous issue, and secondly that certain particular persons were responsible for its having come to the opposite conclusion. At first the unfortunate Suffolk and Somerset had the responsibility laid upon them. A little later the outcry became more bold and fixed upon the Lancastrian dynasty itself as being to blame not only for disaster abroad, but for the "want of governance" at home. If King Henry had understood the charge, and possessed the wit to answer it, he might fairly have replied that his subjects must fit the burden upon their own backs, not upon his. The war had been weakly conducted, it was true; but weakly because the men and money for it were grudged. The England that could put one hundred thousand men into the field in a civil broil at Towton sent four thousand to fight the decisive battle at Formigny that settled our fate in Normandy.

At home the bulwarks of social order seemed crumbling away. Private wars, riot, open highway robbery, murder, abduction, armed resistance to the law, prevailed on a scale that had been unknown since the troublous times of Edward the

Second — we might almost say since the evil days of Stephen. But it was not the Crown alone that should have been blamed for the state of the realm. The nation had chosen to impose overstringent constitutional checks on the kingly power before it was ripe for self-government, and the Lancastrian house sat on the throne because it had agreed to submit to those checks. If the result of the experiment was disastrous, both parties to the contract had to bear their share of the responsibility. But a nation seldom allows that it has been wrong; and Henry of Windsor had to serve as scapegoat for all the misfortunes of the realm, because Henry of Bolingbroke had committed his descendants to the unhappy compact.

Want of a strong central government was undoubtedly the complaint under which England was laboring in the middle of the fifteenth century, and all the grievances against which outcry was made were but symptoms of one latent disease.

Ever since the death of Henry the Fifth the internal government of the country had been steadily going from bad to worse. The mischief had begun in the young King's earliest years. The Council of Regency that ruled in his name had from the first proved unable to make its authority felt as a single individual ruler might have done. With the burden of the interminable French War weighing upon their backs, and the divisions caused by the quarrels of Beaufort and Gloucester dividing them into factions, the councilors had not enough attention to spare for home government. As early as 1428 we find them, when confronted by the outbreak of a private war in the north, endeavoring to patch up the quarrel by arbitration instead of punishing the offenders on each side. Accounts of riotous assemblages in all parts of the country, of armed violence at parliamentary elections, of party fights in London at Parliament time — like that which won for the meeting of 1426 the name of the Parliament of Bats (bludgeons) — grow more and more common. We even find treasonable insurrection appearing in the strange obscure rising of the political Lollards under Jack Sharp in 1431, an incident which shows how England was on the verge of bloodshed twenty years before the final outbreak of civil war was to take place.

But all these public troubles would have been of comparatively small importance if the heart of the nation had been sound. The phenomenon which makes the time so depressing is the terrible decay in private morals since the previous century.

A steady deterioration is going on through the whole period, till at its end we find hardly a single individual in whom it is possible to interest ourselves, save an occasional Colet or Caxton, who belongs in spirit, if not date, to the oncoming renaissance of the next century. There is no class or caste in England which comes well out of the scrutiny. The church, which had served as the conscience of the nation in better times, had become dead to spiritual things; it no longer produced either men of saintly life or learned theologians or patriotic statesmen. In its corporate capacity it had grown inertly orthodox. Destitute of any pretense of spiritual energy, yet showing a spirit of persecution such as it had never displayed in earlier centuries, its sole activity consisted in hunting to the stake the few men who displayed any symptoms of thinking for themselves in matters of religion. So great was the deadness of the Church that it was possible to fall into trouble, like Bishop Pecock, not for defending Lollardry, but for showing too much originality in attacking it. Individually the leading churchmen of the day were politicians and nothing more, nor were they as a rule politicians of the better sort; for one like Beaufort, who was at any rate consistent and steadfast, there are many Bouchiers and George Nevilles and Beauchamps, who merely sailed with the wind and intrigued for their own fortunes or those of their families.

Of the English baronage of the fifteenth century we shall have so much to say in future chapters that we need not here enlarge on its characteristics. Grown too few and too powerful, divided into a few rival groups, whose political attitude was settled by a consideration of family grudges and interests rather than by any grounds of principle, or patriotism, or loyalty, they were as unlike their ancestors of the days of John or Edward the First as their ecclesiastical contemporaries were unlike Langton or even Winchelsea. The baronage of England had often been unruly, but it had never before developed the two vices which distinguished it in the times of the Two Roses—a taste for indiscriminate bloodshed and a turn for rapid political apostasy. To put prisoners to death by torture as did Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, to desert to the enemy in the midst of battle like Lord Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton, or Stanley at Bosworth, had never before been the custom of England. It is impossible not to recognize in such traits the results of the French War. Twenty years spent in contact with French

factions, and in command of the godless mercenaries who formed the bulk of the English armies, had taught our nobles lessons of cruelty and faithlessness such as they had not before imbibed. Their demoralization had been displayed in France long ere the outbreak of civil war caused it to manifest itself at home.

But if the Church was effete and the baronage demoralized, it might have been thought that England should have found salvation in the sound-heartedness of her gentry and her burgesses. Unfortunately such was not to be the case. Both of these classes were growing in strength and importance during the century, but when the times of trouble came they gave no signs of aspiring to direct the destinies of the nation. The House of Commons which should, as representing those classes, have gone on developing its privileges, was, on the contrary, thrice as important in the reign of Henry the Fourth as in that of Edward the Fourth. The knights and squires showed on a smaller scale all of the vices of the nobility. Instead of holding together and maintaining a united loyalty to the Crown, they bound themselves by solemn sealed bonds and the reception of "liveries" each to the baron whom he preferred. This fatal system, by which the smaller landholder agreed on behalf of himself and his tenants to follow his greater neighbor in peace and war, had ruined the military system of England, and was quite as dangerous as the ancient feudalism. The salutary old usage, by which all freemen who were not tenants of a lord served under the sheriff in war, and not under the banner of any of the baronage, had long been forgotten. Now, if all the gentry of a county were bound by these voluntary indentures to serve some great lord, there was no national force in that county on which the Crown could count, for the yeoman followed the knight as the knight followed the baron.

If the gentry constituted themselves the voluntary followers of the baronage, and aided their employers to keep England unhappy, the class of citizens and burgesses took a very different line of conduct. If not actively mischievous, they were sordidly inert. They refused to entangle themselves in politics at all. They submitted impassively to each ruler in turn, when they had ascertained that their own persons and property were not endangered by so doing. A town, it has been remarked, seldom or never stood a siege during the Wars of the Roses, for no town ever refused to open its gates to any commander with an adequate force who asked for entrance.

Manuscript of Edward IV.

Letter, in French, to Francis II., Duke of Brittany, praying him to assist him in the recovery of his kingdom and to give credence on his behalf to his uncle Jacques de Luxembourg. Written at St. Pol, Jany 9, 1471, in a secretary's hand, with autograph signature. The letter was written after Edward's flight from England, Octo. 3, 1470, on the coalition between Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and the Lancastrians, and during his stay at the court of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, at St. Pol. He sailed from Flushing on his return to England on March 11, 1471, and entered London on April 11. Three days later was fought the battle of Barnet, in which Warwick was defeated and slain.

TRESHAULT ET PUISSANT PRINCE, MON TRESCHIEUR ET TRESAME COUSIN,
—Je me recommande a vous tant comme je puis, et ne doute pas que n'ayes este piece aduerty de la fortune et aduersite qui mest aduenue par la grant traison qui fut compassee alencontre de moy, vous signifiant que, loue soit Dieu, jay tel et si bon confort de diuers princes mes amis et alies et aussi de mes loiaux subgietes de mon royaume dangleterre, que jespoire de brief de reconurer mon dit royaume. Et pour ce, treschier et tresame cousin, que vous estes lun des princes du monde a qui jay tousiours eu plus grant fiance, et que votre bonne aide et assistance me pourroit grandement profiter et auancer a paruenir a mon dit purpos, je vous prie tant et si cordialement que plus puis dauoir mon dit fait en votre singuliere recommandacion et my conforter et aidier en telle maniere et facon comme mon treschier oncle messire Jaques de Luxembourg vous en fera remonstrance et requeste de ma part, et de lui adiuster foy et creance en ce quil vous en rescripra ou fera dire. Et se chose est que en temps aduenir a votre plaisir faire puisse, ainsi que jespoire a la grace de Dieu den auoir bien la puissance, je my emploieray de tout mon cuer et pouer. Ce scoit notre benoist Createur, qui, treshault et puissant prince mon treschier et tresame cousin, vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde. Escript a la ville de Saint Paoule, le ix jour de Januier.

Voster Cousyn,

EDOWARD R.

ADDRESSED: A mon bon cousin de Bretagne.

Trestis iust et puissant prince mon trestier et trespere et cousin. Je me Reconnais a vous tant
comme je puis. Et me Doubte pas. Quant est ce que a aduiz de la fortune et aduizite. Qui
m'est aduenue. par la grace traup. qui fut compassee de moult de moult. Vous signifiant
Que soit Dieu. juy tel et si bon confort. De l'adulz pencez avec amours et aliez. Et aussi
De mes l'oungz subgitez de mon Veritable Danseur. Quant est ce de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
Roi. Et par ce trestier et trespere et cousin. Quant est ce de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
a qui par trespere et trespere. En plus grant pencez. Et Quant est ce de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
grandement pencez et amour. a pencez amour. pencez. Je vous prie. tant et si.
redoublant. Quant est ce de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
conforter et aduiz en telle maniere et par son Roi. mon trestier avec mess. Jaquez
de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
Roi et trespere en ce que l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
lemp aduiz a l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
mon bien la pencez. Je vous prie. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
Benost. trespere. qui trespere et pencez mon trestier et trespere. Cousin.
vous bien si pencez et digne garde. Et pencez a la ville de l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz. De l'adulz.
De pencez.

Vostre cousin
EDWARD

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in approximately 15 vertical columns, written in a cursive script. The ink is dark and the handwriting is dense.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a date, located in the center of the page. It appears to be written in a cursive script.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a reference number, located on the left side of the page. It is written in a cursive script.

If we find a few exceptions to the rule, we almost always learn that entrance was denied not by the citizens, but by some garrison of the opposite side which was already within the walls. Loyalty seems to have been as wanting among the citizens as among the barons of England. If they generally showed some slight preference for York rather than for Lancaster, it was not on any moral or sentimental ground, but because the house of Lancaster was known by experience to be weak in enforcing "good governance," and the house of York was pledged to restore the strength of the Crown and to secure better times for trade than its rival.

Warwick was a strong man, born at the commencement of Henry the Sixth's unhappy minority, whose coming of age coincided with the outburst of national rage caused by the end of the disastrous French War, whose birth placed him at the head of one of the great factions in the nobility, whose strength of body and mind enabled him to turn that headship to full account. How he dealt with the problems which inevitable necessity laid before him we shall endeavor to relate.

THE BATTLE OF BARNET AND WARWICK'S DEATH.

The Easter morning dawned dim and gray; a dense fog had rolled up from the valley, and the two hosts could see no more of each other than on the previous night. Only the dull sound of unseen multitudes told each that the other was still before them in position.

Of the two armies each, so far as we can judge, must have numbered some twenty-five thousand men. It is impossible in the conflict of evidence to say which was the stronger, but there cannot have been any great difference in force. Each had drawn itself up in the normal order of a mediæval army, with a central main battle, the van and rear ranged to its right and left, and a small reserve held back behind the center. Both sides, too, had dismounted nearly every man, according to the universal practice of the English in the fifteenth century. Even Warwick himself, — whose wont it had been to lead his first line to the charge, and then to mount and place himself at the head of the reserve, ready to deliver the final blow, — on this one occasion sent his horse to the rear and fought on foot all day. He wished to show his men that this was no common battle, but that

he was risking life as well as lands and name and power in their company.

In the Earl's army Montagu and Oxford, with their men from the North and East, held the right wing; Somerset with his West-Country archery and billmen formed the center; Warwick himself with his own Midland retainers had the left wing; with him was his old enemy Exeter,—his unwilling partner in the famous procession of 1457, his adversary at sea in the spring of 1460. Here and all down the line the old Lancastrians and the partisans of Warwick were intermixed; the Cresset of the Hollands stood hard by the Ragged Staff; the Dun Bull of Montagu and the Radiant Star of the De Veres were side by side. We cannot doubt that many a look was cast askance at new friends who had so long been old foes, and that the suspicion of possible treachery must have been present in every breast.

Edward's army was drawn up in a similar order. Richard of Gloucester commanded the right wing; he was but eighteen, but his brother had already learnt to trust much to his zeal and energy. The King himself headed Clarence's men in the center; he was determined to keep his shifty brother at his side, lest he might repent at the eleventh hour of his treachery to his father-in-law. Hastings led the rear battle on the left.

The armies were too close to each other to allow of maneuvering; the men rose from the muddy ground on which they had lain all night, and dressed their line where they stood. But the night had led King Edward astray; he had drawn up his host so as to overlap the Earl's extreme left, while he opposed nothing to his extreme right. Gloucester in the one army and Montagu and Oxford in the other had each the power of outflanking and turning the wing opposed to them. The first glimpse of sunlight would have revealed these facts to both armies had the day been fair; but in the dense fog neither party had perceived as yet its advantage or its danger. It was not till the lines met that they made out each other's strength and position.

Between four and five o'clock, in the first gray of the dawn-ing, the two hosts felt their way towards each other; each side could at last descry the long line of bills and bows opposed to it, stretching right and left till it was lost in the mist. For a time the archers and the bombards of the two parties played their part; then the two lines rolled closer, and met from end

to end all along Gladsmore Heath. The first shock was more favorable to Warwick than to the King. At the east end of the line, indeed, the Earl himself was outflanked by Gloucester, forced to throw back his wing, and compelled to yield ground towards his center. But at the other end of the line the Yorkists suffered a far worse disaster; Montagu and Oxford not only turned Hastings' flank, but rolled up his line, broke it, and chased it right over the heath, and down toward Barnet town. Many of the routed troops fled as far as London ere they stopped, spreading everywhere the news that the King was slain and the cause of York undone. But the defeat of Edward's left wing had not all the effect that might have been expected. Owing to the fog it was unnoticed by the victorious right, and even by the center, where the King and Clarence were now hard at work with Somerset, and gaining rather than losing ground. No panic spread down the line, "for no man was in anything discouraged, because, saving a few that stood nearest to them, no man wist of the rout: also the other party by the same flight and chase were never the greatlier encouraged." Moreover, the victorious troops threw away their chance; instead of turning to aid his hard-pressed comrades, Oxford pursued recklessly, cutting down the flying enemy for a mile, even into the streets of Barnet. Consequently he and his men lost themselves in the fog; many were scattered; the rest collected themselves slowly, and felt their way back towards the field, guiding themselves by the din that sounded down from the hillside. Montagu appears not to have gone so far in pursuit; he must have retained part of his wing with him, and would seem to have used it to strengthen his brother's hard-pressed troops on the left.

But meanwhile King Edward himself was gaining ground in the center; his own column, as the Yorkist chronicler delights to record, "beat and bare down all that stood in his way, and then turned to range, first on that hand and then on the other hand, and in length so beat and bare them down that nothing might stand in the sight of him and of the well-assured fellowship that attended truly upon him." Somerset, in short, was giving way; in a short time the Lancastrian center would be broken.

At this moment, an hour after the fight had begun, Oxford and his victorious followers came once more upon the scene. Lost in the fog, they appeared, not where they might have been

expected, on Edward's rear, but upon the left rear of their own center. They must have made a vast detour in the darkness.

Now came the fatal moment of the day. Oxford's men, whose banners and armor bore the Radiant Star of the De Veres, were mistaken by their comrades for a flanking column of Yorkists. In the mist their badge had been taken for the Sun with Rays, which was King Edward's cognizance. When they came close to their friends they received a sharp volley of arrows, and were attacked by Warwick's last reserves. This mistake had the most cruel results. The old and the new Lancastrians had not been without suspicions of each other. Assailed by his own friends, Oxford thought that some one — like Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton — had betrayed the cause. Raising the cry of treason, he and all his men fled northward from the field.

The fatal cry ran down the laboring lines of Warwick's army and wrecked the whole array. The old Lancastrians made up their minds that Warwick — or at least his brother the Marquis, King Edward's ancient favorite — must have followed the example of the perjured Clarence. Many turned their arms against the Nevilles, and the unfortunate Montagu was slain by his own allies in the midst of the battle. Many more fled without striking another blow; among these was Somerset, who had up to this moment fought manfully against King Edward in the center.

Warwick's wing still held its ground, but at last the Earl saw that all was lost. His brother was slain; Exeter had been struck down at his side; Somerset and Oxford were in flight. He began to draw back toward the line of thickets and hedges which had lain behind his army. But there the fate met him that had befallen so many of his enemies, at St. Albans and Northampton, at Towton and Hexham. His heavy armor made rapid flight impossible; and in the edge of Wrotham Wood he was surrounded by the pursuing enemy, wounded, beaten down, and slain.

The plunderers stripped the fallen; but King Edward's first desire was to know if the Earl was dead. The field was carefully searched, and the corpses of Warwick and Montagu were soon found. Both were carried to London, where they were laid on the pavement of St. Paul's, stripped to the breast, and exposed three days to the public gaze, "to the intent that the

people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumor should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive."

After lying three days on the stones, the bodies were given over to George Neville the Archbishop, who had them both borne to Bisham, and buried in the abbey, hard by the tombs of their father Salisbury and their ancestors the Earls of the house of Montacute. All alike were swept away, together with the roof that covered them, by the Vandalism of the Edwardian reformers, and not a trace remains of the sepulcher of the two unquiet brothers.

Thus ended Richard Neville in the forty-fourth year of his age, slain by the sword in the sixteenth year since he had first taken it up at the Battle of St. Albans. Fortune, who had so often been his friend, had at last deserted him; for no reasonable prevision could have foreseen the series of chances which ended in the disaster of Barnet. Montagu's irresolution and Clarence's treachery were not the only things that had worked against him. If the winds had not been adverse, Queen Margaret, who had been lying on the Norman coast since the first week in March, would have been in London long before Edward arrived, and could have secured the city with the three thousand men under Wenlock, Langstrother, and John Beaufort whom her fleet carried. But for five weeks the wind blew from the north and made the voyage impossible; on Good Friday only did it turn and allow the Queen to sail. It chanced that the first ship, which came to land in Portsmouth harbor the very morning of Barnet, carried among others the Countess of Warwick; at the same moment that she was setting her foot on shore her husband was striking his last blows on Gladsmore Heath. Nor was it only from France that aid was coming; there were reinforcements gathering in the North, and the Kentishmen were only waiting for a leader. Within a few days after Warwick's death the Bastard of Fauconbridge had mustered seventeen thousand men at Canterbury in King Henry's name. If Warwick could have avoided fighting, he might have doubled his army in a week, and offered the Yorkists battle under far more favorable conditions. The wrecks of the party were strong enough to face the enemy on almost equal terms at Tewkesbury, even when their head was gone. The stroke of military genius which made King Edward compel the Earl to fight, by placing his army so close that no retreat was possible from the position of Barnet, was the proximate cause of War-

wick's ruin ; but in all the rest of the campaign it was fortune rather than skill which fought against the Earl. His adversary played his dangerous game with courage and success ; but if only ordinary luck had ruled, Edward must have failed ; the odds against him were too many.

But fortune interposed and Warwick fell. For England's sake perhaps it was well that it should be so. If he had succeeded, and Edward had been driven once more from the land, we may be sure that the Wars of the Roses would have dragged on for many another year ; the house of York had too many heirs and too many followers to allow of its dispossession without a long time of further trouble. The cause of Lancaster, on the other hand, was bound up in a single life ; when Prince Edward fell in the Bloody Meadow, as he fled from the field of Tewkesbury, the struggle was ended perforce, for no one survived to claim his rights. Henry of Richmond, whom an unexpected chance ultimately placed on the throne, was neither in law nor in fact the real heir of the house of Lancaster. On the other hand, Warwick's success would have led, so far as we can judge, first to a continuance of civil war, then, if he had ultimately been successful in rooting out the Yorkists, to a protracted political struggle between the house of Neville and the old Lancastrian party headed by the Beauforts and probably aided by the Queen ; for it is doubtful how far the marriage of Prince Edward and Anne Neville would ever have served to reconcile two such enemies as the Earl and Margaret of Anjou. If Warwick had held his own, and his abilities and his popularity combined to make it likely, his victory would have meant the domination of a family group—a form of government which no nation has endured for long. At the best, the history of the last thirty years of the fifteenth century in England would have been a tale resembling that of the days when the house of Douglas struggled with the crown of Scotland, or the Guises with the rulers of France.

Yet for Warwick as a ruler there would have been much to be said. To a king of the type of Henry the Sixth the Earl would have made a perfect minister and vicegerent, if only he could have been placed in the position without a preliminary course of bloodshed and civil war. The misfortune for England was that his lot was cast not with Henry the Sixth, but with strong-willed, hot-headed, selfish Edward the Fourth.

The two prominent features in Warwick's character which

made him a leader of men were not those which might have been expected in a man born and reared in his position. The first was an inordinate love of the activity of business; the second was a courtesy and affability which made him the friend of all men save the one class he could not brook—the “made lords,” the parvenu nobility which Edward the Fourth delighted to foster.

Of these characteristics it is impossible to exaggerate the strength of the first. Warwick's ambition took the shape of a devouring love of work of all kinds. Prominent though he was as a soldier, his activity in war was only one side of his passionate desire to manage well and thoroughly everything that came to his hand. He never could cease for a moment to be busy; from the first moment when he entered into official harness in 1455 down to the day of his death, he seems hardly to have rested for a moment. The energy of his soul took him into every employment—general, admiral, governor, judge, councilor, ambassador, as the exigencies of the moment demanded; he was always moving, always busy, and never at leisure. When the details of his life are studied, the most striking point is to find how seldom he was at home, how constantly away at public service. His castles and manors saw comparatively little of him. It was not at Warwick or Amesbury, at Caerphilly or Middleham, that he was habitually to be found, but in London, or Calais, or York, or on the Scotch Border. It was not that he neglected his vassals and retainers,—the loyalty with which they rallied to him on every occasion is sufficient evidence to the contrary,—but he preferred to be a great minister and official, not merely a great baron and feudal chief.

In this sense, then, it is most deceptive to call Warwick the Last of the Barons. Vast though his strength might be as the greatest landholder in England, it was as a statesman and administrator that he left his mark on the age. He should be thought of as the forerunner of Wolsey rather than as the successor of Robert of Belesme, or the Bohuns and Bigods. That the world remembers him as a turbulent noble is a misfortune. Such a view is only drawn from a hasty survey of the last three or four years of his life, when under desperate provocation he was driven to use for personal ends the vast feudal power that lay ready to his hand. If he had died in 1468, he would be remembered in history as an able soldier and statesman, who with

singular perseverance and consistency devoted his life to consolidating England under the house of York.

After his restless activity, Warwick's most prominent characteristic was his geniality. No statesman was ever so consistently popular with the mass of the nation, through all the alternations of good and evil fortune. This popularity the Earl owed to his unswerving courtesy and affability; "he ever had the good voice of the people, because he gave them fair words, showing himself easy and familiar," says the chronicler. Wherever he was well known he was well liked. His own Yorkshire and Midland vassals, who knew him as their feudal lord, the seamen who had served under him as admiral, the Kentishmen who saw so much of him while he was captain of Calais, were all his unswerving followers down to the day of his death. The Earl's boundless generosity, the open house which he kept for all who had any claim on him, the zeal with which he pushed the fortunes of his dependents, will only partially explain his popularity. As much must be ascribed to his genial personality as to the trouble which he took to court the people. His whole career was possible because the majority of the nation not only trusted and respected but honestly liked him. This it was which explains the "kingmaking" of his later years. Men grew so accustomed to follow his lead that they would even acquiesce when he transferred his allegiance from King Edward to King Henry. It was not because he was the greatest landholder of England that he was able to dispose of the crown at his good will; but because, after fifteen years of public life, he had so commended himself to the majority of the nation that they were ready to follow his guidance even when he broke with all his earlier associations.

But Warwick was something more than active, genial, and popular; nothing less than first-rate abilities would have sufficed to carry him through his career. On the whole, it was as a statesman that he was most fitted to shine. His power of managing men was extraordinary; even King Louis of France, the hardest and most unemotional of men, seems to have been amenable to his influence. He was as successful with men in the mass as with individuals; he could sway a parliament or an army with equal ease to his will. How far he surpassed the majority of his contemporaries in political prescience is shown by the fact that, in spite of Yorkist traditions, he saw clearly that England must give up her ancient claims on

France, and continually worked to reconcile the two countries.

In war Warwick was a commander of ability; good for all ordinary emergencies where courage and a cool head would carry him through, but not attaining the heights of military genius displayed by his pupil Edward. His battles were fought in the old English style of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth, by lines of archery flanked by clumps of billmen and dismounted knights. He is found employing both cannon and hand-gun men, but made no decisive or novel use of either, except in the case of his siege artillery in the campaign of 1464. Nor did he employ cavalry to any great extent; his men dismounted to fight like their grandfathers at Agincourt, although the power of horsemen had again revindicated itself on the Continent. The Earl was a cool and capable commander; he was not one of the hot-headed feudal chiefs who strove to lead every charge. It was his wont to conduct his first line to the attack and then to retire and take command of the reserve, with which he delivered his final attack in person. This caution led some contemporary critics, especially Burgundians who contrasted his conduct with the headlong valor of Charles the Rash, to throw doubts on his personal courage. The sneer was ridiculous. The man who was first into the High Street at St. Albans, who fought through the ten hours of Towton, and won a name by his victories at sea in an age when sea fights were carried on by desperate hand-to-hand attempts to board, might afford to laugh at any such criticism. If he fell at Barnet "somewhat flying," as the Yorkist chronicler declares, he was surely right in endeavoring to save himself for another field; he knew that one lost battle would not wreck his cause, while his own life was the sole pledge of the union between the Lancastrian party and the majority of the nation.

Brave, courteous, liberal, active, and able, a generous lord to his followers, an untiring servant to the commonweal, Warwick had all that was needed to attract the homage of his contemporaries: they called him, as the Kentish ballad monger sang, "a very noble knight, the flower of manhood." But it is only fair to record that he bore in his character the fatal marks of the two sins which distinguished the English nobles of his time. Occasionally he was reckless in bloodshedding. Once in his life he descended to the use of a long and deliberate course of treason and treachery.

In the first-named sin Warwick had less to reproach himself with than most of his contemporaries. He never authorized a massacre, or broke open a sanctuary, or entrapped men by false pretenses in order to put them to death. In battle, too, he always bid his men to spare the Commons. Moreover, some of his crimes of bloodshed are easily to be palliated: Mundeford and the other captains whom he beheaded at Calais had broken their oath of loyalty to him; the Bastard of Exeter, whom he executed at York, had been the prime agent in the murder of his father. The only wholly unpardonable act of the Earl was his slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts in 1469. They had been his bitter enemies, it is true; but to avenge political rivalries with the ax, without any legal form of trial, was unworthy of the high reputation which Warwick had up to that moment enjoyed. It increases rather than lessens the sum of his guilt to say that he did not publicly order their death, but allowed them to be executed by rebels whom he had roused and might as easily have quieted.

But far worse, in a moral aspect, than the slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts, was the course of treachery and deceit that had preceded it. That the Earl had been wantonly insulted by his thankless master in a way that would have driven even one of milder mood to desperation, we have stated elsewhere. An ideally loyal man might have borne the King's ingratitude in silent dignity, and forsworn the Court forever: a hot-headed man might have burst out at once into open rebellion; but Warwick did neither. When his first gust of wrath had passed, he set himself to seek revenge by secret treachery. He returned to the Court, was superficially reconciled to his enemies, and bore himself as if he had forgotten his wrongs. Yet all the while he was organizing an armed rising to sweep the Woodvilles and Herberts away, and to coerce the King into subjection to his will. The plan was as unwise as it was unworthy. Although Warwick's treason was for the moment entirely successful, it made any confidence between himself and his master impossible for the future. At the earliest opportunity Edward revenged himself on Warwick with the same weapons that had been used against himself, and drove the Earl into exile.

There is nothing in Warwick's subsequent reconciliation with the Lancastrians which need call up our moral indignation. It was the line of conduct which forced him into that

connection that was evil, not the connection itself. There is no need to reproach him for changing his allegiance; no other course was possible to him in the circumstances. The King had cast him off, not he the King. When he transferred his loyalty to the house of Lancaster, he never swerved again. All the offers which Edward made to him after his return in 1471 were treated with contempt. Warwick was not the man to sell himself to the highest bidder.

If then Warwick was once in his life driven into treachery and bloodthirsty revenge, we must set against his crime his fifteen long years of honest and consistent service to the cause he had made his own, and remember how dire was the provocation which drove him to betray it. Counting his evil deeds of 1469-1470 at their worst, he will still compare not unfavorably with any other of the leading Englishmen of his time. Even in that demoralized age his sturdy figure stands out in not unattractive colors. Born in a happier generation, his industry and perseverance, his courage and courtesy, his liberal hand and generous heart, might have made him not only the idol of his followers, but the bulwark of the commonwealth. Cast into the godless times of the Wars of the Roses, he was doomed to spend in the cause of a faction the abilities that were meant to benefit a whole nation; the selfishness, the cruelty, the political immorality of the age, left their mark on his character; his long and honorable career was at last stained by treason, and his roll of successes terminated by a crushing defeat. Even after his death his misfortune has not ended. Popular history has given him a scanty record merely as the Kingmaker or the Last of the Barons, as a selfish intriguer or a turbulent feudal chief; and for four hundred and ten years he has lacked even the doubtful honor of a biography.



THE BATTLE OF BARNET.

BY BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last of the Barons.")

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON-BULWER, later LORD LYTTON, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years,

colonial secretary 1858-1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831-1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

RAW, cold, and dismal, dawned the morning of the 14th of April. The heavy mist still covered both armies, but their hum and stir was already heard through the gloaming,—the neighing of steeds, and the clangor of mail. Occasionally a movement of either force made dim forms, seeming gigantic through the vapor, indistinctly visible to the antagonist army; and there was something ghastly and unearthlike in these ominous shapes, suddenly seen, and suddenly vanishing, amidst the sullen atmosphere. By this time Warwick had discovered the mistake of his gunners; for, to the right of the Earl, the silence of the Yorkists was still unbroken, while abruptly from the thick gloom to the left broke the hoarse mutter and low growl of the awakening war. Not a moment was lost by the Earl in repairing the error of the night: his artillery wheeled rapidly from the right wing, and, sudden as a storm of lightning, the fire from the cannon flashed through the dun and heavy vapor; and, not far from the very spot where Hastings was marshaling the wing intrusted to his command, made a deep chasm in the serried ranks. Death had begun his feast!

At that moment, however, from the center of the Yorkist army arose, scarcely drowned by the explosion, that deep-toned shout of enthusiasm, which, he who has once heard it, coming, as it were, from the one heart of an armed multitude, will ever recall as the most kindling and glorious sound which ever quickened the pulse and thrilled the blood—for along that part of the army now rode King Edward. His mail was polished as a mirror, but otherwise unadorned, resembling that which now invests his effigies at the Tower, and the housings of his steed were spangled with silver suns, for the silver sun was the cognizance on all his banners. His head was bare, and through the hazy atmosphere the gold of his rich locks seemed literally to shine. Followed by his body squire, with his helm and lance, and the lords in his immediate staff, his truncheon in his hand, he passed slowly along the steady line, till, halting where he deemed his voice could be farthest heard, he reined

in, and lifting his hand, the shout of the soldiery was hushed, though still while he spoke from Warwick's archers came the arrowy shower, and still the gloom was pierced and the hush interrupted by the flash and the roar of the bombards.

"Englishmen and friends," said the martial chief, "to bold deeds go but few words. Before you is the foe! From Ravenspur to London I have marched — treason flying from my sword, loyalty gathering to my standard. With but two thousand men, on the 14th of March I entered England — on the 14th of April, fifty thousand is my muster roll. Who shall say, then, that I am not King, when one month mans a monarch's army from his subjects' love? And well know ye, now, that my cause is yours and England's! Those against us are men who would rule in despite of law — barons whom I gorged with favors, and who would reduce this fair realm of Kings, Lords, and Commons, to be the appanage and property of one man's measureless ambition — the park, forsooth, the homestead to Lord Warwick's private house! Ye gentlemen and knights of England, let them and their rabble prosper, and your properties will be despoiled, your lives insecure, all law struck dead. What differs Richard of Warwick from Jack Cade, save that if his name is nobler, so is his treason greater? Commoners and soldiers of England — freemen, however humble — what do these rebel lords (who would rule in the name of Lancaster) desire? To reduce you to villeins and to bondsmen, as your forefathers were to them. Ye owe freedom from the barons to the just laws of my sires your kings. Gentlemen and knights, commoners and soldiers, Edward IV. upon his throne will not profit by a victory more than you. This is no war of dainty chivalry, it is a war of true men against false. No quarter! Spare not either knight or hilding! Warwick, forsooth, will not smite the Commons. Truly not — the rabble are his friends. I say to you —" and Edward, pausing in the excitement and sanguinary fury of his tiger nature — the soldiers, heated like himself to the thirst of blood, saw his eyes sparkle, and his teeth gnash, as he added in a deeper and lower, but not less audible voice: "I say to you, SLAY ALL! What heel spares the viper's brood?"

"We will — we will!" was the horrid answer, which came hissing and muttered forth from morion and cap of steel.

"Hark! to their bombards!" resumed Edward. "The enemy would fight from afar, for they excel us in their archers

and gunners. Upon them, then—hand to hand, and man to man! Advance banners—sound trumpets! Sir Oliver, my bassinet! Soldiers, if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your King's helmet! Charge!"

Then, with a shout wilder and louder than before, on through the hail of the arrows—on through the glare of the bombards—rather with a rush than in a march, advanced Edward's center against the array of Somerset. But from a part of the encampment where the circumvallation seemed strongest, a small body of men moved not with the general body.

To the left of the churchyard of Hadley, at this day, the visitor may notice a low wall; on the other side of that wall is a garden, then but a rude eminence on Gladsmoor Heath. On that spot a troop in complete armor, upon destriers pawing impatiently, surrounded a man upon a sorry palfrey, and in a gown of blue—the color of royalty and of servitude—that man was Henry the Sixth. In the same space stood Friar Bungey, his foot on the Eureka, muttering incantations, that the mists he had foretold, and which had protected the Yorkists from the midnight guns, might yet last, to the confusion of the foe. And near him, under a gaunt, leafless tree, a rope round his neck, was Adam Warner, Sibyll, still faithful to his side, nor shuddering at the arrows and the guns; her whole fear concentrated upon the sole life for which her own was prized. Upon this eminence, then, these lookers-on stood aloof. And the meek ears of Henry heard through the fog the inexplicable, sullen, jarring clash—steel had met steel.

"Holy Father!" exclaimed the kingly saint, "and this is the Easter Sabbath, thy most solemn day of peace!"

"Be silent," thundered the friar, "thou disturbest my spells. *Barabbarara — Santhinoa — Foggibus incresebo — confusio inimicis — Garabborra, vapor et mistes!*"

We must now rapidly survey the dispositions of the army under Warwick. In the right wing, the command was intrusted to the Earl of Oxford and the Marquis of Montagu. The former, who led the cavalry of that division, was stationed in the van; the latter, according to his usual habit—surrounded by a strong bodyguard of knights, and a prodigious number of squires as aids-de-camp—remained at the rear, and directed thence, by his orders, the general movement. In this wing the greater number were Lancastrian, jealous of Warwick, and only consenting to the generalship of Montagu, because shared by

their favorite hero, Oxford. In the mid space lay the chief strength of the bowmen, with a goodly number of pikes and bills, under the Duke of Somerset ; and this division also was principally Lancastrian, and shared the jealousy of Oxford's soldiery. The left wing, composed for the most of Warwick's yeomanry and retainers, was commanded by the Duke of Exeter, conjointly with the Earl himself. Both armies kept a considerable body in reserve, and Warwick, besides this resource, had selected from his own retainers a band of picked archers, whom he had skillfully placed in the outskirts of a wood that then stretched from Wrotham Park to the column that now commemorates the battle of Barnet, on the high northern road. He had guarded these last-mentioned archers (where exposed in front to Edward's horsemen) by strong, tall barricades, leaving only such an opening as would allow one horseman at a time to pass, and defending by a formidable line of pikes this narrow opening left for communication, and to admit to a place of refuge in case of need. These dispositions made, and ere yet Edward had advanced on Somerset, the Earl rode to the front of the wing under his special command, and, agreeably to the custom of the time observed by his royal foe, harangued the troops. Here were placed those who loved him as a father, and venerated him as something superior to mortal man — here the retainers, who had grown up with him from his childhood, who had followed him to his first fields of war, who had lived under the shelter of his many castles, and fed in that rude equality of a more primeval age, which he loved still to maintain, at his lavish board. And now Lord Warwick's coal-black steed halted, motionless in the van. His squire bore his helmet, overshadowed by the eagle of Monthermer, the outstretched wings of which spread wide into sable plumes ; and as the Earl's noble face turned full and calm upon the bristling lines, there arose not the vulgar uproar that greeted the aspect of the young King Edward. By one of those strange sympathies which pass through multitudes, and seize them with a common feeling, the whole body of those adoring vassals became suddenly aware of the change which a year had made in the face of their chief and father. They saw the gray flakes in his Jove-like curls, the furrows in that lofty brow, the hollows in that bronzed and manly visage, which had seemed to their rude admiration to wear the stamp of the twofold Divinity — Beneficence and Valor. A thrill of tenderness and awe shot

through the veins of every one—tears of devotion rushed into many a hardy eye. No—*there*, was not the ruthless captain addressing his hireling butchers; it *was* the chief and father rallying gratitude, and love, and reverence, to the crisis of his stormy fate.

“My friends, my followers, and my children,” said the Earl, “the field we have entered is one from which there is no retreat; here must your leader conquer, or here die. It is not a parchment pedigree; it is not a name, derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a king. We Englishmen were but slaves, if in giving crown and scepter to a mortal like ourselves, we asked not in return the kingly virtues. Beset, of old, by evil counselors, the reign of Henry VI. was obscured, and the weal of the realm endangered. Mine own wrongs seemed to me great, but the disasters of my country not less. I deemed that in the race of York England would know a wiser and happier rule. What was, in this, mine error ye partly know. A prince dissolved in luxurious vices—a nobility degraded by minions and bloodsuckers—a people plundered by purveyors, and a land disturbed by brawl and riot. But ye know not all: God makes man’s hearth man’s altar—our hearths were polluted; our wives and daughters were viewed as harlots; and lechery ruled the realm. A king’s word should be fast as the pillars of the world. What man ever trusted Edward and was not deceived? Even now the unknighly liar stands in arms with the weight of perjury on his soul. In his father’s town of York, ye know that he took, three short weeks since, solemn oath of fealty to King Henry. And now King Henry is his captive, and King Henry’s holy crown upon his traitor’s head—‘traitors’ calls he *us*? What name, then, rank enough for him? Edward gave the promise of a brave man, and I served him. He proved a base, a false, a licentious, and a cruel king, and I forsook him; may all free hearts in all free lands so serve kings when they become tyrants! Ye fight against a cruel and atrocious usurper, whose bold hand cannot sanctify a black heart—ye fight not only for King Henry, the meek and the godly—ye fight not for him alone, but for his young and princely son, the grandchild of Henry of Agincourt, who, old men tell me, has that hero’s face, and who, I know, has that hero’s frank and royal and noble soul—ye fight for the freedom of your land, for the honor of your women, for what is better than any king’s cause—for justice and mercy—



EDWARD IV.

for truth and manhood's virtues against corruption in the laws, slaughter by the scaffold, falsehood in a ruler's lips, and shameless harlotry in the councils of ruthless power. The order I have ever given in war, I give now; we war against the leaders of evil, not against the hapless tools; we war against our oppressors, not against our misguided brethren. Strike down every plumed crest, but when the strife is over, spare every common man! Hark! while I speak, I hear the march of your foe! Up standards!—blow trumpets! And now, as I brace my bassinet, may God grant us all a glorious victory, or a glorious grave. On, my merry men! show these London loons the stout hearts of Warwickshire and Yorkshire. On, my merry men! A Warwick! A Warwick!"

As he ended, he swung lightly over his head the terrible battle-ax which had smitten down, as the grass before the reaper, the chivalry of many a field; and ere the last blast of the trumpets died, the troops of Warwick and of Gloucester met, and mingled hand to hand.

Although the Earl had, on discovering the position of the enemy, moved some of his artillery from his right wing, yet there still lay the great number and strength of his force. And there, therefore, Montagu, rolling troop on troop to the aid of Oxford, pressed so overpoweringly upon the soldiers under Hastings, that the battle very soon wore a most unfavorable aspect for the Yorkists. It seemed, indeed, that the success which had always hitherto attended the military movements of Montagu was destined for a crowning triumph. Stationed, as we have said, in the rear, with his light-armed squires, upon fleet steeds, around him, he moved the springs of the battle with the calm sagacity which at that moment no chief in either army possessed. Hastings was thoroughly outflanked, and though his men fought with great valor, they could not resist the weight of superior numbers.

In the midst of the carnage in the center, Edward reined in his steed, as he heard the cry of victory in the gale:

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "our men at the left are cravens—they fly! they fly! Ride to Lord Hastings, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, bid him defile hither what men are left him; and now, ere our fellows are well aware what hath chanced yonder, charge we, knights and gentlemen, on, on!—break Somerset's line; on, on, to the heart of the rebel Earl!"

"Then, visor closed, lance in rest, Edward and his cavalry

dashed through the archers and billmen of Somerset; clad in complete mail, impervious to the weapons of the infantry, they slaughtered as they rode, and their way was marked by corpses and streams of blood. Fiercest and fellest of all, was Edward himself; when his lance shivered, and he drew his knotty mace from its sling by his saddlebow, woe to all who attempted to stop his path. Vain alike steel helmet or leathern cap, jerkin or coat of mail. In vain Somerset threw himself into the *mêlée*. The instant Edward and his cavalry had made a path through the lines for his foot soldiery, the fortunes of the day were half retrieved. It was no rapid passage, pierced and reclosed, that he desired to effect, it was the wedge in the oak of war. There, rooted in the very midst of Somerset's troops, doubling on each side, passing on but to return again, where helm could be crashed and man overthrown, the mighty strength of Edward widened the breach more and more, till faster and faster poured in his bands, and the center of Warwick's army seemed to reel and whirl round the broadening gap through its ranks, as the waves round some chasm in a maelstrom.

But in the interval, the hard-pressed troops commanded by Hastings were scattered and dispersed; driven from the field, they fled in numbers through the town of Barnet; many halted not till they reached London, where they spread the news of the Earl's victory and Edward's ruin.

Through the mist, Friar Bungey discerned the fugitive Yorkists under Hastings, and heard their cries of despair: through the mist, Sibyll saw, close beneath the intrenchments which protected the space on which they stood, an armed horseman with the well-known crest of Hastings on his helmet, and, with lifted visor, calling his men to the return, in the loud voice of rage and scorn. And then, she herself sprang forwards, and forgetting his past cruelty in his present danger, cried his name — weak cry, lost in the roar of war! But the friar, now fearing he had taken the wrong side, began to turn from his spells, to address the most abject apologies to Adam, to assure him that he would have been slaughtered at the Tower, but for the friar's interruption; and that the rope round his neck was but an insignificant ceremony due to the prejudices of the soldiers. "Alas, Great Man," he concluded; "I see still that thou art mightier than I am; thy charms, though silent, are more potent than mine, though my lungs crack beneath them! *Confusio Inimicis Taralorolu*, — I mean no harm to the Earl

— *Garrabora, mistes et nubes* — Lord, what will become of me ! ”

Meanwhile, Hastings, with a small body of horse who, being composed of knights and squires, specially singled out for the sword, fought with the pride of disdainful gentlemen and the fury of desperate soldiers, finding it impossible to lure back the fugitives, hewed their own way through Oxford's ranks to the center, where they brought fresh aid to the terrible arm of Edward.

The mist still continued so thick that Montagu was unable to discern the general prospects of the field. But, calm and resolute in his post, amidst the arrows which whirled round him, and often struck, blunted, against his Milan mail, the Marquis received the reports of his aids-de-camp (may that modern word be pardoned ?) as, one after one, they emerged through the fog to his side.

“ Well,” he said, as one of these messengers now spurred to the spot, “ we have beaten off Hastings and his hirelings ; but I see not ‘ the Silver Star ’ of Lord Oxford's banner.”

“ Lord Oxford, my lord, has followed the enemy he routed to the farthest verge of the heath.”

“ Saints help us ! Is Oxford thus headstrong ? He will ruin all if he be decoyed from the field ! Ride back, sir ! Yet — hold ! ” as another of the aids-de-camp appeared. “ What news from Lord Warwick's wing ? ”

“ Sore beset, bold Marquis. Gloucester's line seems countless ; it already outflanks the Earl. The Duke himself seems inspired by hell ! Twice has his slight arm braved even the Earl's battle-ax, which spared the boy but smote to the dust his comrades ! ”

“ Well, and what of the center, sir ? ” as a third form now arrived.

“ There, rages Edward in person. He hath pierced into the midst. But Somerset still holds on gallantly ! ”

Montagu turned to the first aid-de-camp.

“ Ride, sir ! Quick ! This to Oxford — no pursuit ! Bid him haste, with all his men, to the left wing, and smite Gloucester in the rear. Ride, ride — for life and victory ! If he come but in time, the day is ours ! ”

The aid-de-camp darted off, and the mist swallowed up horse and horseman.

“ Sound trumpets to the return ! ” said the Marquis ; then,

after a moment's musing : "Though Oxford hath drawn off our main force of cavalry, we have still some stout lances left ; and Warwick must be strengthened. On to the Earl ! *Laissez aller !* A Montagu ! a Montagu !" And lance in rest, the Marquis, and the knights immediately around him, and hitherto not personally engaged, descended the hillock at a hand gallop, and were met by a troop outnumbering their own, and commanded by the Lords D'Eyncourt and Say.

At this time, Warwick was indeed in the same danger that had routed the troops of Hastings ; for, by a similar position, the strength of the hostile numbers being arrayed with Gloucester, the Duke's troops had almost entirely surrounded him. And Gloucester himself wondrously approved the trust that had consigned to his stripling arm the flower of the Yorkist army. Through the mists, the blood-red manteline he wore over his mail, the grinning teeth of the boar's head which crested his helmet, flashed and gleamed wherever his presence was most needed to encourage the flagging or spur on the fierce. And there seemed to both armies something ghastly and preternatural in the savage strength of this small, slight figure thus startingly caparisoned, and which was heard evermore uttering its sharp war cry : "Gloucester, to the onslaught ! Down with the rebels, down !"

Nor did this daring personage disdain, in the midst of his fury, to increase the effect of valor by the art of a brain that never ceased to scheme on the follies of mankind. "See ! see !" he cried, as he shot meteorlike from rank to rank. "See — these are no natural vapors ! Yonder the mighty friar, who delayed the sails of Margaret, chants his spells to the Powers that ride the gale. Fear not the bombards — their enchanted balls swerve from the brave ! The dark legions of Air fight for us ! For the hour is come when the fiend shall rend his prey !" And fiendlike seemed the form thus screeching forth his predictions from under the grim headgear ; and then darting and disappearing amidst the sea of pikes, cleaving its path of blood !

But still the untiring might of Warwick defied the press of numbers that swept round him, tide upon tide. Through the mists, his black armor, black plume, black steed, gloomed forth like one thundercloud in the midst of a dismal heaven. The noble charger bore along that mighty rider, animating, guiding all, with as much ease and lightness as the racer bears its puny

weight ; the steed itself was scarce less terrible to encounter than the sweep of the rider's ax. Protected from arrow and lance by a coat of steel, the long chaffron or pike which projected from its barbed frontal dropped with gore as it scoured along. No line of men, however serried, could resist the charge of that horse and horseman. And vain even Gloucester's dauntless presence and thrilling battle cry, when the stout Earl was seen looming through the vapor, and his cheerful shout was heard : " My merry men, fight on ! "

For a third time, Gloucester, spurring forth from his recoiling and shrinking followers, bending low over his saddlebow, covered by his shield, and with the tenth lance (his favorite weapon, because the one in which skill best supplied strength) he had borne that day, launched himself upon the vast bulk of his tremendous foe. With that dogged energy, that rapid calculation which made the basis of his character, and which ever clove through all obstacles at the one that if destroyed, destroyed the rest, — in that his first great battle, as in his last at Bosworth, he singled out the leader, and rushed upon the giant as the mastiff on the horns and dewlap of the bull. Warwick, in the broad space which his arm had made around him in the carnage, reined in as he saw the foe, and recognized the grisly cognizance and scarlet mantle of his godson. And even in that moment, with all his heated blood, and his remembered wrong, and his imminent peril, his generous and lion heart felt a glow of admiration at the valor of the boy he had trained to arms — of the son of the beloved York. " His father little thought," muttered the Earl, " that that arm should win glory against his old friend's life ! " And as the half-uttered word died on his lips, the well-poised lance of Gloucester struck full upon his bassinet, and, despite the Earl's horsemanship and his strength, made him reel in his saddle, while the Prince shot by, and suddenly wheeling round, cast away the shivered lance, and assailed him sword in hand.

" Back, Richard — boy, back ! " said the Earl, in a voice that sounded hollow through his helmet : " It is not against thee that my wrongs call for blood — pass on ! "

" Not so, Lord Warwick," answered Richard, in a sobered and almost solemn voice, dropping for the moment the point of his sword, and raising his visor, that he might be the better heard : " On the field of battle all memories, sweet in peace, must die ! St. Paul be my judge, that even in this hour I love

you well ; but I love renown and glory more. On the edge of my sword sit power and royalty, and what high souls prize most—ambition : these would nerve me against mine own brother's breast, were that breast my barrier to an illustrious future. Thou hast given thy daughter to another ! I smite the father, to regain my bride. Lay on, and spare not ! — for he who hates thee most would prove not so fell a foe as the man who sees his fortunes made or marred—his love crushed or yet crowned, as this day's battle closes in triumph or defeat. **REBEL, DEFEND THYSELF !**”

No time was left for further speech ; for as Richard's sword descended, two of Gloucester's followers, Parr and Milwater by name, dashed from the halting lines at the distance, and bore down to their young Prince's aid. At the same moment, Sir Marmaduke Nevile and the Lord Fitzhugh spurred from the opposite line ; and thus encouraged, the band on either side came boldly forward, and the *mêlée* grew fierce and general. But still Richard's sword singled out the Earl, and still the Earl, parrying his blows, dealt his own upon meaner heads. Crushed by one swoop of the ax fell Milwater to the earth ; down as again it swung on high, fell Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who had just arrived to Gloucester with messages from Edward, never uttered in the world below. Before Marmaduke's lance fell Sir Thomas Parr ; and these three corpses making a barrier between Gloucester and the Earl, the Duke turned fiercely upon Marmaduke, while the Earl, wheeling round, charged into the midst of the hostile line, which scattered to the right and left.

“ On ! my merry men, on ! ” rang once more through the heavy air. “ They give way—the London tailors,—on ! ” and on dashed, with their joyous cry, the merry men of Yorkshire and Warwick, the warrior yeomen ! Separated thus from his great foe, Gloucester, after unhorsing Marmaduke, galloped off to sustain that part of his following which began to waver and retreat before the rush of Warwick and his chivalry.

This, in truth, was the regiment recruited from the loyalty of London, and little accustomed, we trow, were the worthy heroes of Cockaigne to the discipline of arms, nor trained to that stubborn resistance which makes, under skillful leaders, the English *peasants* the most enduring soldiery that the world has known since the day when the Roman sentinel perished amidst the falling columns and lava floods, rather than, though society

itself dissolved, forsake his post unbidden. "St. Thomas defend us!" muttered a worthy tailor, who in the flush of his valor, when safe in the Chepe, had consented to bear the rank of lieutenant, "it is not reasonable to expect men of pith and substance to be crushed into jellies, and carved into subtleties by horse hoofs and poleaxes. Right about face! Fly!"—and throwing down his sword and shield, the lieutenant fairly took to his heels as he saw the charging column, headed by the raven steed of Warwick, come giant-like through the fog. The terror of one man is contagious, and the Londoners actually turned their backs, when Nicholas Alwyn cried, in his shrill voice and northern accent: "Out on you! What will the girls say of us in East-gate and the Chepe? Hurrah for the bold hearts of London! Round me, stout 'prentices! let the boys shame the men! This shaft for Cockaigne!" And as the troop turned irresolute, and Alwyn's arrow left his bow, they saw a horseman by the side of Warwick reel in his saddle and fall at once to the earth, and so great evidently was the rank of the fallen man, that even Warwick reined in, and the charge halted midway in its career. It was no less a person than the Duke of Exeter whom Alwyn's shaft had disabled for the field. This incident, coupled with the hearty address of the stout goldsmith, served to reanimate the flaggers, and Gloucester, by a circuitous route, reaching their line a moment after, they dressed their ranks, and a flight of arrows followed their loud "Hurrah for London Town!"

But the charge of Warwick had only halted, and (while the wounded Exeter was borne back by his squires to the rear) it dashed into the midst of the Londoners, threw their whole line into confusion, and drove them, despite all the efforts of Gloucester, far back along the plain. This well-timed exploit served to extricate the Earl from the main danger of his position; and hastening to improve his advantage, he sent forthwith to command the reserved forces under Lord St. John, the Knight of Lytton, Sir John Coniers, Dymoke, and Robert Hilyard, to bear down to his aid.

At this time Edward had succeeded, after a most stubborn fight, in effecting a terrible breach through Somerset's wing; and the fogs continued still so dense and mirk, that his foe itself, for Somerset had prudently drawn back to re-form his disordered squadron, seemed vanished from the field. Halting now, as through the dim atmosphere came from different

quarters the many battle cries of that feudal day, by which alone he could well estimate the strength or weakness of those in the distance, his calmer genius as a general cooled, for a time, his individual ferocity of knight and soldier. He took his helmet from his brow, to listen with greater certainty; and the lords and riders round him were well content to take breath and pause from the weary slaughter.

The cry of "Gloucester to the *onslaught!*" was heard no more. Feebler and feebler, scatteringly as it were, and here and there, the note had changed into "Gloucester to the *rescue!*"

Farther off, rose mingled and blent together the opposing shouts "A Montagu! — a Montagu!" — "Strike for D'Eyncourt and King Edward!" — "A Say — a Say!"

"Ha!" said Edward, thoughtfully, "bold Gloucester fails — Montagu is bearing on to Warwick's aid — Say and D'Eyncourt stop his path. Our doom looks dark! Ride, Hastings — ride! retrieve thy laurels, and bring up the reserve under Clarence. But hark ye, leave not his side — he may desert again! Ho! ho! Again, 'Gloucester to the rescue!' Ah! how lustily sounds the cry of 'Warwick'! By the flaming sword of St. Michael we will slacken that haughty shout, or be evermore dumb ourselves, ere the day be an hour nearer to the eternal judgment!"

Deliberately Edward rebraced his helm, and settled himself in his saddle, and with his knights riding close each to each, that they might not lose themselves in the darkness, regained his infantry and led them on to the quarter where the war now raged fiercest, round the black steed of Warwick and the blood-red manteline of the fiery Richard.

It was now scarcely eight in the morning, though the battle had endured three hours; and as yet victory so inclined to the Earl, that naught but some dire mischance could turn the scale. Montagu had cut his way to Warwick, Somerset had reëstablished his array. The fresh vigor brought by the Earl's reserve had well-nigh completed his advantage over Gloucester's wing. The new infantry under Hilyard, the unexhausted riders under Sir John Coniers and his knightly compeers, were dealing fearful havoc, as they cleared the plain; and Gloucester, fighting inch by inch, no longer outnumbering but outnumbered, was driven nearer and nearer towards the town, when suddenly a pale, sickly, and ghost-like ray of sunshine, rather resembling the watery gleam of a waning moon than the radi-

ance of the Lord of Light, broke through the mists, and showed to the Earl's eager troops the banner and badges of a new array hurrying to the spot. "Behold," cried the young Lord Fitzhugh, "the standard and the badge of the Usurper—a silver sun! Edward himself is delivered into our hands! Upon them—bill and pike, lance and brand, shaft and bolt! Upon them, and crown the day!"

The same fatal error was shared by Hilyard, as he caught sight of the advancing troop, with their silver cognizance. He gave the word, and every arrow left its string. At the same moment, as both horse and foot assailed the fancied foe, the momentary beam vanished from the heaven, the two forces mingled in the sullen mists, when, after a brief conflict, a sudden and horrible cry of "*Treason! Treason!*" resounded from either band. The shining star of Oxford, returning from the pursuit, had been mistaken for Edward's cognizance of the sun. Friend was slaughtering friend, and when the error was detected, each believed the other had deserted to the foe. In vain, here Montagu and Warwick, and there Oxford and his captains sought to dispel the confusion, and unite those whose blood had been fired against each other. While yet in doubt, confusion, and dismay, rushed full into the center Edward of York himself, with his knights and riders; and his tossing banners, scarcely even yet distinguished from Oxford's starry ensigns, added to the general incertitude and panic. Loud in the midst rose Edward's trumpet voice, while *through* the midst, like one crest of foam upon a roaring sea, danced his plume of snow. Hark! again, again—near and nearer—the tramp of steeds, the clash of steel, the whiz and hiss of arrows, the shout of "Hastings to the onslaught!" Fresh, and panting for glory and for blood, came on King Edward's large reserve: from all the scattered parts of the field spurred the Yorkist knights, where the uproar, so much mightier than before, told them that the crisis of the war was come. Thither, as vultures to the carcass, they flocked and wheeled; thither D'Eyncourt, and Lovell, and Cromwell's bloody sword, and Say's knotted mace; and thither, again rallying his late half-beaten myrmidons, the grim Gloucester, his helmet bruised and dented, but the boar's teeth still gnashing wrath and horror from the grisly crest. But direst and most hateful of all in the eyes of the yet undaunted Earl, thither, plainly visible, riding scarcely a yard before him, with the cognizance of Clare

wrought on his gay mantle, and in all the pomp and bravery of a holiday suit, came the perjured Clarence. Conflict now it could scarce be called: as well might the Dane have rolled back the sea from his footstool, as Warwick and his disordered troop (often and aye, dazzled here by Oxford's star, there by Edward's sun, dealing random blows against each other) have resisted the general whirl and torrent of the surrounding foe. To add to the rout, Somerset and the onguard of his wing had been marching towards the Earl at the very time that the cry of "treason" had struck their ears, and Edward's charge was made; these men, nearly all Lancastrians, and ever doubting Montagu, if not Warwick, with the example of Clarence and the Archbishop of York fresh before them, lost heart at once—Somerset himself headed the flight of his force.

"All is lost!" said Montagu, as side by side with Warwick the brothers fronted the foe, and for one moment stayed the rush.

"Not yet," returned the Earl; "a band of my northern archers still guard yon wood—I know them—they will fight to the last gasp! Thither then, with what men we may. You so marshal our soldiers, and I will make good the retreat. Where is Sir Marmaduke Nevile?"

"Here!"

"Horsed again, young cousin! I give thee a perilous commission. Take the path down the hill; the mists thicken in the hollows, and may hide thee. Overtake Somerset—he hath fled westward, and tell him, from me, if he can yet rally but one troop of horse—but one—and charge Edward suddenly in the rear, he will yet redeem all. If he refuse, the ruin of his King, and the slaughter of the brave men he deserts, be on his head! Swift—*à tout bride*, Marmaduke. Yet one word," added the Earl, in a whisper—"if you fail with Somerset come not back, make to the Sanctuary. *You* are too young to die, cousin! Away!—keep to the hollows of the chase."

As the knight vanished Warwick turned to his comrades: "Bold nephew Fitzhugh, and ye brave riders, round me—so, we are fifty knights! Haste thou, Montagu, to the wood!"

So noble in that hero age was the Individual, MAN, even amidst the multitudes massed by war, that history vies with romance in showing how far a single sword could redress the scale of war. While Montagu, with rapid dexterity, and

a voice yet promising victory, drew back the remnant of the lines, and in serried order retreated to the outskirts of the wood, Warwick and his band of knights protected the movement from the countless horsemen who darted forth from Edward's swarming and momentarily thickening ranks. Now dividing and charging singly—now rejoining—and breast to breast, they served to divert and perplex and harass the eager enemy. And never in all his wars, in all the former might of his indomitable arm, had Warwick so excelled the martial chivalry of his age, as in that eventful and crowning hour. Thrice almost alone, he penetrated into the very center of Edward's body-guard, literally felling to the earth all before him. Then perished by his battle-ax Lord Cromwell, and the redoubted Lord of Say—then, no longer sparing even the old affection, Gloucester was hurled to the ground. The last time he penetrated even to Edward himself, smiting down the King's standard bearer, unhorsing Hastings, who threw himself on his path; and Edward, setting his teeth in stern joy as he saw him, rose in his stirrups, and for a moment the mace of the King, the ax of the Earl, met as thunder encounters thunder; but then a hundred knights rushed into the rescue, and robbed the baffled avenger of his prey. Thus charging and retreating, driving back, with each charge, far and farther the mighty multitude hounding on to the lion's death, this great chief and his devoted knights, though terribly reduced in number, succeeded at last in covering Montagu's skillful retreat; and when they gained the outskirts of the wood, and dashed through the narrow opening between the barricades, the Yorkshire archers approved their Lord's trust, and, shouting as to a marriage feast, hailed his coming.

But few, alas! of his fellow-horsemen had survived that marvelous enterprise of valor and despair. Of the fifty knights who had shared its perils, eleven only gained the wood; and, though in this number the most eminent (save Sir John Coniers, either slain or fled), might be found—their horses, more exposed than themselves, were for the most part wounded and unfit for further service. At this time the sun again, and suddenly as before, broke forth—not now with a feeble glimmer, but a broad and almost a cheerful beam, which sufficed to give a fuller view than the day had yet afforded of the state and prospects of the field.

To the right and to the left, what remained of the cavalry

of Warwick were seen flying fast — gone the lances of Oxford, the bills of Somerset. Exeter, pierced by the shaft of Alwyn, was lying cold and insensible, remote from the contest, and deserted even by his squires.

In front of the archers, and such men as Montagu had saved from the sword, halted the immense and murmuring multitude of Edward, their thousand banners glittering in the sudden sun; for, as Edward beheld the last wrecks of his foe, stationed near the covert, his desire of consummating victory and revenge made him cautious, and, fearing an ambush, he had abruptly halted.

When the scanty followers of the Earl thus beheld the immense force arrayed for their destruction, and saw the extent of their danger and their loss, — here the handful, there the multitude, — a simultaneous exclamation of terror and dismay broke from their ranks.

“Children!” cried Warwick, “droop not! Henry, at Agincourt, had worse odds than we!”

But the murmur among the archers, the least part of the Earl’s retainers, continued, till there stepped forth their captain, a gray old man, but still sinewy and unbent, the iron relic of a hundred battles.

“Back to your men, Mark Forester!” said the Earl, sternly.

The old man obeyed not. He came on to Warwick, and fell on his knees beside his stirrup.

“Fly, my lord, escape is possible for you and your riders. Fly through the wood, we will screen your path with our bodies. Your children, father of your followers, your children of Middleham, ask no better fate than to die for you! Is it not so?” and the old man, rising, turned to those in hearing. They answered by a general acclamation.

“Mark Forester speaks well,” said Montagu. “On you depends the last hope of Lancaster. We may yet join Oxford and Somerset! This way, through the wood — come!” and he laid his hand on the Earl’s rein.

“Knights and sirs,” said the Earl, dismounting, and partially raising his visor as he turned to the horsemen, “let those who will, fly with Lord Montagu! Let those who, in a just cause, never despair of victory, nor, even at the worst, fear to face their Maker, fresh from the glorious death of heroes, dismount with me!” Every knight sprang from his steed, Montagu the first. “Comrades!” continued the Earl, then

addressing the retainers, "when the children fight for a father's honor, the father flies not from the peril into which he has drawn the children. What to me were life, stained by the blood of mine own beloved retainers, basely deserted by their chief? Edward has proclaimed that he will spare *none*. Fool! he gives us, then, the superhuman mightiness of despair! To your bows! — one shaft — if it pierce the joints of the tyrant's mail — one shaft may scatter yon army to the winds! Sir Marmaduke has gone to rally noble Somerset and his riders — if we make good our defense one little hour — the foe may be yet smitten in the rear, and the day retrieved! Courage and heart, then!" Here the Earl lifted his visor to the farthest bar, and showed his cheerful face — "Is this the face of a man who thinks all hope is gone?"

In this interval, the sudden sunshine revealed to King Henry, where he stood, the dispersion of his friends. To the rear of the palisades, which protected the spot where he was placed, already grouped "the lookers-on, and no fighters," as the chronicler words it, who, as the guns slackened, ventured forth to learn the news, and who now, filling the churchyard of Hadley, strove hard to catch a peep of Henry the saint, or of Bungey the sorcerer. Mingled with these gleamed the robes of the tymbesteres, pressing nearer and nearer to the barriers, as wolves, in the instinct of blood, come nearer and nearer round the circling watch fire of some northern travelers. At this time the friar, turning to one of the guards who stood near him, said, "The mists are needed no more now — King Edward hath got the day — eh?"

"Certes, great master," quoth the guard, "nothing now lacks to the King's triumph, except the death of the Earl."

"Infamous necromancer, hear that!" cried Bungey to Adam. "What now avail thy bombards and thy talisman! Hark ye! — tell me the secret of the last — of the damnable engine under my feet, and I may spare thy life."

Adam shrugged his shoulders in impatient disdain: "Unless I gave thee my science, my secret were profitless to thee. Villain and numskull, do thy worst."

The friar made a sign to a soldier who stood behind Adam, and the soldier silently drew the end of the rope which girded the scholar's neck round a bough of the leafless tree. "Hold!" whispered the friar, "not till I give the word. The Earl may recover himself yet," he added to himself. And therewith he

began once more to vociferate his incantations. Meanwhile, the eyes of Sibyll had turned for a moment from her father; for the burst of sunshine, lighting up the valley below, had suddenly given to her eyes, in the distance, the gable ends of the old farmhouse, with the wintry orchard — no longer, alas! smiling with starry blossoms. Far remote from the battlefield was that abode of peace, that once happy home, where she had watched the coming of the false one!

Loftier and holier were the thoughts of the fated King. He had turned his face from the field, and his eyes were fixed upon the tower of the church behind. And while he so gazed, the knell from the belfry began solemnly to chime. It was now near the hour of the Sabbath prayers, and amidst horror and carnage, still the holy custom was not suspended.

“Hark!” said the King, mournfully. “That chime summons many a soul to God!”

While thus the scene on the eminence of Hadley, Edward, surrounded by Hastings, Gloucester, and his principal captains, took advantage of the unexpected sunshine, to scan the foe and its position, with the eye of his intuitive genius for all that can slaughter man. “This day,” he said, “brings no victory, assures no crown, if Warwick escape alive. To you, Lovell and Ratcliffe, I intrust two hundred knights — your sole care, the head of the rebel Earl!”

“And Montagu?” said Ratcliffe.

“Montagu? Nay — poor Montagu, I loved him as well once, as my own mother’s son; and Montagu,” he muttered to himself, “I never wronged, and therefore him I can forgive! Spare the Marquis. I mislike that wood; they must have more force within than that handful on the skirts betrays. Come hither, D’Eyncourt.”

And a few minutes afterwards Warwick and his men saw two parties of horse leave the main body — one for the right hand, one the left — followed by long detachments of pikes, which they protected; and then the central array marched slowly and steadily on towards the scanty foe. The design was obvious — to surround on all sides the enemy, driven to its last desperate bay. But Montagu and his brother had not been idle in the breathing pause; they had planted the greater portion of the archers skillfully among the trees. They had placed their pikemen on the verges of the barricades, made by sharp stakes and fallen timber; and where their rampart was

unguarded by the pass which had been left free for the horsemen, Hilyard and his stoutest fellows took their post, filling the gap with breasts of iron.

And now, as with horns and clarions — with a sea of plumes, and spears, and pennons, the multitudinous deathsmen came on, Warwick, towering in the front, not one feather on his eagle crest despoiled or shorn, stood, dismounted, his visor still raised, by his renowned steed. Some of the men had by Warwick's order removed the mail from the destrier's breast; and the noble animal, relieved from the weight, seemed as unexhausted as its rider; save where the champed foam had bespecked its glossy hide, not a hair was turned; and the onguard of the Yorkists heard its fiery snort, as they moved slowly on. This figure of horse and horseman stood prominently forth amidst the little band. And Lovell, riding by Ratcliffe's side, whispered: "Beshrew me, I would rather King Edward had asked for mine own head, than that gallant Earl's!"

"Tush, youth," said the inexorable Ratcliffe, "I care not of what steps the ladder of mine ambition may be made!"

While they were thus speaking, Warwick, turning to Montagu and his knights, said: —

"Our sole hope is in the courage of our men. And, as at Touton, when I gave the throne to yon false man, I slew, with my own hand, my noble Malech, to show that on that spot I would win or die, and by that sacrifice so fired the soldiers that we turned the day — so now — oh, gentlemen, in another hour ye would jeer me, for my hand fails; this hand that the poor beast hath so often fed from! Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, O noblest steed that ever bore a knight — not for mine this offering!"

He kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud crest humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. So associated together had been horse and horseman, that had it been a human sacrifice, the bystanders could not have been more moved. And when, covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the Earl's dagger descended, bright and rapid — a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew at once that to them, and them alone, their lord intrusted his fortunes and his life — they were nerved to more than mortal daring. No escape for Warwick — why, then, in Warwick's person they

lived and died ! 'Upon foe as upon friend, the sacrifice produced all that could tend to strengthen the last refuge of despair. Even Edward, where he rode in the van, beheld and knew the meaning of the deed. Victorious Touton rushed back upon his memory with a thrill of strange terror and remorse.

"He will die as he has lived," said Gloucester, with admiration. "If I live for such a field, God grant me such a death !"

As the words left the Duke's lips, and Warwick, one foot on his dumb friend's corpse, gave the mandate, a murderous discharge from the archers in the covert rattled against the line of the Yorkists, and the foe, still advancing, stepped over a hundred corpses to the conflict. Despite the vast preponderance of numbers, the skill of Warwick's archers, the strength of his position, the obstacle to the cavalry made by the barricades, rendered the attack perilous in the extreme. But the orders of Edward were prompt and vigorous. He cared not for the waste of life, and as one rank fell, another rushed on. High before the barricades stood Montagu, Warwick, and the rest of that indomitable chivalry, the flower of the ancient Norman heroism. As idly beat the waves upon a rock as the ranks of Edward upon that serried front of steel. The sun still shone in heaven, and still Edward's conquest was unassured. Nay, if Marmaduke could yet bring back the troops of Somerset upon the rear of the foe, Montagu and the Earl felt that the victory might be for them. And often the Earl paused, to hearken for the cry of "Somerset" on the gale, and often Montagu raised his visor to look for the banners and the spears of the Lancastrian Duke. And ever, as the Earl listened and Montagu scanned the field, larger and larger seemed to spread the armament of Edward. The regiment which boasted the stubborn energy of Alwyn was now in movement, and, encouraged by the young Saxon's hardihood, the Londoners marched on, unawed by the massacre of their predecessors. But Alwyn, avoiding the quarter defended by the knights, defiled a little towards the left, where his quick eye, inured to the northern fogs, had detected the weakness of the barricade in the spot where Hilyard was stationed ; and this pass Alwyn (discarding the bow) resolved to attempt at the point of the pike — the weapon answering to our modern bayonet. The first rush which he headed was so impetuous as to effect an entry. The weight of the numbers behind urged on the foremost, and Hilyard had not sufficient space for the

sweep of the two-handed sword which had done good work that day. While here the conflict became fierce and doubtful, the right wing led by D'Eyncourt had pierced the wood, and, surprised to discover no ambush, fell upon the archers in the rear. The scene was now inexpressibly terrific; cries and groans, and the ineffable roar and yell of human passion, resounded demonlike through the shade of the leafless trees. And at this moment, the provident and rapid generalship of Edward had moved up one of his heavy bombards. Warwick and Montagu, and most of the knights, were called from the barricades to aid the archers thus assailed behind, but an instant before that defense was shattered into air by the explosion of the bombard. In another minute horse and foot rushed through the opening. And amidst all the din was heard the voice of Edward: "Strike! and spare not; we win the day!" "We win the day! — victory! — victory!" repeated the troops behind; rank caught the sound from rank — and file from file — it reached the captive Henry, and he paused in prayer; it reached the ruthless friar, and he gave the sign to the hireling at his shoulder; it reached the priest as he entered, unmoved, the church of Hadley. And the bell, changing its note into a quicker and sweeter chime, invited the living to prepare for death, and the soul to rise above the cruelty, and the falsehood, and the pleasure and the pomp, and the wisdom and the glory of the world! And suddenly, as the chime ceased, there was heard, from the eminence hard by, a shriek of agony — a female shriek — drowned by the roar of a bombard in the field below.

On pressed the Yorkists through the pass forced by Alwyn. "Yield, thee, stout fellow," said the bold trader to Hilyard, whose dogged energy, resembling his own, moved his admiration, and in whom, by the accent in which Robin called his men, he recognized a north countryman: "Yield, and I will see that thou goest safe in life and limb — look round — ye are beaten."

"Fool!" answered Hilyard, setting his teeth, "the People are never beaten!" And as the words left his lips, the shot from the recharged bombard shattered him piecemeal.

"On for London, and the crown!" cried Alwyn — "the citizens *are* the people!"

At this time, through the general crowd of the Yorkists, Ratcliffe and Lovell, at the head of their appointed knights, galloped forward to accomplish their crowning mission.

Behind the column which still commemorates "the great

battle" of that day, stretches now a trilateral patch of pasture land, which faces a small house. At that time this space was rough forest ground, and where now, in the hedge, rise two small trees, types of the diminutive offspring of our niggard and ignoble civilization, rose then two huge oaks, coeval with the warriors of the Norman Conquest. They grew close together, yet, though their roots interlaced — though their branches mingled, one had not taken nourishment from the other. They stood, equal in height and grandeur, the twin giants of the wood. Before these trees, whose ample trunks protected them from the falchions in the rear, Warwick and Montagu took their last post. In front rose literally mounds of the slain, whether of foe or friend; for round the two brothers to the last had gathered the brunt of war, and they towered now, almost solitary in valor's sublime despair, amidst the wrecks of battle, and against the irresistible march of fate. As side by side they had gained this spot, and the vulgar assailants drew back, leaving the bodies of the dead their last defense from death, they turned their visors to each other, as for one latest farewell on earth.

"Forgive me, Richard!" said Montagu — "forgive me thy death; had I not so blindly believed in Clarence's fatal order, the savage Edward had never passed alive through the pass of Pontefract."

"Blame not thyself," replied Warwick. "We are but the instruments of a wiser Will. God assoil thee, brother mine. We leave this world to tyranny and vice. Christ receive our souls!"

For a moment their hands clasped, and then all was grim silence.

Wide and far, behind and before, in the gleam of the sun, stretched the victorious armament, and that breathing pause sufficed to show the grandeur of their resistance — the grandest of all spectacles, even in its hopeless extremity — the defiance of brave hearts to the brute force of the Many. Where they stood they were visible to thousands, but not a man stirred against them. The memory of Warwick's past achievements, the consciousness of his feats that day, all the splendor of his fortunes and his name, made the mean fear to strike, and the brave ashamed to murder. The gallant D'Eyncourt sprung from his steed, and advanced to the spot. His followers did the same.

"Yield, my lords — yield! Ye have done all that men could do."

"Yield, Montagu," whispered Warwick. "Edward can harm not thee. Life has sweets; so they say, at least."

"Not with power and glory gone. We yield not, Sir Knight," answered the Marquis, in a calm tone.

"Then die! and make room for the new men whom ye so have scorned!" exclaimed a fierce voice; and Ratcliffe, who had neared the spot, dismounted, and hallooed on his bloodhounds.

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and before Warwick's ax, and Montagu's sword, seven souls had gone to judgment. In that brief crisis amidst the general torpor and stupefaction and awe of the bystanders, round one little spot centered still a war.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict urged on the lukewarm; Montagu was beaten to his knee — Warwick covered him with his body—a hundred axes resounded on the Earl's stooping casque, a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness—a simultaneous cry was heard—over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased—the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, ax and sword still griped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

The young Duke, his visor raised, contemplated the fallen foes in silence. Then dismounting, he unbraced with his own hand the Earl's helmet. Revived for a moment by the air, the hero's eyes unclosed, his lips moved, he raised, with a feeble effort, the gory battle-ax, and the armed crowd recoiled in terror. But the Earl's soul, dimly conscious, and about to part, had escaped from that scene of strife—its later thoughts of wrath and vengeance—to more gentle memories, to such memories as fade the last from true and manly hearts.

"Wife! child!" murmured the Earl, indistinctly. "Anne—Anne! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And with these words the breath went, the head fell heavily on its mother earth, the face set, calm and undistorted as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.

"So," muttered the dark and musing Gloucester, unconscious of the throng, "so perishes the Race of Iron! Low lies the last Baron who could control the throne and command the

people. The Age of Force expires with knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the New Cycle dawn. Happy, henceforth, he who can plot, and scheme, and fawn, and smile!" Waking with a start, from his reverie, the splendid dissimulator said, as in sad reproof: "Ye have been overhasty, knights and gentlemen. The House of York is mighty enough to have spared such noble foes. Sound trumpets! Fall in file! Way, there—way! King Edward comes! Long live the King!"



THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

BY PULCI: BYRON'S TRANSLATION.

[LUGI PULCI, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1432; died about 1487. He was an intimate friend of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian, and the author of "Il Morgante Maggiore" (first published in 1481), a burlesque epic, in twenty-eight cantos, with Roland as the hero. Apart from its literary excellence, the poem is valuable as a source of information regarding the early Tuscan dialect.]

CANTO I.

In the beginning was the Word next God;
 God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
 This was in the beginning, to my mode
 Of thinking, and without him naught could be:
 Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
 Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
 One only, to be my companion, who
 Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
 Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,
 The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,
 Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
 Be to my verses then benignly kind,
 And to the end illuminate my mind.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
 Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
 Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
 And makes the nymphs enamored, to the hand

Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so well
His car (but tempered by his sire's command
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appeared, so that Tithonus scratched his brow:

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain planned to,

While the horn rang so loud, and knelled the doom
 Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
 And Dante in his comedy has given
 To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

'Twas Christmas day; in Paris all his court
 Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
 The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
 Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
 In festival and in triumphal sport,
 The much-renowned St. Dennis being the cause;
 Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
 And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
 Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
 Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemon,
 Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldwin,
 Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
 Were there, exciting too much gladness in
 The son of Pepin:—when his knights came hither,
 He groaned with joy to see them all together.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
 Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
 While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
 Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
 Curs't Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
 To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
 One day he openly began to say:
 "Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
 Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
 Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
 Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
 Each have to honor thee and to obey;
 But he has too much credit near the throne,
 Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
 By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,
 And by the fount did much the day to win;
 But I know *who* that day had won the fight

If it had not for good Gherardo been :

The victory was Almonte's else ; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

" If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why :
Know then, oh emperor ! that all complain :
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two and sixty counts.

" 'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief :
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart ?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart :
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there ;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara pricked him o'er the plain ;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretched forth her arms to clasp her lord again :
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As " Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

Like him a fury counsels ; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seemed to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange ;
But soon Orlando found himself awake ;

And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
 And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
 Of everything which passed without demur,
 And then reposed himself some days with her.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
 And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
 And while he rode, yet still at every pace
 The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
 And wandering on in error a long space,
 An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
 'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
 Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
 Descended from Angrante: under cover
 Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
 But certain savage giants looked him over;
 One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
 And Alabaster and Morgante hover
 Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
 In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
 Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
 Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
 Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
 Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
 Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
 And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
 How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot: "You are welcome; what is mine
 We give you freely, since that you believe
 With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
 And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
 The cause of our delay to let you in
 To be rusticity, you shall receive
 The reason why our gate was barred to you:
 Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
 These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
 As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
 They seemed to promise an asylum sure:

From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
 'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
 For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
 I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
 You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
 For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
 That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
 Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante's savagest by far; he
 Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
 And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
 A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
 The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
 Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied.
"Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
 That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
 And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
 Who flung at my good horse yon corner stone."

Said the abbot: "Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts —
Such slings, clubs, ballast stones, that yield you **must**;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front,
"Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, "If he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease.
But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,
 As to desert would almost be a wrong.
 While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
 Orlando has recalled his force and senses :

And loud he shouted, " Giant, where dost go ?
 Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid ;
 To the right about — without wings thou'rt too slow
 To fly my vengeance — currish renegade !
 'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
 The giant his astonishment betrayed,
 And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
 And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand ;
 To split the head in twain was what he schemed : —
 Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
 And pagan Passamont died unredeemed,
 Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
 And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed :
 But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
 Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, " What grace to me thou'st this day given !
 And I to thee, oh Lord ! am ever bound.
 I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
 Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
 All things by thee are measured just and even ;
 Our power without thine aid would naught be found :
 I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
 At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way ;
 And Alabaster he found out below,
 Doing the very best that in him lay
 To root from out a bank a rock or two.
 Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
 " How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw ?"
 When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
 He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
 That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
 And Roland not availed him of his targe,
 There would have been no need of a physician.

Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
 And in his bulky bosom made incision
 With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
 However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
 Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
 And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
 And shut himself at night within his berth.
 Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
 The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
 The door to open, like a crazy thing,
 For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
 And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
 Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
 But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
 At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
 And to the gate he came with great regret—
 "Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
 "That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
 Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
 For Providence divine, in you and others,
 Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
 'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's;
 From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
 Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
 I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "Oh gentle cavalier!
 Now by thy God say me no villainy;
 The favor of your name I fain would hear,
 And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
 Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
 I by my faith disclose contentedly;
 Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
 And, if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,
 "I have had an extraordinary vision;
 A savage serpent fell on me alone,
 And Macon would not pity my condition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
 Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
 His timely succor set me safe and free,
 And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered: "Baron just and pious,
 If this good wish your heart can really move
 To the true God, who will not then deny us
 Eternal honor, you will go above,
 And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
 And I will love you with a perfect love.
 Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
 The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
 Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
 If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
 Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
 Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
 Your renegado god, and worship mine,—
 Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
 To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
 And made much of his convert, as he cried,
 "To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
 To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;
 "I to the friars have for peace to sue."
 Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
 Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
 Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

"Since God has granted your illumination,
 Accepting you in mercy for his own,
 Humility should be your first oblation."
 Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known—
 Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
 And let your name in verity be shown;
 Then will I everything at your command do."
 On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu
 A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
 Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
 Through all the different periods of my days:

And, as I said, to be your vassal too
 I wish, for your great gallantry always."
 Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
 And onwards to the abbey went their way.

And by the way about the giants dead
 Orlando with Morgante reasoned: "Be,
 For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
 And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me,
 A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred.
 And our true Scripture soundeth openly.
 Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
 Which the Lord never faileth to fulfill:

"Because his love of justice unto all
 Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
 All who have sin, however great or small:
 But good he well remembers to restore.
 Nor without justice holy could we call
 Him, whom I now require you to adore.
 All men must make his will their wishes sway,
 And quickly and spontaneously obey.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
 Coming on this point to the same conclusion,—
 That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
 If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
 For their unfortunate relations stored
 In hell below, and damned in great confusion,—
 Their happiness would be reduced to naught,
 And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
 Which seems to him, to them too must appear
 Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:
 He never can in any purpose err.
 If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
 They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
 What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
 Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
 "Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
 How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
 And if the will of God seem good to me,

Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obeyed —
Ashes to ashes, — merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

“So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.”
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, “Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?”
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, “Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;” which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, “Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!”

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size:
And then he said: “Oh giant celebrated!
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

“And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
‘Why dost thou persecute me thus?’ said Christ;

And then from his offense he was reclaimed,
 And went forever after preaching Christ,
 And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
 O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
 He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —
 Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
 Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
 You may be sure, should each desire arise
 With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
 Among the happy saints for evermore;
 But you were lost and damned to hell before!"

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
 The abbot: many days they did repose.
 One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
 And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose,
 The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed
 Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
 And one of these Morgante for a whim
 Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
 Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
 "Morgante, I could wish you in this case
 To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
 In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
 Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
 And went out on his way unto a fountain,
 Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
 Which suddenly along the forest spread;
 Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
 An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
 And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
 And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
 And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
 So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
 Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
 And passed unto the other side quite thorough;
 So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;

But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—
Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;,"

And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is naught to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wished to have his pardon and permission.

The honors they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claimed:
He said: "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed;
Some days ago I should have asked your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

"But in my heart I bear through every clime
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude —
So much I love you in so short a time;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervor in his bosom bred each word;
And, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less

Courteous and kind to your great worth appeared,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

"We can indeed but honor you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and paternosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters);
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

"This may involve a seeming contradiction;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste:
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

"You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you formed to wear our sober cloth;

"But to bear arms, and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl;
In proof of which the Scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll;
But, if I'm asked, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

"If you want armor or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answered, "If there should lie loose

Some armor, ere our journey we begin,
 Which might be turned to my companion's use,
 The gift would be acceptable to me."
 The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

And in a certain closet, where the wall
 Was covered with old armor like a crust,
 The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
 Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
 The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
 And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
 They wondered how it fitted him exactly,
 Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
 By the great Milo of Agrante fell
 Before the abbey many years ago.
 The story on the wall was figured well;
 In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
 Who long had waged a war implacable:
 Precisely as the war occurred they drew him,
 And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
 In his own heart, "Oh God, who in the sky
 Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
 Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
 And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
 So that he could not keep his visage dry, —
 As I will tell you in the ensuing story.
 From evil keep you the high King of glory.



COLUMBUS' VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., Scotch historian, was born at Borthwick in 1721; studied theology at Edinburgh University and acquired rapid distinction as a pulpit orator. His "History of Scotland" (1759) at once gave him a place among the leading historians of the country, especially for its lucid and pleasing style, and gained him the positions of principal of Edinburgh University, and historiographer royal of Scotland. He died in 1793. His other chief works are the "History of Charles V." and "History of America."]

ON Friday the 3d of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion ; but in a voyage of such expectation and importance every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the "Pinta" broke loose the day after she left the harbor, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskillful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin ; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way ; but on the second he lost sight of the Canaries ; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were nevermore to behold land. Columbus comforted them with the assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command ; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient per-



DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS

From a rare old painting (artist unknown)

severance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

To unskillful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of seaweeds, and of everything that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavored to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the voyage. By the 14th of September the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west, and as they proceeded this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a

reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concern-

ing the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea ; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had hitherto been so favorable to their course must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behavior they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even

with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of

discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the "Pinta" observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the "Nina" took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the "Pinta," which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the "Pinta" instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemna-

tion mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan ; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.



SAVONAROLA.¹

By PASQUALE VILLARI.

[PASQUALE VILLARI, Italian littérateur, was born at Naples in 1827 ; studied law ; in consequence of the revolution of 1848 went to Florence and became a teacher and historical student ; in 1859 was made professor of history at the University of Pisa, in 1866 professor of history at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. His two great works are "Savonarola and his Times" (1859-1861) and "Machiavelli and his Times" (1877-1878).]

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE (1498).

In the life of individuals as well as of nations, there comes a moment when the whole course of events is suddenly changed,

¹ By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. (Cloth, large crown, price 7s. 6d.)



SAVONAROLA

Famous portrait by Fra Bartolommeo

and a hidden hand seems to turn all things to evil. In Savonarola's case, this moment had undoubtedly come. He was anxiously expecting replies to the letters sent by his friends, and specially anxious to receive one from France, when suddenly the news came instead, that the messenger directed to the latter country had been robbed by a band of Milanese cutthroats, and that Mazzinghi's letter to the ambassador in France had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Duke. The haste with which Ludovico forwarded it to Cardinal Ascanio in Rome, the eagerness with which the latter presented it to the Pope, and the rage it excited in him, may be more easily imagined than described. At last the Borgia held in his hands a documentary proof of the audacity of the Friar, against whom all the potentates of Italy were arrayed, and whose enemies were already dominant in Florence. Thus, Savonarola was beleaguered and threatened on all sides, even before the final struggle began. Nevertheless, the course of events was so marvelously rapid, that he had no time to measure the enormity of these unexpected perils before, like a thunderbolt from heaven, another and still worse misfortune befell him.

It was one of those moments in which the popular aspect seems to undergo a magical change. Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him. Messengers from Rome and Milan were continually coming and going. The spies of the Duke were on the alert, and wrote to their master that some great stroke was hourly expected on the part of the Signory. In fact, it was well known that the Gonfalonier Popoleschi, and Berlinghieri, one of the Priors, were doing their utmost to effect a radical change in the Government.

As if this were not enough, the public attention was stirred towards the end of March by a very strange and unexpected event. A certain Frà Francesco di Puglia, of the order of St. Francis, now delivering the Lenten sermons in St. Croce, had begun to attack Savonarola with singular vehemence and pertinacity. He stigmatized him as a heretic, a schismatic, and a false prophet, and not satisfied with this, challenged him to prove the truth of his doctrines by the ordeal by fire. Similar challenges had been previously offered, but Savonarola had always treated them with merited contempt, believing it beneath his dignity to reply to them. But, as it now chanced, Frà Domenico considered himself to be personally challenged,

because he was preaching in his master's stead, and also because, when at Prato the preceding year, the same friar had provoked his wrath by insulting words against Savonarola's doctrines. They had then agreed to hold a public discussion; but on the appointed day the Franciscan, notwithstanding that he was the aggressor and had even then proposed the ordeal by fire, hurried from the city, under pretext of having been summoned to Florence by his superiors.

Accordingly, no sooner was Frà Domenico informed of the fresh provocation offered by the Franciscan, than he hastened to publish his "Conclusions," and declared that he would willingly go through the ordeal by fire since Savonarola must reserve himself for greater things. As he was not one to shrink from his word, the affair had already become serious before Savonarola had time to think of preventing it. But when the Franciscan saw that Frà Domenico was in earnest, he instantly sought a pretext to draw back. He went about repeating that "his quarrel was with Savonarola alone, and that although he expected to be consumed, he was ready to enter the fire with him in order to procure the destruction of that disseminator of scandal and false doctrine; but would have nothing to do with Frà Domenico." This wretched affair might have well ended here, for Savonarola severely reprovved Frà Domenico's superfluous zeal, and the Franciscan was only too glad to seize a chance of escape. But, on the contrary, just when the contest seemed on the point of dying out, it suddenly burst forth afresh.

The Compagnacci were gathered together at one of their accustomed banquets. Dressed in silken attire, and feasting on delicate viands and excellent wines, they consulted on the matter, and decided to do their utmost to bring the ordeal to pass. "If Savonarola enters the fire," they said, "he will undoubtedly be burnt; if he refuses to enter it, he will lose all credit with his followers; we shall have an opportunity of rousing a tumult, and during the tumult shall be able to seize on his person." Some of them, indeed, hoped to have a chance of killing him. They accordingly applied to the Signory and found its members perfectly willing not only to help, but even to assume the direction of their shameful plot. For they caused the disputed "Conclusions" to be transcribed by the Government notary, and publicly invited the signatures of all who wished to maintain or contest them by the ordeal of fire.

It was truly monstrous that the chief authorities of the State should take so active a part in this affair; but no scruples withheld them from seeking to achieve their design. Nor was it difficult of achievement, for Frà Domenico was no longer to be kept in check by any power on earth, and instantly appending his name to the document, almost prayed to be allowed to go through the ordeal. But it proved very difficult to induce the Franciscan, who had first started the scandalous business, to do the same. He presented himself to the Signory on the 28th of March, with another written declaration to the effect that—"although aware of his inferiority to Frà Girolamo in doctrine and goodness, he was ready to go through the fire with him; but that with Frà Domenico he had no concern." He would present some one else to pass the ordeal with the latter, and, in fact, he proposed Frà Giuliano Rondinelli, who did not appear, however, at the palace. Then it was whispered about that in no case would they enter the fire; that it was only intended to burn a few friars of St. Mark's in order to crush Savonarola, and that if this plan failed, some way would be found to quash the affair altogether. These assurances were given by the Signory as well as by the Compagnacci. All that could be settled after much insistence was that the Franciscan should sign a declaration to the effect that he would pass through the fire with Frà Girolamo, if the latter wished to make the trial, and expressly adding that this was done *at the desire and request of the Magnificent Signory*. As regarded going through the ordeal with Frà Domenico, it was only on the 30th of March, and with great reluctance, that Rondinelli could be persuaded to sign the challenge; even then he added the explicit avowal "that he would enter the fire, although certain that he should be burnt; and only for his soul's salvation." This wretched monk was a mere tool in the hands of the savage Compagnacci and the crafty Franciscan. Thus the Signory of Florence shamelessly agreed to organize an affair that was a degradation to the dignity of their office, and could only result in the shedding of innocent blood and the gravest danger to the Republic.

The matter had gone so far, that on the same day (30th of March) a numerous Pratica was assembled to discuss the question of the ordeal by fire. Some of those present seemed heartily disgusted with the proceedings of the Signory; but the majority shared the views of Carlo Canigiani, who said: "That this was a Church affair, rather to be discussed in Rome

where saints are canonized than in this palace, where it is fitter to treat of war and finance. Nevertheless, if it be really desired that the trial by fire should take place, let us at least consider whether it will be likely to crush discord or not." The same indifference was shown by other speakers, who all concluded by saying that everything must be referred to the Pope or the Vicar. Girolamo Rucellai said, in addition: "It seems to me that too much noise is made about this trial by fire; the only important point to us is to be rid of friars and non-friars, Arrabbiati and non-Arrabbiati, and to try to keep the citizens at peace. Nevertheless if it be deemed that this trial will restore concord in the city, let them go not only into the fire, but into the water, up in the air or down into the earth; meanwhile let our care be for the city, not for these monks." In real truth all were inclined for the ordeal, and Filippo Giugni, turning the whole thing into ridicule, cynically remarked: "To me, fire seems a strange thing, and I should be very unwilling to pass through it. A trial by water would be less dangerous, and if Frà Girolamo went through it without getting wet, I would certainly join in asking his pardon." And the gist of his speech was, that it would be best to be well rid of the Friar by consigning him without delay to the Pope. Giovanni Canacci, on the other hand, although likewise opposed to Savonarola, rose in great agitation, and almost with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "When I hear such things as these said, I scarcely know whether life or death is most to be desired. I truly believe that if our forefathers, the founders of this city, could have divined that a like question would ever be discussed here, and that we were to become the jest and opprobrium of the whole world, they would have indignantly refused to have anything to do with us. And now our city is come to a worse pass than for many long years; and one sees that it is all in confusion. Wherefore I would implore your Excellencies to deliver our people from all this wretchedness at any cost, either by fire, air, water, or any means you choose. *Iterum*: I pray your Excellencies to put an end to these things in order that no misery nor hurt may befall our city." The rest of the speakers all agreed in one way or another that the ordeal should take place. It was truly an afflicting sight to see the inhabitants of the most cultured and civilized city in the world assembled at their rulers' command to seriously discuss the advisability of lighting so barbarous a pyre. And it was still

more afflicting to find that all were in favor of the ordeal, merely for the sake of concluding the affair, and without even the excuse of any genuine religious fanaticism.

The same evening the ordeal was decided upon with the utmost speed. Savonarola was to be exiled if one of the Dominicans should perish, and Frà Francesco, if one of the Minorites. It was also shamelessly decreed that in case both the champions were consumed, the Dominicans alone should be punished. But if the ordeal should not take place, the party who prevented it would be exiled, or both parties, if both were equally unwilling to face it. Accordingly, the trial by fire was no longer to be evaded, and the Signory, after first abetting, now almost insisted upon it. The Pope was entirely with them in the matter, but in his official communications, through Bonsi, with the Ten, whom he knew to be Savonarola's friends, he refused his consent to the ordeal, and even feigned to disapprove of it. Nor was he altogether insincere, for it was only natural that he should hesitate, in the impossibility, at that distance, of foretelling the final result. Savonarola, meanwhile, was inflamed with indignation against these foes whose diabolical plots and party passions were disguised under a semblance of religious zeal. He was also persuaded that the Minorite friars would never have the courage to pass through the fire, for he knew that they were reluctantly obeying the suggestions of the Arrabbiati. He desired and, in truth, did his utmost to prevent the experiment, and discerned that he would have a better chance of succeeding if one of his disciples came forward in his stead. Most certainly, had Savonarola presented himself as champion, his enemies would have done all in their power to have him burnt, either alone or at the price of another innocent life. Nevertheless — such are the contradictions of the human mind — he had a secret belief that if the trial were really made, it would end triumphantly for him, and, accordingly, did not put forth all his energy to prevent it. He told himself that Frà Domenico's daring ardor must undoubtedly be inspired by God. In fact, according to his theories, it was neither strange nor difficult to conceive that the Lord would perform a miracle in order to confound the Arrabbiati and establish the truth of the new doctrine. He had frequently declared to the people that his words would be confirmed by supernatural evidence: the moment for this seemed at hand, hence the general and almost frantic eagerness to wit-

ness the result of the ordeal. The Piagnoni were even more anxious for it than the rest, for they hoped and believed that when the crisis came their Master would be unable to refrain from entering the fire himself, and that a miracle would be accomplished.

Nothing else was spoken of in Florence, and although Savonarola disapproved of the trial, and opposed it as far as was possible, he secretly exulted in Frà Domenico's zeal, almost rejoicing to see how all things combined to render the ordeal an absolute necessity. Besides, there were the visions of Frà Silvestro, who declared that he had beheld the guardian angels of Frà Girolamo and Frà Domenico, and been assured by them that the latter would go through the flames unhurt. We also know Savonarola's blind faith in Silvestro's visions. All this, joined to Frà Domenico's genuine enthusiasm, which was communicated to others with almost lightning speed, stirred the monks of St. Mark's and their friends to the highest pitch of excitement. On the 1st of April Savonarola summoned his trustiest adherents to St. Mark's, and preached them a short sermon, in which he described the real state of affairs, whereupon his hearers declared with one voice their readiness to enter the fire. Two days later, in fact, the friars addressed a letter to the Pope, saying that about three hundred of their number and many laymen were prepared to pass through the fire in defense of their Master's doctrines. Accordingly, being thus pressed on all sides, Savonarola sent in the list of their names to the Signory, with a declaration to the effect that he would depute one of his monks to meet every Minorite brother who came forward, and adding that if the trial should really take place, he was persuaded that it would result in the triumph of his followers.

At the same time he brought out a printed exposition of his theories — that was practically a reply to the accusations which were then being heaped upon him. In this he said: "I have too great a work on hand to stoop to join in these wretched disputes. If the adversaries who first provoked us, and then sought a thousand excuses, would publicly bind themselves to put to the issue by this test the decision of our cause and of the reform of the Church, I would no longer hesitate to enter the fire, and should feel assured of passing through it unharmed. But if it be their intent to prove by fire the validity of the sentence of excommunication, let them rather reply to the arguments we

have brought forward. Would they, perhaps, combat our prophecies by fire? Yet we neither compel nor exhort any man to believe in them more than he feel able. We only exhort all to lead righteous lives, and for this the fire of charity and the miracle of faith are required; all the rest is of no avail. Our adversaries, by whom this thing has been instigated, declare that they will assuredly perish, thereby confessing that they are their own murderers. We, on the contrary, have been provoked to this trial and forced to accept it, because the honor of God and of religion is at stake. Those who feel truly inspired by the Lord will certainly issue unhurt from the flames, if the experiment should verily take place, of which we are by no means assured. As to me, I reserve myself for a greater work, for which I shall ever be ready to lay down my life. The time will come when the Lord shall vouchsafe supernatural signs and tokens; but this certainly cannot be at the command or at the pleasure of man. For the present let it suffice ye to see that, by sending some of our brethren, we shall be equally exposed to the wrath of the people in case the Lord should not allow them to pass through the fire unhurt."

Frà Domenico's enthusiasm was beginning to convince not only Savonarola himself, but even the most distrustful, that God had really appointed him to this work. Men's minds were increasingly inflamed. Piagnoni and Arrabbiati awaited the day of the trial with equal anxiety, though for different ends. Men, women, and children continued to propose themselves as champions; and although, in many cases, this was empty bravado, others came forward in all sincerity. On the 2d of April Frà Malatesta Sacramoro and Frà Roberto Salviati went to subscribe their names as champions of St. Mark's, alleging that they too had received a call from the Lord. Thereupon, to insure greater publicity, the convention was officially given to the world in print, with all the signatures of the opposing factions. The Ten, hitherto invariably well disposed to Savonarola, sent these papers to Rome, with a full and exact account of all that had occurred, and again requested the Pontiff's consent to the ordeal, which, in appearance at least, he still disapproved.

Finally the 6th of April was fixed for this singular contest. Frà Domenico and Frà Giuliano Rondinelli were the two champions chosen by common accord. For many days past the doors of St. Mark's had been closed, and the brethren absorbed in

continual prayer. On the evening of the 5th, however, they received a message from the Signory to the effect that the trial was postponed to the 7th of April. The cause of this change was unknown; but some said that the Signory was awaiting a prohibitory Brief from Rome in order to have an excuse for putting a stop to the whole thing. The government, in fact, was already beginning to hesitate, fearing to have gone too far. For it had never anticipated finding so much resolution in the monks of St. Mark's, or so much poltroonery in the Minorites, who now insisted that some pledges should be given them as to the manner in which they were to pass through the fire unscathed. Accordingly, on the following day, 6th of April, a new decree was issued to modify that of the 30th of March, proclaiming that, "In the event of Frà Domenico being consumed, Frà Girolamo is to quit the Florentine territory within the space of three hours. . . ." No allusion was made to the Minorite friars, since it was intended in any case to insure their safety, and especially since Rondinelli had declared his conviction that he should perish if he entered the fire. On the same day Savonarola delivered another brief address, warmly exhorting all the faithful to be instant in prayer.

The 7th of April came, but not the expected Brief from Rome; and all Florence was panting for the novel sight that, as it now seemed, must inevitably take place. Everything was prepared for it, and every one hoped to make it serve his own ends: the Compagnacci and Arrabbiati sought an opportunity for dispatching the Friar; the Minorites to find some excuse for escaping the danger; the Signory were ready to favor any plan that might be hurtful to Savonarola; and the Piagnoni hoped that the ordeal would establish their triumph. Thus, public passions being more and more heated, the two parties decided to come to the Piazza with armed escorts in order to secure their safety in the event of a riot. Even the Signory were extremely uneasy, and after ordering the platform to be constructed, took every kind of precaution as if in dread of a revolt. Only three inlets to the Piazza were to be left open, and these guarded by armed men; no citizen was to come armed, and neither women nor children were to be admitted. The palace was filled with the Friar's adversaries, the city gates were to be kept closed, and the troops, stationed in different parts of the territory, prohibited under pain of death from leaving their posts, save by express command of the

Signory, and bidden to obey no orders to the contrary even from the Ten. Further, to prevent either of the two parties from disturbing the peace on the Piazza, Francesco Gualterotti and Giovan Battista Ridolfi were charged to keep watch over the friars of St. Mark's, Piero degli Alberti and Tommaso Antinori over the Minorites. And Savonarola was so distrustful of his adversaries' good faith that, on the morning of the appointed day, he sent Francesco Davanzati to the palace to implore the Ten, who still remained faithful to him, to take measures to prevent either of the champions from shirking the ordeal and leaving his competitor alone in the flames. He therefore requested that the pyre should be lighted on the one side, while the friars entered it from the other, and that the torch should then be applied to close the way behind them. He likewise entreated that the ordeal might take place before the dinner hour, so that the minds of his followers might be clear and unobscured. While the final preparations were being made on the Piazza, he celebrated high mass in St. Mark's, afterwards delivered a short discourse to the assembled people, and even now at the last hour was unable to conceal his doubts. "I cannot assure ye that the trial will be made, since the matter depends in no wise on ourselves; but this I can tell ye, that if it really take place, victory will certainly be on our side. O Lord, we felt in no need of miraculous proofs in order to believe the truth; but we have been provoked to this trial, and could not fail to stand up for our honor. We are certain that the evil one will not be able to turn this thing to the hurt of Thy honor or against Thy will, wherefore we go forth to combat for Thee; but our adversaries worship another God, inasmuch as their works are too diverse from ours. O Lord, this people desires naught save to serve Thee. Wilt thou serve the Lord, O my people?" Hereupon all signified their assent in a loud voice. Savonarola then recommended his male hearers to offer up prayers in the Church, while he prepared his friars to march to the Piazza, and the women to remain in fervent devotion until the ordeal was over. At that moment the mace bearers of the Signory came to announce that all was in readiness, and the friars of St. Mark's immediately set forth in procession.

They marched slowly, two and two, numbering about two hundred in all, and with a crucifix borne aloft in front. Frà Domenico followed, arrayed in a cope of fiery red velvet, and bearing a great cross in his hand. He was accompanied by a

deacon and subdeacon; his head was erect, his countenance calm. After him came Savonarola, carrying the Host with Frà Francesco Salviati on one side, and Frà Malatesta Sacramoro on the other. Behind them marched a great multitude of people bearing lighted torches, and chanting the Psalm: *Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici eius*. On nearing the Piazza, towards the 21st hour of the day, they passed two by two between the armed men guarding the ends of the streets; and directly they appeared among the crowd already awaiting them on the Piazza, all joined in their chants with such tremendous vigor as almost to shake the earth. There was an innumerable throng; it seemed as though all the inhabitants of the city were gathered together; all the windows of the houses round the Square, all balconies and roofs were crowded with spectators; many children were clinging to railings, or perched upon columns and statues, in order to see the sight; some were even hanging from the walls, and had occupied their posts since the break of day.

The Loggia of the Signory had been divided in two by a partition: the Minorites occupied the half nearest the palace; while the Dominicans were stationed round a little altar that had been erected in the other. Having placed the Sacrament on this altar, Frà Domenico knelt before it, absorbed in prayer; while his companions stood about him in silence. A guard of three hundred infantry was drawn up in front of the Loggia, under the command of Marcuccio Salviati, composed of valiant soldiers, all staunch adherents of the Convent of St. Mark's. But under the Tetto de' Pisani, several hundred of the Compagnacci stood at arms, with Doffo Spini at their head; and in front, and about the palace were five hundred of the Signory's guards, commanded by Giovacchino della Vecchia, in addition to the soldiers posted at the openings of the streets. Thus the Piazza was held by about a thousand men, prepared to attack Savonarola at a moment's notice; yet he contemplated his dangerous position with the utmost serenity, and quietly turned his eyes towards the platform already piled with bundles of wood. This strange erection was about eighty feet in length, and projected across the Piazza from the Marzocco in the direction of the Tetto de' Pisani. It was about ten feet wide at the base, two and a half in height, and covered with earth and bricks. On this substratum the combustibles—wood, gunpowder, oil, pitch, and resin—were stacked in two banks,



CELL OF SAVONAROLA

with a space, about two feet wide, left between for the passage of the rival champions. All was prepared; the friars had only to come forth, and the torch would be laid to the pile. Up to this moment Savonarola had temporized and done his best to prevent the ordeal, while the Minorites, on the contrary, had dared him to it, and hurried it on; but in sight of the pile ready to be fired, the rôles were exchanged. Stirred by the presence of the crowd, the solemn chants of his friars, and the truly heroic enthusiasm of Frà Domenico, who, after earnest prayer, showed the utmost eagerness to enter the flames, Savonarola was now firmly convinced that the Lord would come to his disciple's aid, and accordingly desired to end all delay. But neither Francesco di Puglia, who had challenged the ordeal, nor Giuliano Rondinelli, who was to face it, had as yet appeared under the Loggia, but were tarrying in the palace, in secret debate with the Signory. The latter, instead of coming down to the Ringhiera, to witness the solemn drama that was shortly to begin, continued their discussions, and were apparently uncertain what course to adopt. And while all were waiting for the Minorite, and for the signal from the Signory, the members of the Government shamelessly sent to ask the Dominicans why they did not begin. Frà Domenico trembled with rage, and Savonarola replied that the Signory would do well to hurry the matter on, and no longer to keep the people in suspense.

Then the Minorites, being driven to the wall, began to put forth numerous pretexts for delay. With the aid of Piero degli Alberti, a bitter enemy to Savonarola, and deputed to preside over the ordeal, they caused it to be noised about that as Savonarola might have cast a magic spell over Domenico's red cope, that vestment must consequently be removed. The champion and his master both replied that a written contract had been made and subscribed, to prevent all disputes; that they had no belief in spells, and would leave their opponents to resort to them. Nevertheless, the demand was so strenuously urged, that Frà Domenico yielded to it, and removed his cope. Thereupon, the Minorites alleged fresh pretexts, declaring that the friar's robes might likewise be enchanted; and again Frà Domenico gave way, and showed his readiness to exchange clothes with any one of his companions. He was accordingly led into the palace, and after being entirely stripped, was clad in the robes of the Dominican brother, Alessandro Strozzi. On returning to the Piazza, he was next forbidden to stand

near Savonarola, lest the latter might reëncant him; and by his Prior's request, Frà Domenico submitted to being surrounded by the Minorites. During this crisis, his patience equaled his courage; and in his great yearning to pass through the fire, he was ready to concede every point.

Nevertheless, the champion of the opposite party still lingered in the palace with Francesco di Puglia, and had not yet appeared. Savonarola was already becoming uneasy at this; and his suspicions were increased by the consultation going on between the citizens and the Minorites, and the manifest favor shown to the latter. The persons appointed to preside over the trial invariably sided with those friars, and let them do as they pleased; accordingly, Savonarola sent another pressing message to the palace in order to put an end to the suspense. But at the same moment, the two Minorites asked and obtained another private interview with the Signory. What passed between them is unknown, but it now became increasingly evident that the whole business of the ordeal was no more than a cunningly arranged trick to entrap Savonarola and the community of St. Mark's.

The patience of the multitude was now coming to an end. All had been assembled in the Piazza for many hours; the greater part of them were fasting since the dawn, and almost infuriated by the weariness of fruitless expectation. Hoarse murmurs arose on every side, followed by seditious cries; and the Arrabbiati, who had been eagerly watching for this moment, instantly tried to profit by it. A groom in the service of Giovanni Manetti succeeded in exciting a riot, and suddenly all the Piazza was in a tumult. Many of the outlets being closed, the people found themselves surrounded and hedged in; and accordingly made a rush for the palace. This seems to have been the moment fixed by the Arrabbiati for laying violent hands on the Friar, and making an end of him on the spot. They attempted to do so, in fact; but Salviati concentrated his men in front of the Loggia, and tracing a line on the ground with his sword, exclaimed: "Whoever dares to cross this line shall taste the steel of Marcuccio Salviati;" and so resolute was his tone that no one dared to press forward. At the same time, as it chanced, the foreign troops of the Signory, bewildered by the suddenness of the tumult, and seeing the people surging towards the palace, energetically drove them back.

Thereupon, order being apparently restored, the people were

quieted, and more eager than before to witness the ordeal; but the Signory were increasingly perplexed. Then came a tremendous storm shower with thunder and lightning; so that many thought this would naturally put a stop to everything. But in their thirst for the promised spectacle, the people never stirred; the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and all remained in the same state of uncertainty. The Minorite friar was still invisible; and his companions began to raise fresh objections. They insisted that Frà Domenico should relinquish the crucifix he held in his hand, and he immediately let it go, saying that he would enter the fire bearing the Host instead. But this led to fresh and fiercer dispute, the Minorites declaring that he wished to destroy the consecrated wafer. But now Frà Domenico began to lose patience, and refused to give way, maintaining with Savonarola, that, in any case, only the accidental husk would be consumed, the substance of the sacrament remaining intact; and quoted the arguments of many theologians to this effect. On meeting with some contradiction at last, his adversaries assailed Savonarola with still greater vehemence, in the hope of creating fresh delay. While they were disputing, the evening began to close in, and the puzzled Signory took advantage of this to proclaim that it was now impossible for the ordeal to take place.

The indignation of the people then passed all bounds, and, as no one exactly knew whose was the blame, most of them accused Savonarola: even the Piagnoni declared that he ought to have entered the fire alone, if none would go with him, for the sake of giving a final and indisputable proof of his supernatural power. And then the Arrabbiati and the Signory caused it to be rumored about that his fraud had been unmasked; that after provoking the trial, he had refused to pass through the flames, and similar falsehoods; while the Minorites impudently claimed the victory, although their champion had remained concealed in the palace, without so much as daring to glance at the pyre prepared for him. Accordingly the whole city rang with menacing cries against Savonarola and St. Mark's. The Dominicans had a hard struggle to regain the Convent in safety, although escorted by the soldiers of Marcuccio Salviati, who, surrounding Savonarola and Frà Domenico with a band of his bravest men, courageously protected them, sword in hand, from the insults of an infuriated mob, egged on by the Compagnacci.

On finally reaching the church, where the female congregation still knelt in prayer, Savonarola mounted the pulpit, and gave a brief summary of all that had occurred, while the Piazza outside was still echoing with the mad yells of his foes. Then, having dismissed his hearers, he withdrew to his cell, overcome with a grief too deep for words.

The Minorites, on the contrary, were exultant; and afterwards the Signory assigned them, for twenty years, a pension of sixty lire, payable every 7th of April, *in reward for their services on that day*. Nevertheless, the first time they sent to demand the sum, the Camarlingo of the Bank was so enraged by their baseness, that in paying out the money, he exclaimed: "Here, take the price of the blood ye betrayed!"

The Signory must have incurred considerable expense in preparations for this strange and fatal ordeal. There is a memorandum to the effect that 662 *lire* 15s. 8d. were paid for combustibles and in wages to men who worked by torchlight as well as all day. An additional sum of 111 *lire* was spent on food and drink for the numerous guards and citizens employed in various ways on that day. There were also other incidental expenses.



FROM "ROMOLA."¹

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middelmarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armगत."]

ROMOLA'S WAKING.

ROMOLA in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed

¹ By permission of the executors and W. Blackwood & Sons. (Price 3s. 6d.)

to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a *Lethe*, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here forever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again: glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled; from behind the golden haze were piercing

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domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and inclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and convinced that she was right she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking among the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the somber light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child — the child that was sending forth

the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features, and their peculiar garb, made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child — if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woolen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goat's milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to overripeness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy earth. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two

figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.



ROMOLA AT THE WELL

From a painting by W. St. John Harper

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet-black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand — to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movement she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly: —

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now — all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead upstairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were

still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The pievano¹ had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his

¹ Parish priest.

cow, he had repeated many Aves. The pievano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind — unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick — the pievano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favor. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after, the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thickset priest with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola on her side was not unobservant; and when the

second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision :—

“And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now.”

He told her the story of the pestilence : and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried ; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled ; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him ; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

“You will fear no longer, father,” said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority ; “you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us,” she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

“Come, Jacopo,” said Romola again, smiling at him, “you will carry the child for me. See ! your arms are strong, and I am tired.”

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also ; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

Manuscript of "George Eliot."

A reproduction of the first page of the original MS. of "Adam Bede," with a dedication to George Henry Lewes, dated March 23, 1859, followed by a note stating that the work was begun on October 22, 1857, and finished on November 16, 1858. "George Eliot" was the pseudonym of Marian Evans. The original MS. of "Adam Bede," in three volumes, together with the original MSS. of nine other of her works, were received at the British Museum in 1891, having been bequeathed thereto by George Eliot, then Mrs. W. J. Cross, who died in 1880.

March 23. 1859

To my dear husband George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life.

MARIAN LEWES.

The first volume was written at Richmond the second at Munich and Dresden, the third at Richmond again. The work was begun on 22nd October 1857, and finished on the 16th November 1858. A large portion of it was written twice though often scarcely at all altered in the copying, but other parts only once, and among these the description of Dinah and a good deal of her sermon. The love scene between her and Seth, "Hetty's world," most of the scene in the Two Bedchambers, the talk between Arthur and Adam, various parts in the second volume which I can recall less easily, and in the third Hetty's journeys, her confession and the cottage scenes.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here on a thick heap of clean straw — a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down — she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering — honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age — how the sweet and sainted lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

HOMEWARD.

In those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, traveling back over the past, and

gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a right to say, "I am tired of life, I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow—she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, laboring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellow-men had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust, the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others, began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her

back were truer, deeper, than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others, and not feel, above all, the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dullness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfillment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred, conscience continually casts backward, doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate — uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fiber was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them forever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude

from her as he? His errors—might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the gray folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola; "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

MEETING AGAIN.

On the 14th of April Romola was once more within the walls of Florence. Unable to rest at Pistoja, where contradictory reports reached her about the Trial by Fire, she had gone on to Prato, and was beginning to think that she should be drawn on to Florence in spite of dread, when she encountered that monk of San Spirito who had been her godfather's confessor. From him she learned the full story of Savonarola's arrest, and of her husband's death. This Augustinian monk had been in the stream of people who had followed the wagon with its awful burden into the piazza, and he could tell her what was generally known in Florence—that Tito had escaped from an assaulting mob by leaping into the Arno, but had been murdered on the bank by an old man who had long had an enmity against him. But Romola understood the catastrophe as no one else did. Of Savonarola the monk told her, in that tone of unfavorable prejudice which was usual in the Black Brethren (*Frati Neri*) towards the brother who showed white under his black, that he had confessed himself a deceiver of the people.

Romola paused no longer. That evening she was in Florence, sitting in agitated silence under the exclamations of joy and wailing, mingled with exuberant narrative, which were poured into her ears by Monna Brigida, who had backslided into false hair in Romola's absence, but now drew it off again and declared she would not mind being gray, if her dear child would stay with her.

Romola was too deeply moved by the main events which she had known before coming to Florence, to be wrought upon by the doubtful gossiping details added in Brigida's narrative. The tragedy of her husband's death, of Fra Girolamo's confession of duplicity under the coercion of torture, left her hardly any power of apprehending minor circumstances. All the mental activity she could exert under that load of awe-stricken grief was absorbed by two purposes which must supersede every other,—to try and see Savonarola, and to learn what had become of Tessa and the children.

"Tell me, cousin," she said abruptly, when Monna Brigida's tongue had run quite away from troubles into projects of Romola's living with her, "has anything been seen or said

since Tito's death of a young woman with two little children?"

Brigida started, rounded her eyes, and lifted up her hands.

"Cristo! no. What! was he so bad as that, my poor child? Ah, then, that was why you went away, and left me word only that you went of your own free will. Well, well; if I'd known that, I shouldn't have thought you so strange and flighty. For I did say to myself, though I didn't tell anybody else, 'What was she to go away from her husband for, leaving him to mischief, only because they cut poor Bernardo's head off? She's got her father's temper,' I said, 'that's what it is.' Well, well; never scold me, child: Bardo *was* fierce. you can't deny it. But if you had only told me the truth, that there was a young hussy and children, I should have understood it all. Anything seen or said of her? No; and the less the better. They say enough of ill about him without that. But since that was the reason you went ——"

"No, dear cousin," said Romola, interrupting her earnestly, "pray do not talk so. I wish above all things to find that young woman and her children, and to take care of them. They are quite helpless. Say nothing against it; that is the thing I shall do first of all."

"Well," said Monna Brigida, shrugging her shoulders and lowering her voice with an air of puzzled discomfiture, "if that's being a Piagnone, I've been taking peas for paternosters. Why, Fra Girolamo said as good as that widows ought not to marry again. Step in at the door and it's a sin and a shame, it seems; but come down the chimney and you're welcome. *Two* children — Santiddio!"

"Cousin, the poor thing has done no conscious wrong: she is ignorant of everything. I will tell you — but not now."

Early the next morning Romola's steps were directed to the house beyond San Ambrogio where she had once found Tessa; but it was as she had feared: Tessa was gone. Romola conjectured that Tito had sent her away beforehand to some spot where he had intended to join her, for she did not believe that he would willingly part with those children. It was a painful conjecture, because, if Tessa were out of Florence, there was hardly a chance of finding her, and Romola pictured the childish creature waiting and waiting at some wayside spot in wondering, helpless misery. Those who lived near could tell her nothing except that old deaf Lisa had gone away a week ago

with her goods, but no one knew where Tessa had gone. Romola saw no further active search open to her; for she had no knowledge that could serve as a starting point for inquiry, and not only her innate reserve but a more noble sensitiveness made her shrink from assuming an attitude of generosity in the eyes of others by publishing Tessa's relation to Tito, along with her own desire to find her. Many days passed in anxious inaction. Even under strong solicitation from other thoughts Romola found her heart palpitating if she caught sight of a pair of round brown legs, or of a short woman in the *contadina* dress.

She never for a moment told herself that it was heroism or exalted charity in her to seek these beings; she needed something that she was bound specially to care for; she yearned to clasp the children and to make them love her. This at least would be some sweet result, for others as well as herself, from all her past sorrow. It appeared there was much property of Tito's to which she had a claim; but she distrusted the cleanliness of that money, and she had determined to make it all over to the State, except so much as was equal to the price of her father's library. This would be enough for the modest support of Tessa and the children. But Monna Brigida threw such planning into the background by clamorously insisting that Romola must live with her and never forsake her till she had seen her safe in Paradise—else why had she persuaded her to turn Piagnone?—and if Romola wanted to rear other people's children, she, Monna Brigida, must rear them too. Only they must be found first.

Romola felt the full force of that innuendo. But strong feeling unsatisfied is never without its superstition, either of hope or despair. Romola's was the superstition of hope: *somehow* she was to find that mother and the children. And at last another direction for active inquiry suggested itself. She learned that Tito had provided horses and mules to await him in San Gallo; he was therefore going to leave Florence by the gate of San Gallo, and she determined, though without much confidence in the issue, to try and ascertain from the gatekeepers if they had observed any one corresponding to the description of Tessa, with her children, to have passed the gates before the morning of the 9th of April. Walking along the Via San Gallo, and looking watchfully about her through her long widow's veil, lest she should miss any object that might aid

her, she descried Bratti chaffering with a customer. That roaming man, she thought, might aid her : she would not mind talking of Tessa to *him*. But as she put aside her veil and crossed the street towards him, she saw something hanging from the corner of his basket which made her heart leap with a much stronger hope.

"Bratti, my friend," she said abruptly, "where did you get that necklace?"

"Your servant, Madonna," said Bratti, looking round at her very deliberately, his mind not being subject to surprise. "It's a necklace worth money, but I shall get little by it, for my heart's too tender for a trader's; I have promised to keep it in pledge."

"Pray tell me where you got it;—from a little woman named Tessa, is it not true?"

"Ah! if you know her," said Bratti, "and would redeem it of me at a small profit, and give it her again, you'd be doing a charity, for she cried at parting with it—you'd have thought she was running into a brook. It's a small profit I'll charge you. You shall have it for a florin, for I don't like to be hard-hearted."

"Where is she?" said Romola, giving him the money, and unclasping the necklace from the basket in joyful agitation.

"Outside the gate there, at the other end of the Borgo, at old Sibilla Manetti's: anybody will tell you which is the house."

Romola went along with winged feet, blessing that incident of the Carnival which had made her learn by heart the appearance of this necklace. Soon she was at the house she sought. The young woman and the children were in the inner room—were to have been fetched away a fortnight ago and more—had no money, only their clothes, to pay a poor widow with for their food and lodging. But since Madonna knew them—Romola waited to hear no more, but opened the door.

Tessa was seated on the low bed: her crying had passed into tearless sobs, and she was looking with sad blank eyes at the two children, who were playing in an opposite corner—Lillo covering his head with his skirt and roaring at Ninna to frighten her, then peeping out again to see how she bore it. The door was a little behind Tessa, and she did not turn round when it opened, thinking it was only the old woman: expectation was no longer alive. Romola had thrown aside her veil and paused a moment, holding the necklace in sight. Then she said, in that pure voice that used to cheer her father:—

"Tessa!"

Tessa started to her feet and looked round.

"See," said Romola, clasping the beads on Tessa's neck, "God has sent me to you again."

The poor thing screamed and sobbed, and clung to the arms that fastened the necklace. She could not speak. The two children came from their corner, laid hold of their mother's skirts, and looked up with wide eyes at Romola.

That day they all went home to Monna Brigida's, in the Borgo degli Albizzi. Romola had made known to Tessa by gentle degrees, that Naldo could never come to her again: not because he was cruel, but because he was dead.

"But be comforted, my Tessa," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you always. And we have got Lillo and Ninna."

Monna Brigida's mouth twitched in the struggle between her awe of Romola and the desire to speak unseasonably.

"Let be, for the present," she thought; "but it seems to me a thousand years till I tell this little contadina, who seems not to know how many fingers she's got on her hand, who Romola is. And I *will* tell her some day, else she'll never know her place. It's all very well for Romola; — nobody will call their souls their own when she's by; but if I'm to have this puss-faced minx living in my house she must be humble to me."

However, Monna Brigida wanted to give the children too many sweets for their supper, and confessed to Romola, the last thing before going to bed, that it would be a shame not to take care of such cherubs.

"But you must give up to me a little, Romola, about their eating, and those things. For you have never had a baby, and I had twins, only they died as soon as they were born."

THE CONFESSION.

When Romola brought home Tessa and the children, April was already near its close, and the other great anxiety on her mind had been wrought to its highest pitch by the publication in print of Fra Girolamo's Trial, or rather of the confessions drawn from him by the sixteen Florentine citizens commissioned to interrogate him. The appearance of this document, issued by order of the Signoria, had called forth such strong expressions of public suspicion and discontent, that severe measures were immediately taken for recalling it. Of course there were

copies accidentally mislaid, and a second edition, *not* by order of the Signoria, was soon in the hands of eager readers.

Romola, who began to despair of ever speaking with Fra Girolamo, read this evidence again and again, desiring to judge it by some clearer light than the contradictory impressions that were taking the form of assertions in the mouths of both partisans and enemies.

In the more devout followers of Savonarola his want of constancy under torture, and his retraction of prophetic claims, had produced a consternation too profound to be at once displaced as it ultimately was by the suspicion, which soon grew into a positive datum, that any reported words of his which were in inexplicable contradiction to their faith in him, had not come from the lips of the prophet, but from the falsifying pen of Ser Ceccone, that notary of evil repute, who had made the digest of the examination. But there were obvious facts that at once threw discredit on the printed document. Was not the list of sixteen examiners half made up of the prophet's bitterest enemies? Was not the notorious Dolfo Spini one of the new Eight prematurely elected, in order to load the dice against a man whose ruin had been determined on by the party in power? It was but a murder with slow formalities that was being transacted in the Old Palace. The Signoria had resolved to drive a good bargain with the Pope and the Duke of Milan, by extinguishing the man who was as great a molestation to vicious citizens and greedy foreign tyrants as to a corrupt clergy. The Frate had been doomed beforehand, and the only question that was pretended to exist now was whether the Republic, in return for a permission to lay a tax on ecclesiastical property, should deliver him alive into the hands of the Pope, or whether the Pope should further concede to the Republic what its dignity demanded—the privilege of hanging and burning its own prophet on its own piazza.

Who, under such circumstances, would give full credit to this so-called confession? If the Frate had denied his prophetic gift, the denial had only been wrenched from him by the agony of torture—agony that, in his sensitive frame, must quickly produce raving. What if these wicked examiners declared that he had only had the torture of the rope and pulley thrice, and only on one day, and that his confessions had been made when he was under no bodily coercion—was that to be believed? He had been tortured much more; he had been tor-

tured in proportion to the distress his confessions had created in the hearts of those who loved him.

Other friends of Savonarola, who were less ardent partisans, did not doubt the substantial genuineness of the confession, however it might have been colored by the transpositions and additions of the notary ; but they argued indignantly that there was nothing which could warrant a condemnation to death, or even to grave punishment. It must be clear to all impartial men that if this examination represented the only evidence against the Frate, he would die, not for any crime, but because he had made himself inconvenient to the Pope, to the rapacious Italian States that wanted to dismember their Tuscan neighbor, and to those unworthy citizens who sought to gratify their private ambition in opposition to the common weal.

Not a shadow of political crime had been proved against him. Not one stain had been detected on his private conduct : his fellow-monks, including one who had formerly been his secretary for several years, and who, with more than the average culture of his companions, had a disposition to criticise Fra Girolamo's rule as Prior, bore testimony, even after the shock of his retractation, to an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life, which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration. The Pope himself had not been able to raise a charge of heresy against the Frate, except on the ground of disobedience to a mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. It was difficult to justify that breach of discipline by argument, but there was a moral insurgence in the minds of grave men against the Court of Rome, which tended to confound the theoretic distinction between the Church and churchmen, and to lighten the scandal of disobedience.

Men of ordinary morality and public spirit felt that the triumph of the Frate's enemies was really the triumph of gross license. And keen Florentines like Soderini and Piero Guicciardini may well have had an angry smile on their lips at a severity which dispensed with all law in order to hang and burn a man in whom the seductions of a public career had warped the strictness of his veracity ; may well have remarked that if the Frate had mixed a much deeper fraud with a zeal and ability less inconvenient to high personages, the fraud would have been regarded as an excellent oil for ecclesiastical and political wheels.

Nevertheless such shrewd men were forced to admit that,

however poor a figure the Florentine government made in its clumsy pretense of a judicial warrant for what had in fact been predetermined as an act of policy, the measures of the Pope against Savonarola were necessary measures of self-defense. Not to try and rid himself of a man who wanted to stir up the Powers of Europe to summon a General Council and depose him, would have been adding ineptitude to iniquity. There was no denying that towards Alexander the Sixth Savonarola was a rebel, and, what was much more, a dangerous rebel. Florence had heard him say, and had well understood what he meant, that he would not *obey the devil*. It was inevitably a life-and-death struggle between the Frate and the Pope; but it was less inevitable that Florence should make itself the Pope's executioner.

Romola's ears were filled in this way with the suggestions of a faith still ardent under its wounds, and the suggestions of worldly discernment, judging things according to a very moderate standard of what is possible to human nature. She could be satisfied with neither. She brought to her long meditations over that printed document many painful observations, registered more or less consciously through the years of her discipleship, which whispered a presentiment that Savonarola's retraction of his prophetic claims was not merely a spasmodic effort to escape from torture. But, on the other hand, her soul cried out for some explanation of his lapses which would make it still possible for her to believe that the main striving of his life had been pure and grand. The recent memory of the selfish discontent which had come over her like a blighting wind along with the loss of her trust in the man who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives, had produced a reaction which is known to many as a sort of faith that has sprung up to them out of the very depths of their despair. It was impossible, she said now, that the negative disbelieving thoughts which had made her soul arid of all good, could be founded in the truth of things: impossible that it had not been a living spirit, and no hollow pretense, which had once breathed in the Frate's words, and kindled a new life in her. Whatever falsehood there had been in him, had been a fall and not a purpose; a gradual entanglement in which he struggled, not a contrivance encouraged by success.

Looking at the printed confessions, she saw many sentences which bore the stamp of bungling fabrication: they had that emphasis and repetition in self-accusation which none but very

low hypocrites use to their fellow-men. But the fact that these sentences were in striking opposition, not only to the character of Savonarola, but also to the general tone of the confessions, strengthened the impression that the rest of the text represented in the main what had really fallen from his lips. Hardly a word was dishonorable to him except what turned on his prophetic annunciations. He was unvarying in his statement of the ends he had pursued for Florence, the Church, and the world; and, apart from the mixture of falsity in that claim to special inspiration by which he sought to gain hold of men's minds, there was no admission of having used unworthy means. Even in this confession, and without expurgation of the notary's malign phrases, Fra Girolamo shone forth as a man who had sought his own glory indeed, but sought it by laboring for the very highest end, — the moral welfare of men, — not by vague exhortations, but by striving to turn beliefs into energies that would work in all the details of life.

"Everything that I have done," said one memorable passage, which may perhaps have had its erasures and interpolations, "I have done with the design of being forever famous in the present and in future ages; and that I might win credit in Florence; and that nothing of great import should be done without my sanction. And when I had thus established my position in Florence, I had it in my mind to do great things in Italy and beyond Italy, by means of those chief personages with whom I had contracted friendship and consulted on high matters, such as this of the General Council. And in proportion as my first efforts succeeded, I should have adopted further measures. Above all, when the General Council had once been brought about, I intended to rouse the princes of Christendom, and especially those beyond the borders of Italy, to subdue the infidels. It was not much in my thoughts to get myself made a Cardinal or Pope, for when I should have achieved the work I had in view, I should, without being Pope, have been the first man in the world in the authority I should have possessed, and the reverence that would have been paid me. If I had been made Pope, I would not have refused the office: but it seemed to me that to be the head of that work was a greater thing than to be Pope, because a man without virtue may be Pope; but *such a work as I contemplated demanded a man of excellent virtues.*"

That blending of ambition with belief in the supremacy of

goodness made no new tone to Romola, who had been used to hear it in the voice that rang through the Duomo. It was the habit of Savonarola's mind to conceive great things, and to feel that he was the man to do them. Iniquity should be brought low; the cause of justice, purity, and love should triumph; and it should triumph by his voice, by his work, by his blood. In moments of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless, the sense of self melted in the sense of the Unspeakable, and in that part of his experience lay the elements of genuine self-abasement; but in the presence of his fellow-men for whom he was to act, pre-eminence seemed a necessary condition of his life.

And perhaps this confession, even when it described a doubleness that was conscious and deliberate, really implied no more than that wavering of belief concerning his own impressions and motives which most human beings who have not a stupid inflexibility of self-confidence must be liable to under a marked change of external conditions. In a life where the experience was so tumultuously mixed as it must have been in the Frate's, what a possibility was opened for a change of self-judgment, when, instead of eyes that venerated and knees that knelt, instead of a great work on its way to accomplishment, and in its prosperity stamping the agent as a chosen instrument, there came the hooting and the spitting and the curses of the crowd; and then the hard faces of enemies made judges; and then the horrible torture, and with the torture the irrepressible cry, "It is true, what you would have me say: let me go: do not torture me again: yes, yes, I am guilty. O God! Thy stroke has reached me!"

As Romola thought of the anguish that must have followed the confession, — whether, in the subsequent solitude of the prison, conscience retracted or confirmed the self-taxing words, — that anguish seemed to be pressing on her own heart and urging the slow bitter tears. Every vulgar self-ignorant person in Florence was glibly pronouncing on this man's demerits, while *he* was knowing a depth of sorrow which can only be known to the soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen.

She had not then seen — what she saw afterwards — the evidence of the Frate's mental state after he had had thus to lay his mouth in the dust. As the days went by, the reports of new unpublished examinations, eliciting no change of confessions, ceased; Savonarola was left alone in his prison and at

lowed pen and ink for a while, that, if he liked, he might use his poor bruised and strained right arm to write with. He wrote ; but what he wrote was no vindication of his innocence, no protest against the proceedings used towards him : it was a continued colloquy with that divine purity with which he sought complete reunion ; it was the outpouring of self-abasement ; it was one long cry for inward renovation. No lingering echoes of the old vehement self-assertion, "Look at my work, for it is good, and those who set their faces against it are the children of the devil !" The voice of Sadness tells him, "God placed thee in the midst of the people even as if thou hadst been one of the excellent. In this way thou hast taught others, and hast failed to learn thyself. Thou hast cured others : and thou thyself hast been still diseased. Thy heart was lifted up at the beauty of thy own deeds, and through this thou hast lost thy wisdom and art become, and shalt be to all eternity, nothing. . . . After so many benefits with which God has honored thee, thou art fallen into the depths of the sea ; and after so many gifts bestowed on thee, thou, by thy pride and vainglory, hast scandalized all the world." And when Hope speaks and argues that the divine love has not forsaken him, it says nothing now of a great work to be done, but only says, "Thou art not forsaken, else why is thy heart bowed in penitence ? That too is a gift."

There is no jot of worthy evidence that from the time of his imprisonment to the supreme moment, Savonarola thought or spoke of himself as a martyr. The idea of martyrdom had been to him a passion dividing the dream of the future with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now, in place of both, had come a resignation which he called by no glorifying name.

But therefore he may the more fitly be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness — not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony : not only the reviling, and the torture, and the death throes, but the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow where he could only say, "I count as nothing : darkness encompasses me : yet the light I saw was the true light."

THE LAST SILENCE.

Romola had seemed to hear, as if they had been a cry, the words repeated to her by many lips — the words uttered by Savonarola when he took leave of those brethren of San Marco who had come to witness his signature of the confession : “ Pray for me, for God has withdrawn from me the spirit of prophecy.”

Those words had shaken her with new doubts as to the mode in which he looked back at the past in moments of complete self-possession. And the doubts were strengthened by more piteous things still, which soon reached her ears.

The 19th of May had come, and by that day's sunshine there had entered into Florence the two Papal Commissaries, charged with the completion of Savonarola's trial. They entered amid the acclamations of the people, calling for the death of the Frate. For now the popular cry was, “ It is the Frate's deception that has brought on all our misfortunes ; let him be burned, and all things right will be done, and our evils will cease.”

The next day it is well certified that there was fresh and fresh torture of the shattered sensitive frame ; and now, at the first sight of the horrible implements, Savonarola, in convulsed agitation, fell on his knees, and in brief passionate words *retracted his confession*, declared that he had spoken falsely in denying his prophetic gift, and that if he suffered, he would suffer for the truth — “ The things that I have spoken, I had them from God.”

But not the less the torture was laid upon him, and when he was under it he was asked why he had uttered those retracting words. Men were not demons in those days, and yet nothing but confessions of guilt were held a reason for release from torture. The answer came : “ I said it that I might seem good : tear me no more, I will tell you the truth.”

There were Florentine assessors at this new trial, and those words of twofold retraction had soon spread. They filled Romola with dismayed uncertainty.

“ But ” — it flashed across her — “ there will come a moment when he may speak. When there is no dread hanging over him but the dread of falsehood, when they have brought him into the presence of death, when he is lifted above the people, and looks on them for the last time, they cannot hinder him from speaking a last decisive word. I will be there.”

Three days after, on the 23d of May, 1498, there was again a long narrow platform stretching across the great piazza, from the Palazzo Vecchio towards the Tetta de' Pisani. But there was no grove of fuel as before : instead of that, there was one great heap of fuel placed on the circular area which made the termination of the long narrow platform. And above this heap of fuel rose a gibbet with three halters on it ; a gibbet which, having two arms, still looked so much like a cross as to make some beholders uncomfortable, though one arm had been truncated to avoid the resemblance.

On the marble terrace of the Palazzo were three tribunals : one near the door for the Bishop, who was to perform the ceremony of degradation on Fra Girolamo and the two brethren who were to suffer as his followers and accomplices ; another for the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them heretics and schismatics, and deliver them over to the secular arm ; and a third, close to Marzocco, at the corner of the terrace where the platform began, for the Gonfaloniere and the Eight, who were to pronounce the sentence of death.

Again the piazza was thronged with expectant faces : again there was to be a great fire kindled. In the majority of the crowd that pressed around the gibbet the expectation was that of ferocious hatred, or of mere hard curiosity to behold a barbarous sight. But there were still many spectators on the wide pavement, on the roofs, and at the windows, who, in the midst of their bitter grief and their own endurance of insult as hypocritical Piagnoni, were not without a lingering hope, even at this eleventh hour, that God would interpose, by some sign, to manifest their beloved prophet as His servant. And there were yet more who looked forward with trembling eagerness, as Romola did, to that final moment when Savonarola might say, "O people, I was innocent of deceit."

Romola was at a window on the north side of the piazza, far away from the marble terrace where the tribunals stood ; and near her, also looking on in painful doubt concerning the man who had won his early reverence, was a young Florentine of two and twenty, named Jacopo Nardi, afterwards to deserve honor as one of the very few who, feeling Fra Girolamo's eminence, have written about him with the simple desire to be veracious. He had said to Romola, with respectful gentleness, when he saw the struggle in her between her shuddering horror of the scene and her yearning to witness what might happen in the last moment : —

"Madonna, there is no need for you to look at these cruel things. I will tell you when he comes out of the Palazzo. Trust to me; I know what you would see."

Romola covered her face, but the hootings that seemed to make the hideous scene still visible could not be shut out. At last her arm was touched, and she heard the words, "He comes." She looked towards the Palace, and could see Savonarola led out in his Dominican garb; could see him standing before the Bishop, and being stripped of the black mantle, the white scapulary and long white tunic, till he stood in a close woolen under tunic, that told of no sacred office, no rank. He had been degraded, and cut off from the Church Militant.

The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand. There was a fresh hoot of triumph as the three degraded brethren passed on to the tribunal of the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them schismatics and heretics. Did not the prophet look like a schismatic and heretic now? It is easy to believe in the damnable state of a man who stands stripped and degraded.

Then the third tribunal was passed — that of the Florentine officials who were to pronounce sentence, and among whom, even at her distance, Romola could discern the odious figure of Dolfo Spini, indued in the grave black lucco, as one of the Eight.

Then the three figures, in their close white raiment, trod their way along the platform, amidst yells and grating tones of insult.

"Cover your eyes, Madonna," said Jacopo Nardi; "Fra Girolamo will be the last."

It was not long before she had to uncover them again. Savonarola was there. He was not far off her now. He had mounted the steps; she could see him look round on the multitude.

But in the same moment expectation died, and she only saw what he was seeing — torches waving to kindle the fuel beneath his dead body, faces glaring with a yet worse light; she only heard what *he* was hearing — gross jests, taunts, and curses.

The moment was past. Her face was covered again, and she only knew that Savonarola's voice had passed into eternal silence.

SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.¹

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS.

[MICHAEL ANGELO, the great Italian sculptor, painter, and architect, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1475. He was a pupil of Ghirlandajo; was employed by Lorenzo de' Medici; lived chiefly in Florence but was often engaged in Rome. From 1533 to 1541 he was occupied with his great fresco, "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel. From 1546 till his death, February 18, 1564, he was architect of St. Peter's at Rome, holding this place under five popes; he designed and built the famous dome.]

THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

WHAT joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is
 Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
 Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
 As though to be the first her brows to kiss!
 The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
 That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;
 And that fair woven net of gold refined
 Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.
 Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
 Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
 And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;
 Yea! and the belt to such as understand,
 Bound round her waist, saith — "Here I'd ever cling!"
 What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

(A Dialogue with Love.)

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold
 My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see
 In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me
 Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?
 Thou needs must know, — for thou with her of old
 Comest to stir my soul's tranquillity;
 Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be
 By loss of that loved flame more simply cold. —
 "The beauty thou discernest is all hers;
 But grows in radiance as it soars on high
 Through mortal eyes unto the soul above:
 'Tis there transfigured, — for the soul confers,
 On what she holds, her own divinity:
 And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

¹ By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.

INVENTION OR COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.¹

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(From "A Treatise on Painting.")

[LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great Italian artist, architect, engineer, musician, and universal scholar and inventor, was born near Florence in 1452. He studied under Andrea Verrocchio, who abandoned art through despair of rivaling his pupil. He entered the service of the Duke of Milan about 1483; founded an academy of arts there; modeled an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; became the foremost anatomist of his age; about 1497 painted the "Last Supper," on the refectory wall of a convent in Milan. In 1492 he returned to Florence; in 1502 became architect and engineer to Cæsar Borgia; in 1503 drew the cartoon "The Battle of the Standard." Later he was made royal painter to Louis XII. of France; was for a time patronized by Leo X., but left him in displeasure, took service with Francis I. of France, went to France with him in 1517, and died there, May 2, 1519.]

157. HOW TO REPRESENT A STORM.

To form a just idea of a storm, you must consider it attentively in its effects. When the wind blows violently over the sea or land, it removes and carries off with it everything that is not firmly fixed to the general mass. The clouds must appear straggling and broken, carried according to the direction and the force of the wind, and blended with clouds of dust raised from the sandy shore. Branches and leaves of trees must be represented as carried along by the violence of the storm, and together with numberless other light substances, scattered in the air. Trees and grass must be bent to the ground, as if yielding to the course of the wind. Boughs must be twisted out of their natural form, with their leaves reversed and entangled. Of the figures dispersed in the picture, some should appear thrown on the ground, so wrapped up in their cloaks and covered with dust as to be scarcely distinguishable. Of those who remain on their feet, some should be sheltered by, and holding fast behind, some great trees, to avoid the same fate: others bending to the ground, their hands over their faces to ward off the dust; their hair and their clothes flying straight up at the mercy of the wind.

The high tremendous waves of the stormy sea will be covered with foaming froth; the most subtle parts of which, being raised by the wind, like a thick mist, mix with the air.

¹ By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (Price 5s.)

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of a people who have grown from a small colony of Puritans to a great nation of free men and women. It is a story of the struggle for freedom and the triumph of the American spirit.

The story begins with the first settlers, the Pilgrims, who came to the New World in 1620. They were seeking a place where they could practice their religion in freedom. They found it in the state of Massachusetts, where they established the first colony.

Over the years, more and more people came to the United States, and the colonies grew into states. The states began to fight for their rights against the British government, and in 1776 they declared their independence.

The United States has since grown into a great nation, and its history is a story of progress and achievement.

Manuscript of Michelagnuolo Buonarroti.

Letter in Italian to his father, Lodovico di Buonarrota Simoni, at Florence, contradicting a rumor of his death, complaining that he has received no money from the Pope for thirteen months, and referring to a suit for dower of Monna Cassandra, widow of Francesco Buonarroti, his aunt. Written in Rome, June, 1508.

PADRE R[EVERENDISSI]MO,—Intendo per lultima uostra come chosta se detto che io son morto; e chosa che importa pocho perche io son pur uiuo; pero lasciate dir chi dice e non parlate di me annessuno, perche e ce di mali omini. Io attendo allauorare quanto posso; non o auuto danari gia tredici mesi fa dal papa e stimo infra umesse e mezzo auerne a ogni modo, perche aro franchati molto ben quegli che io auuti. Quando non me ne dessi mi bisognierebe achattare danari per torn[a]r costa, che io non o un quatrino; pero non posso esser rubato. Idio lasci seguire il meglio.

Di mona Chassandra o inteso; non se che me ne dire. Se mi trouassi danari, minformerei sessi potessi condurre qualpiato senza mio danno, cio e ditempo, e bisognierebemi fare un procuratore, e io non daspendere per anchora. Ausatemi quando ettempo chome la cosa ua, ess'se eui bisogna danari, andate assanta Maria Nuoua allo spedalingo, come gia ui dissi. Non o da dirui altro. Io mi sto qua malcontento e non troppo ben sano e chon gran fatica senza gouerno essenza danari, pure o buona speranza che Dio maiutera. Rachomandatemi a Giouanni darrichasoli, a messere Agniolo Araudo.

Vostro MICHELAGNIOLO
in Roma.

ADDRESSED: Allodouicho di Buonarrota Simoni in Firenze.

What vessels are seen should appear with broken cordage, and torn sails fluttering in the wind; some with broken masts fallen across the hulk, already on its side amidst the tempestuous waves. Some of the crew should be represented as if crying aloud for help, and clinging to the remains of the shattered vessel. Let the clouds appear as driven by tempestuous winds against the summits of lofty mountains, enveloping those mountains, and breaking and recoiling with redoubled force, like waves against a rocky shore. The air should be rendered awfully dark by the mist, dust, and thick clouds.

158. HOW TO COMPOSE A BATTLE.

First, let the air exhibit a confused mixture of smoke, arising from the discharge of artillery and musketry, and the dust raised by the horses of the combatants; and observe that dust, being of an earthy nature, is heavy, but yet, by reason of its minute particles, it is easily impelled upwards, and mixes with the air; nevertheless, it naturally falls downwards again, the most subtle parts of it alone gaining any considerable degree of elevation, and at its utmost height it is so thin and transparent as to appear nearly of the color of the air. The smoke, thus mixing with the dusty air, forms a kind of dark cloud, at the top of which it is distinguished from the dust by a bluish cast, the dust retaining more of its natural color. On that part from which the light proceeds, this mixture of air, smoke, and dust will appear much brighter than on the opposite side. The more the combatants are involved in this turbulent mist, the less distinctly they will be seen, and the more confused will they be in their lights and shades. Let the faces of the musketeers, their bodies, and every object near them, be tinged with a reddish hue, even the air or cloud of dust; in short, all that surrounds them. This red tinge you will diminish, in proportion to their distance from the primary cause. The group of figures, which appear at a distance between the spectator and the light, will form a dark mass upon a light ground; and their legs will be more undetermined and lost as they approach nearer to the ground, because there the dust is heavier and thicker.

If you mean to represent some straggling horses running out of the main body, introduce also some small clouds of dust, as far distant from each other as the leap of the horse, and

these little clouds will become fainter, more scanty, and diffused, in proportion to their distance from the horse. That nearest to his feet will consequently be the most determined, smallest, and the thickest of all.

Let the air be full of arrows, in all directions ; some ascending, some falling down, and some darting straight forwards. The bullets of the musketry, though not seen, will be marked in their course by a train of smoke, which breaks through the general confusion. The figures in the foreground should have their hair covered with dust, as also their eyebrows, and all parts liable to receive it.

The victorious party will be running forwards, their hair and other light parts flying in the wind, their eyebrows lowered, and the motion of every member properly contrasted ; for instance, in moving the right foot forwards, the left arm must be brought forwards also. If you make any of them fallen down, mark the trace of his fall on the slippery, gore-stained dust ; and where the ground is less impregnated with blood, let the print of men's feet and of horses, that have passed that way, be marked. Let there be some horses dragging the bodies of their riders, and leaving behind them a furrow, made by the body thus trailed along.

The countenances of the vanquished will appear pale and dejected. Their eyebrows raised, and much wrinkled about the forehead and cheeks. The tips of their noses somewhat divided from the nostrils by arched wrinkles terminating at the corner of the eyes, those wrinkles being occasioned by the opening and raising of the nostrils. The upper lips turned up, discovering the teeth. Their mouths wide open, and expressive of violent lamentation. One may be seen fallen wounded on the ground, endeavoring with one hand to support his body, and covering his eyes with the other, the palm of which is turned towards the enemy. Others running away, and with open mouths seeming to cry aloud. Between the legs of the combatants let the ground be strewed with all sorts of arms, as broken shields, spears, swords, and the like. Many dead bodies should be introduced, some entirely covered with dust, others in part only ; let the blood, which seems to issue immediately from the wound, appear of its natural color, and running in a winding course, till, mixing with the dust, it forms a reddish kind of mud. Some should be in the agonies of death ; their teeth shut, their eyes wildly staring, their fists clenched,

and their legs in a distorted position. Some may appear disarmed, and beaten down by the enemy, still fighting with their fists and teeth, and endeavoring to take a passionate, though unavailing revenge. There may be also a straggling horse without a rider, running in wild disorder; his mane flying in the wind, beating down with his feet all before him and doing a deal of damage. A wounded soldier may also be seen falling to the ground, and attempting to cover himself with his shield, while an enemy bending over him endeavors to give him the finishing stroke. Several dead bodies should be heaped together under a dead horse. Some of the conquerors, as having ceased fighting, may be wiping from their faces the dirt collected on them by the mixture of dust with the water from their eyes.

The *corps de reserve* will be seen advancing gayly, but cautiously, their eyebrows directed forwards, shading their eyes with their hands to observe the motions of the enemy, amidst clouds of dust and smoke, and seeming attentive to the orders of their chief. You may also make their commander holding up his staff, pushing forwards, and pointing towards the place where they are wanted. A river may likewise be introduced, with horses fording it, dashing the water about between their legs, and in the air, covering all the adjacent ground with water and foam. Not a spot is to be left without some marks of blood and carnage.

159. THE REPRESENTATION OF AN ORATOR AND HIS AUDIENCE.

If you have to represent a man who is speaking to a large assembly of people, you are to consider the subject-matter of his discourse, and to adapt his attitude to such subject. If he means to persuade, let it be known by his gesture. If he is giving an explanation, deduced from several reasons, let him put two fingers of the right hand within one of the left, having the other two bent close, his face turned towards the audience, with the mouth half open, seeming to speak. If he is sitting, let him appear as going to raise himself up a little, and his head be forwards. But if he is represented standing, let him bend his chest and his head forwards towards the people.

The auditory are to appear silent and attentive, with their eyes upon the speaker. in the act of admiration. There should

be some old men, with their mouths close shut, in token of approbation, and their lips pressed together, so as to form wrinkles at the corners of the mouth and about the cheeks, and forming others about the forehead, by raising the eyebrows, as if struck with astonishment. Some others of those sitting by should be seated with their hands within each other, round one of their knees; some with one knee upon the other, and upon that, one hand receiving the elbow, the other supporting the chin, covered with a venerable beard.

160. OF DEMONSTRATIVE GESTURES.

The action by which a figure points at anything near, either in regard to time or situation, is to be expressed by the hand very little removed from the body. But if the same thing is far distant, the hand must also be far removed from the body, and the face of the figure pointing must be turned towards those to whom he is pointing it out.

161. OF THE ATTITUDES OF THE BYSTANDERS AT SOME REMARKABLE EVENT.

All those who are present at some event deserving notice express their admiration, but in various manners: as when the hand of justice punishes some malefactor. If the subject be an act of devotion, the eyes of all present should be directed towards the object of their adoration, aided by a variety of pious actions with the other members: as at the elevation of the host at mass, and other similar ceremonies. If it be a laughable subject, or one exciting compassion and moving to tears, in those cases it will not be necessary for all to have their eyes turned towards the object, but they will express their feelings by different actions; and let there be several assembled in groups, to rejoice or lament together. If the event be terrific, let the faces of those who run away from the sight be strongly expressive of fright, with various motions, as shall be described in the tract on motion.

VENICE.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand:
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:
 And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here,
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.¹

BY VICTOR HUGO.

[VICTOR MARIE HUGO, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848; became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator. He died May 22, 1885. Of his enormously prolific genius the best-known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the *coup d'état*; "The Last Day of a Condemned One"; the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse.]

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been made, some years previous, bell ringer of Notre Dame, thanks to his adopted father, Claude Frollo, who had become arch-deacon of Josas, thanks to his liege lord Sir Louis de Beaumont, who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, thanks to his patron Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, therefore, was ringer of Notre Dame.

In time, a peculiar bond of intimacy grew up between the ringer and the church. Cut off forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity, confined from infancy in this doubly insuperable circle, the poor wretch became used to seeing nothing of the world outside the religious walls which had received him into their shadow. Notre Dame had been to him by turns, as he grew and developed, egg, nest, home, country, universe.

And it is certain that there was a sort of mysterious and preëxisting harmony between this creature and the structure. When, still a child, he dragged himself tortuously and jerkingly along beneath its gloomy arches, he seemed, with his human face and animal-like limbs, to be some reptile native to that

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damp dark pavement upon which the Roman capitals cast so many grotesque shadows.

Later on, the first time that he mechanically grasped the bell rope in the tower, and clung to it, and set the bell ringing, he seemed to Claude, his adopted father, like a child whose tongue is loosed, and who begins to talk.

It was thus, little by little, growing ever after the pattern of the cathedral, living there, sleeping there, seldom leaving its precincts, forever subject to its mysterious influence, he came to look like it, to be imbedded in it, to form, as it were, an integral part of it. His sharp angles (if we may be pardoned the simile) fitted into the reëntering angles of the building, and he seemed not only to inhabit it, but to be its natural tenant. He might almost be said to have assumed its form, as the snail assumes the form of its shell. It was his dwelling, his hole, his wrapper. There was so deep an instinct of sympathy between him and the old church, there were so many magnetic affinities between them, that he in some sort clung to it, as the tortoise to its shell. The rugged cathedral was his shell.

It is useless to warn the reader not to take literally the figures of speech which we are forced to use here to express this singular, symmetrical, direct, almost consubstantial union of a man and an edifice. It is also useless to speak of the degree of familiarity with the whole cathedral which he had acquired during so long and intimate a cohabitation. This dwelling was his own. It contained no deeps which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no heights which he had not scaled. He often climbed the façade several stories high by the mere aid of projecting bits of sculpture. The towers upon the outer face of which he was frequently seen crawling like a lizard gliding over a perpendicular wall (those twin giants, so lofty, so threatening, so terrible) had no vertigoes, no terrors, no giddiness for him; they were so docile to his hand, so easily climbed, that he might be said to have tamed them. By dint of jumping, clambering, sporting amid the abysses of the huge cathedral, he had become, as it were, a monkey and a goat, like the Calabrian child who swims before he walks, and plays with the sea while but an infant.

Moreover, not only his body but also his spirit seemed to be molded by the cathedral. What was the state of that soul? What bent had it assumed, what form had it taken under its knotty covering in this wild life? It would be hard to tell.

Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, humpbacked, lame. It was only by great patience and great painstaking that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality followed the poor foundling. Bell ringer of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a new infirmity soon put the finishing touch to his misfortunes; the bells had broken the drum of his ears: he became deaf. The only avenue which Nature had left him open to the world was suddenly closed forever.

In closing, it shut off the only ray of joy and light which still reached Quasimodo's soul. That soul relapsed into utter darkness. The miserable lad's melancholy became as complete and as hopeless as his deformity. Add to this that his deafness made him in some sort dumb; for, that he might not be an object of laughter to others, from the moment that he realized his deafness he firmly resolved to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke save when alone. Of his own free will he bound that tongue which Claude Frollo had worked so hard to set free. Hence it resulted that, when necessity constrained him to speak, his tongue was stiff and awkward, like a door whose hinges have rusted.

If now we strive to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through this hard thick bark; could we sound the depths of that misshapen organism; could we hold a torch behind those non-transparent organs, explore the dark interior of that opaque being, illumine its obscure corners, its absurd blind alleys, and cast a strong light suddenly upon the Psyche imprisoned at the bottom of this well, we should doubtless find the poor thing in some constrained attitude, stunted and rickety, like those prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grew old bent double in a stone coffer too short and too low for them either to lie down or to stand up.

The spirit certainly wastes away in a misshapen body. Quasimodo barely felt within him the blind stirring of a soul made in his own image. His impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his mind. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which traversed it came forth greatly distorted. The reflection resulting from that refraction was necessarily divergent, and deviated from the right path.

Hence endless optical illusions, endless aberrations of opinion, endless digressions into which his thoughts, sometimes foolish, and sometimes idiotic, would wander.

The first effect of this unfortunate condition of things was

to disturb his views of all outward objects. He had scarcely any direct perception of them. The external world seemed much farther away from him than it does from us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to make him mischievous.

He was mischievous because he was an untrained savage ; he was a savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as in ours.

His strength, wonderfully developed as it was, was the cause of still greater mischief. "*Malus puer robustus*," says Hobbes.

But we must do him the justice to say that this mischievous spirit was not innate. From his first intercourse with men he had felt, had seen himself despised, scorned, repulsed. To him, human speech meant nothing but mockery or curses. As he grew up, he encountered nothing but hate. He caught the infection. He acquired the universal malevolence. He adopted the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all he never turned his face to the world of men save with regret ; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with marble figures, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh at him, and never looked upon him otherwise than with peace and good will. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not hate Quasimodo ; he looked too much like them for that. They rather mocked at other men. The saints were his friends, and blessed him. The monsters were his friends, and protected him. Thus he had long conversations with them. He would sometimes pass whole hours squatting before one of these statues, in solitary chat with it. If any one came by, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only company for him, it was the universe ; nay, more, it was Nature itself. He never dreamed that there were other hedgerows than the stained-glass windows in perpetual bloom ; other shade than that of the stone foliage always budding, loaded with birds in the thickets of Saxon capitals ; other mountains than the colossal towers of the church ; or other ocean than Paris roaring at their feet.

But that which he loved more than all else in the motherly building, that which awakened his soul and bade it spread its poor stunted wings folded in such misery where it dwelt in darkness, that which sometimes actually made him happy, was

the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them. From the chime in the steeple over the transept to the big bell above the door, he had a tender feeling for them all. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him like three great cages, in which the birds, trained by him, sang for him alone; and yet it was these very bells which made him deaf. But mothers often love that child best which has cost them most pain.

To be sure, their voice was the only one which he could now hear. For this reason the big bell was his best beloved. She was his favorite of that family of noisy damsels who fluttered about his head on holidays. This big bell had been christened Marie. She hung alone in the south tower with her sister Jacqueline, a bell of less size inclosed in a smaller cage close beside her own. This Jacqueline was named for the wife of Jehan Montague, who gave the bell to the church; which did not prevent him from figuring at Montfaucon without a head. In the second tower there were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the belfry over the transept with the wooden bell, which was only rung from the afternoon of Maundy Thursday till the morning of Holy Saturday or Easter Eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his harem; but big Marie was his favorite.

It is impossible to give any idea of his joy on those days when full peals were rung. When the archdeacon dismissed him with the word "Go," he ran up the winding staircase more rapidly than any one else could have gone down. He reached the aerial chamber of the big bell, breathless; he gazed at it an instant with love and devotion, then spoke to it gently, and patted it, as you would a good horse about to take a long journey. He consoled with it on the hard work before it. After these initiatory caresses he called to his assistants, stationed on a lower story of the tower, to begin. They then hung upon the ropes, the windlass creaked, and the enormous mass of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, panting with excitement, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper upon its brazen wall made the beam on which he stood quiver. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Here we go! There we go!" he shouted with a mad burst of laughter. But the motion of the great bell grew faster and faster, and as it traversed an ever-increasing space, his eye grew bigger and bigger, more and more glittering and phosphorescent. At last the



QUASIMODO, THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME

full peal began; the whole tower shook: beams, leads, broad stones, all rumbled together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils at the top. Then Quasimodo's rapture knew no bounds: he came and went; he trembled and shook from head to foot with the tower. The bell, let loose, and frantic with liberty, turned its jaws of bronze to either wall of the tower in turn,—jaws from which issued that whirlwind whose roar men heard for four leagues around. Quasimodo placed himself before those gaping jaws; he rose and fell with the swaying of the bell, inhaled its tremendous breath, gazed now at the abyss swarming with people like ants, two hundred feet below him, and now at the huge copper clapper which from second to second bellowed in his ear. That was the only speech which he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence reigning around him. He basked in it as a bird in the sunshine. All at once the frenzy of the bell seized him; his look became strange; he waited for the passing of the bell as a spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself headlong upon it. Then, suspended above the gulf, launched upon the tremendous vibration of the bell, he grasped the brazen monster by its ears, clasped it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, doubling the fury of the peal with the whole force and weight of his body. As the tower shook, he shouted and gnashed his teeth, his red hair stood erect, his chest labored like a blacksmith's bellows, his eye flashed fire, the monstrous steed neighed and panted under him; and then the big bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo ceased to exist: they became a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest; vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged crupper; a strange centaur, half man, half bell; a sort of horrid Astolpho, borne aloft by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being pervaded the whole cathedral with a peculiar breath of life. It seemed, at least in the opinion of the grossly superstitious mob, as if mysterious emanations issued from him, animating every stone in Notre Dame and making the very entrails of the old church throb and palpitate. His mere presence there was enough to lead the vulgar to fancy that the countless statues in the galleries and over the doors moved and breathed. And in very truth the cathedral seemed a creature docile and obedient to his hand: it awaited his pleasure to lift up its mighty voice; it was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar

spirit. He might be said to make the vast edifice breathe. He was indeed omnipresent in it, he multiplied himself at every point of the structure. Sometimes the terrified spectator saw an odd dwarf on the extreme pinnacle of one of the towers, climbing, creeping, writhing, crawling on all fours, descending headfirst into the abyss, leaping from one projection to another, and diving deep into the maw of some sculptured gorgon: it was Quasimodo hunting for daws' nests. Sometimes a visitor stumbled over a sort of living nightmare, crouching and scowling in a dark corner of the church: it was Quasimodo absorbed in thought. Sometimes an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs might be seen swaying frantically to and fro from a rope's end under a belfry: it was Quasimodo ringing the Vespers or the Angelus. Often by night a hideous form was seen wandering along the frail, delicately wrought railing which crowns the towers and runs round the top of the chancel: it was still the hunchback of Notre Dame. Then, so the neighbors said, the whole church took on a fantastic, supernatural, horrible air,—eyes and mouths opened wide here and there; the dogs and dragons and griffins of stone which watch day and night, with outstretched necks and gaping jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, barked loudly. And if it were a Christmas night, while the big bell, which seemed uttering its death rattle, called the faithful to attend the solemn midnight mass, the gloomy façade assumed such an aspect that it seemed as if the great door were devouring the crowd while the rose window looked on. And all this was due to Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle Ages held him to be its demon; he was its soul.

So much so that to those who know that Quasimodo once existed, Notre Dame is now deserted, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has gone from it. That immense body is empty; it is a skeleton; the spirit has left it, the abode remains, and that is all. It is like a skull; the sockets of the eyes are still there, but sight is gone.

A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER.

These words were, so to speak, the connecting link between two scenes which up to this instant had gone on simultaneously, each upon its own particular stage: one, of which we have just

read, at the Rat Hole ; the other, of which we shall now read, at the pillory. The former was witnessed only by the three women whose acquaintance the reader has just made ; the spectators of the latter consisted of the crowd of people whom we saw some time since gathering in the Grève, about the gibbet and the pillory.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four officers posted at the four corners of the pillory ever since nine in the morning led to expect an execution of some sort, perhaps not a hanging, but a whipping, cropping of ears, or something of the sort, — this crowd had grown so rapidly that the four officers, too closely hemmed in, were more than once obliged to drive the people back by a free use of their whips and their horses' heels.

The populace, well accustomed to wait for public executions, betrayed no great impatience. They amused themselves by looking at the pillory, — a very simple structure, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high, and hollow within. A very steep flight of stairs of unhewn stone, called the ladder, led to the upper platform, upon which was a horizontal wheel made of oak. The victim was bound to this wheel in a kneeling posture, with his hands behind him. A wooden shaft, set in motion by a capstan concealed inside the machine, made the wheel revolve horizontally, thus presenting the prisoner's face to each side of the square in turn. This was called "turning" a criminal.

It is evident that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Markets. There was nothing architectural or monumental about it. It had no roof with an iron cross, no octagonal lantern, no slender columns expanding at the edge of the roof into capitals composed of acanthus leaves and flowers, no huge fantastic gutter spouts, no carved woodwork, no delicate sculpture cut deep into the stone.

Here the spectator must needs be content with the four rough walls, two stone facings, and a shabby stone gibbet, plain and bare.

The treat would have been a sorry one for lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true that no one was ever less interested in monuments than your good cockney of the Middle Ages, who paid very little heed to the beauty of a pillory.

The victim appeared at last, tied to the tail of a cart ; and when he had been hoisted to the top of the platform, where he

could be seen from all parts of the square bound to the wheel of the pillory with straps and ropes, a prodigious hooting, mingled with shouts and laughter, burst from the spectators. They had recognized Quasimodo.

It was indeed he. It was a strange reverse. He was now pilloried on the same place where he was the day before hailed, acclaimed, and proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, Lord of Misrule, and attended by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, the Emperor of Galilee ! One thing is certain ; there was not a soul in the crowd, not even himself, in turn triumphant and a victim, who could distinctly draw a mental comparison between these two situations. Gringoire and his philosophy were wanting to the spectacle.

Soon Michel Noiret, sworn trumpeter to our lord the king, imposed silence on all beholders, and proclaimed the sentence, according to the provost's order and command. He then retired behind the cart, with his men in livery coats.

Quasimodo, utterly impassive, never winked. All resistance on his part was rendered impossible by what was then called, in the language of criminal law, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds" ; which means that the chains and thongs probably cut into his flesh. This, by the bye, is a tradition of the jail and the convict prison which is not yet lost, and which the handcuffs still preserve as a precious relic among us, civilized, mild, and humane as we are (not to mention the guillotine and the galleys).

He allowed himself to be led, pushed, carried, lifted, tied, and re-tied. His face revealed nothing more than the surprise of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf ; he seemed to be blind.

He was placed upon his knees on the circular plank ; he made no resistance. He was stripped of shirt and doublet to the waist ; he submitted. He was bound with a fresh system of straps and buckles ; he suffered himself to be buckled and bound. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf whose head hangs dangling from the back of a butcher's cart.

"The booby !" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the victim, as a matter of course) ; "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box !"

A shout of laughter ran through the crowd when Quasi-

modo's hump, his camel breast, his horny, hairy shoulders, were bared to view. During this burst of merriment, a man in the city livery, short of stature, and strong, mounted the platform and took his place by the prisoner's side. His name was soon circulated among the spectators. It was Master Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer of the Châtelet.

He began by placing on one corner of the pillory a black hourglass, the upper part of which was full of red sand, which dropped slowly into the lower half; then he took off his party-colored coat, and there was seen hanging from his right hand a slim, slender whip with long white thongs, shining, knotted, braided, armed with metal tips. With his left hand he carelessly rolled his right shirt sleeve up to his armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo shouted, lifting his fair curly head high above the crowd (he had climbed Robin Poussepain's shoulders for the express purpose), "Come and see, gentlemen and ladies! They are going straightway to flog Master Quasimodo, the bell ringer of my brother the archdeacon of Josas, a strange specimen of Oriental architecture, with a dome for his back and twisted columns for legs."

All the people laughed, especially the children and the young girls.

At last the executioner stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo reeled in spite of his bonds. The astonishment suddenly depicted upon his misshapen face redoubled the bursts of laughter around him.

Suddenly, just as the wheel in its revolution presented to Master Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Master Pierrat raised his arm: the thin lashes hissed through the air like a brood of vipers, and fell furiously upon the wretched man's shoulders.

Quasimodo started as if roused abruptly from a dream. He began to understand. He writhed in his bonds; surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he did not heave a sigh. He merely bent his head back, to the right, then to the left, shaking it like a bull stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another, and another, and so on and on. The wheel did not cease from turning, or the blows from raining down.

Soon the blood spurted; it streamed in countless rivulets over the hunchback's swarthy shoulders; and the slender

things, as they rent the air, sprinkled it in drops among the crowd.

Quasimodo had resumed, apparently at least, his former impassivity. He had tried at first, secretly and without great visible effort, to burst his bonds. His eye kindled, his muscles stiffened, his limbs gathered all their force, and the straps and chains stretched. The struggle was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the tried and tested fetters of the provosty held firm. They cracked; and that was all. Quasimodo fell back exhausted. Surprise gave way, upon his features, to a look of bitter and profound dejection. He closed his single eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and feigned death.

Thenceforth he did not budge. Nothing could wring a movement from him, — neither his blood, which still flowed, nor the blows, which increased in fury, nor the rage of the executioner, who became excited and intoxicated by his work, nor the noise of the horrid lashes, keener and sharper than the stings of wasps.

At last an usher from the Châtelet, dressed in black, mounted on a black horse, who had been posted beside the ladder from the beginning of the execution of the sentence, extended his ebony wand towards the hourglass. The executioner paused. The wheel stopped. Quasimodo's eye reopened slowly.

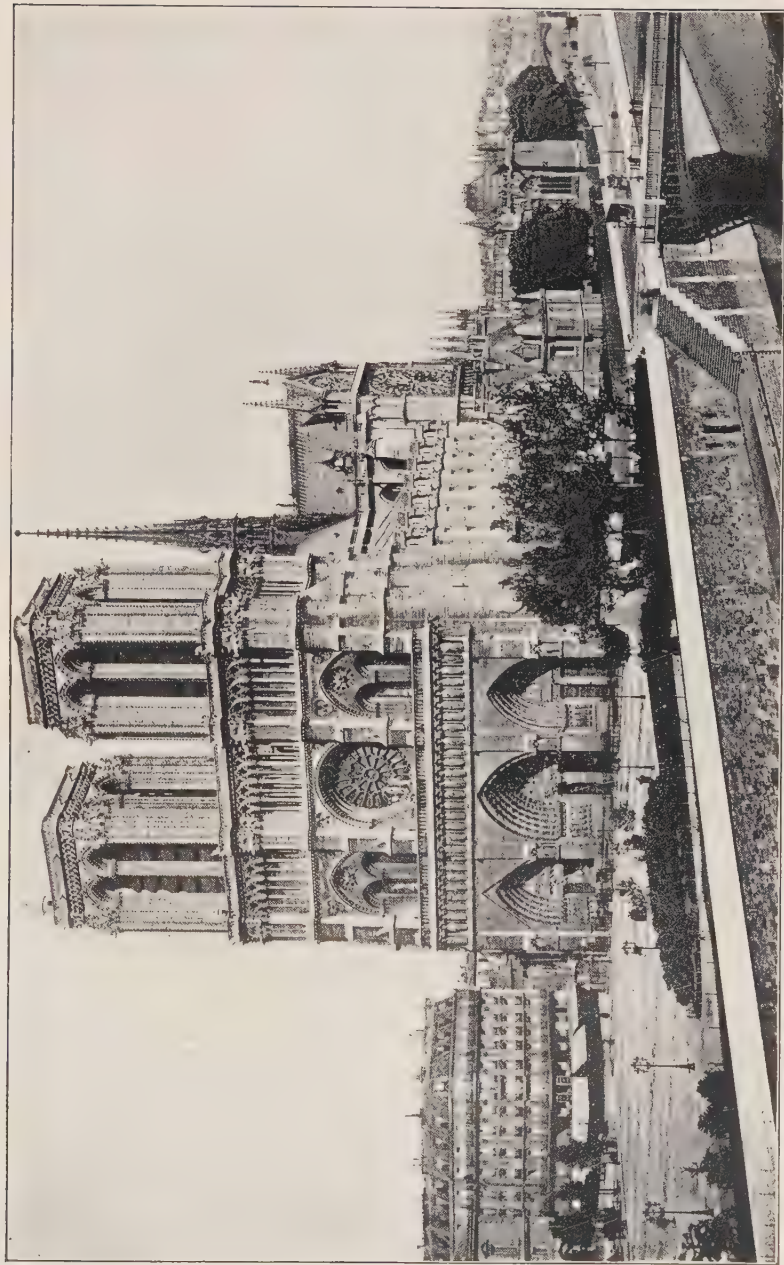
The flagellation was ended. Two attendants of the executioner washed the victim's bleeding shoulders, rubbed them with some salve which at once closed all the wounds, and threw over his back a piece of yellow cotton cloth cut after the pattern of a priest's cope. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue let his red lashes soaked with blood drip upon the pavement.

But all was not over for Quasimodo. He had still to spend in the pillory that hour so judiciously added by Master Florian Barbedienne to the sentence of Master Robert d'Estouteville, — all to the greater glory of Jean de Cumène's old physiological and psychological pun : "*Surdus absurdus.*"

The hourglass was therefore turned, and the hunchback was left bound to the plank as before, in order that justice might be executed to the utmost.

The people, particularly in the Middle Ages, were to society what the child is to a family. So long as they remain in their primitive condition of ignorance, of moral and intellectual non-age, it may be said of them as of a child :—

That age is without pity.



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS

We have already shown that Quasimodo was the object of universal hatred,—for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a single spectator in the crowd who had not—or did not think he had—grounds for complaint against the malicious hunchback of Notre Dame. Every one was delighted to see him in the pillory; and the severe punishment which he had just received, and the piteous state in which it had left him, far from softening the hearts of the populace, had made their hatred keener by adding to it a spice of merriment.

Thus, “public vengeance,” as the legal jargon still styles it, once satisfied, a thousand private spites took their turn at revenge. Here, as in the Great Hall, the women made themselves especially conspicuous. All bore him a grudge,—some for his mischief, others for his ugliness. The latter were the more furious.

“Oh, you image of Antichrist!” said one.

“Broomstick rider!” cried another.

“What a fine tragic face!” yelled a third. “It would surely make you Lord of Misrule, if to-day were only yesterday.”

“That’s right,” added an old woman. “This is the pillory face. When shall we have the gallows face?”

“When shall we see you buried a hundred feet below ground, with your big bell upon your head, you cursed bell ringer?”

“And to think that it’s this demon that rings the Angelus!”

“Oh, you deaf man! you blind man! you hunchback! you monster!”

And the two students, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang at the top of their voices the old popular refrain:—

“A halter for the gallows bird!
A fagot for the ugly ape!”

Countless other insults rained upon him, mingled with hoots, curses, laughter, and occasional stones.

Quasimodo was deaf, but his sight was capital, and the fury of the mob was no less forcibly painted on their faces than in their words. Besides, the stones which struck him explained the peals of laughter.

He bore it for a time; but little by little his patience, which

had resisted the torturer's whip, gave way and rebelled against all these insect stings. The Asturian bull, which pays but little heed to the attacks of the picador, is maddened by the dogs and the banderillos.

At first he glanced slowly and threateningly around the crowd; but, bound fast as he was, his glance was impotent to drive away those flies which galled his wounds. Then he struggled in his fetters, and his frantic efforts made the old pillory wheel creak upon its timbers. All this only increased the shouts and derision of the crowd.

Then the wretched man, unable to break the collar which held him chained like a wild beast, became quiet again; only at intervals a sigh of rage heaved his breast. His face showed no trace of mortification or shame. He was too far removed from the existing state of society, and too nearly allied to a state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, it is doubtful if infamy be a thing which can be felt by one afflicted with that degree of deformity. But rage, hate, despair, slowly veiled the hideous face with a cloud which grew darker and darker, more and more heavily charged with an electricity revealed by countless flashes from the eye of the Cyclop.

However, this cloud was lightened for a moment as a mule passed through the crowd, bearing a priest on his back. As soon as he saw that mule and that priest, the poor sufferer's face softened. The fury which convulsed it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable sweetness, affection, and tenderness. As the priest approached, this smile became more pronounced, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unhappy man hailed the coming of a Savior. Yet, when the mule was near enough to the pillory for his rider to recognize the prisoner, the priest cast down his eyes, turned back abruptly, spurred his animal on either side as if in haste to avoid humiliating appeals, and very far from anxious to be greeted and recognized by a poor devil in such a plight.

The priest was the archdeacon Don Claude Frolo.

The cloud grew darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile lingered for some time, although it became bitter, dejected, profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half, wounded, illtreated, incessantly mocked, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he again struggled in his chains with renewed despair, which made all the timbers that held him quiver; and breaking the silence which he had hitherto obstinately kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice more like the bark of a dog than a human cry, and which drowned the sound of the hooting, "Water!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, only increased the amusement of the good Parisian populace who surrounded the ladder, and who, it must be confessed, taken in the mass and as a multitude, were at this time scarcely less cruel and brutish than that horrible tribe of Vagrant Vagabonds to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the wretched sufferer, except to mock at his thirst. Certainly he was at this moment more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiable, with his livid and streaming face, his wild eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue protruding. It must also be acknowledged that, even had there been in the throng any charitable soul tempted to give a cup of cold water to the miserable creature in his agony, so strong an idea of shame and ignominy was attached to the infamous steps of the pillory, that this alone would have sufficed to repel the Good Samaritan.

In a few minutes Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and repeated in a still more heartrending voice, "Water!"

Every one laughed.

"Drink that!" shouted Robin Poussepain, flinging in his face a sponge which had been dragged through the gutter. "There, you deaf monster! I owe you something."

A woman aimed a stone at his head:—

"That will teach you to wake us at night with your cursed chimes!"

"Well, my boy!" howled a cripple, striving to reach him with his crutch, "will you cast spells on us again from the top of the towers of Notre Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of!" added a man, letting fly a broken jug at his breast. "'Twas you who made my wife give birth to a double-headed child, just by walking past her."

"And my cat have a kitten with six feet!" shrieked an old woman, hurling a tile at him.

"Water!" repeated the gasping Quasimodo, for the third time.

At this moment he saw the crowd separate. A young girl, oddly dressed, stepped from their midst. She was accompanied by a little white goat with gilded horns, and held a tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye gleamed. It was the gypsy girl whom he had tried to carry off the night before, — a freak for which he dimly felt that he was even now being punished; which was not in the least true, since he was only punished for the misfortune of being deaf, and having been tried by a deaf judge. He did not doubt that she too came to be avenged, and to take her turn at him with the rest.

He watched her nimbly climb the ladder. Rage and spite choked him. He longed to destroy the pillory; and had the lightning of his eye had power to blast, the gypsy girl would have been reduced to ashes long before she reached the platform.

Without a word she approached the sufferer, who vainly writhed and twisted to avoid her, and loosening a gourd from her girdle, she raised it gently to the parched lips of the miserable wretch.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, a great tear trickled, and rolled slowly down the misshapen face, so long convulsed with despair. It was perhaps the first that the unfortunate man had ever shed.

But he forgot to drink. The gypsy girl made her customary little grimace of impatience, and smilingly pressed the neck of the gourd to Quasimodo's jagged mouth.

He drank long draughts; his thirst was ardent.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, doubtless to kiss the fair hand which had helped him. But the girl, perhaps not quite free from distrust, and mindful of the violent attempt of the previous night, withdrew her hand with the terrified gesture of a child who fears being bitten by a wild animal.

Then the poor deaf man fixed upon her a look of reproach and unutterable sorrow.

It would anywhere have been a touching sight, to see this lovely girl, fresh, pure, charming, and yet so weak, thus devoutly hastening to the help of so much misery, deformity, and malice. Upon a pillory, the sight was sublime.



VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE AT GUERNSEY, WHERE "LES
MISÉRABLES" WAS WRITTEN

The people themselves were affected by it, and began to clap their hands and shout : —

“Noël ! Noël !”

It was at this instant that the recluse saw, from the window of her cell, the gypsy girl upon the pillory, and hurled her ominous curse at her head : —

“May you be accursed, daughter of Egypt ! accursed ! accursed !”



ALCINA THE ENCHANTRESS.

By LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

(From the “Orlando Furioso.”)

[LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, one of the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Reggio, in northern Italy, September 8, 1474. He was intended for the law by his father, but, at length, being allowed to follow his own inclinations, studied the classics and devoted himself to literature. About 1503 he settled in Ferrara and entered the service of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who employed him in various political negotiations. During his leisure hours throughout a period of ten years he wrote his masterpiece, “Orlando Furioso” (Orlando Mad), an epic poem in forty-five cantos, celebrating the achievements of the Paladins of Charlemagne in the wars between the Christians and the Moors. It is virtually a continuation of Boiardo's metrical romance, “Orlando Innamorato” (Orlando in Love). Ariosto subsequently joined the court of the cardinal's brother, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and in 1512 was appointed governor of Garfagnana, a mountainous district infested with brigands. After a successful administration of three years he returned to Ferrara, where he died June 6, 1533. Besides his main work he wrote comedies, satires, sonnets, and Latin poems.]

THE traveler, he, whom sea or mountain sunder
From his own country, sees things strange and new;
That the misjudging vulgar, which lies under
The mist of ignorance, esteems untrue:
Rejecting whatsoever is a wonder,
Unless 'tis palpable and plain to view:
Hence inexperience, as I know full well,
Will yield small credence to the tale I tell.

But be this great or small, I know not why
The rabble's silly judgment I should fear,
Convinced *you* will not think the tale a lie,
In whom the light of reason shines so clear.
And hence to you it is I only try
The fruit of my fatigues to render dear.

I ended where Eriphila in guard
Of bridge and stream was seen, the passage barred.

Of finest metal was her armor bright,
With gems of many colors overspread,
The tawny jacinth, yellow chrysolite,
The emerald green of hue, and ruby red.
Mounted, but not on palfrey, for the fight;
In place of that, she on a wolf had sped,
Sped on a wolf towards the pass and rode
On sell, that rich beyond all custom showed.

No larger wolf, I ween, Apulia roams;
More huge than bull; unguided by her hand:
Although upon no bit the monster foams,
Docile, I know not why, to her command
The accursed Plague, arrayed in surcoat, comes
Above her arms, in color like the sand;
That, saving in its dye, was of the sort
Which bishops and which prelates wear at court.

The giantess's crest and shield appear,
For ensign, decked with swoln and poisonous toad.
Her the two damsels to the cavalier
Before the bridge, prepared for battle, showed,
Threatening, as wont to some, with leveled spear,
To do the warrior scorn and bar the road.
Bidding him turn, she to Rogero cries;
A lance he takes, and threats her and defies.

As quick and daring, the gigantic Pest
Spurred her wolf, seated well for that dread game:
In mid career she laid her lance in rest,
And made earth quake beneath her as she came;
Yet at the encounter fierce the champaign pressed,
For underneath the casque, with steadfast aim,
So hard Rogero smote her, that he bore
The beldam backward six good yards and more:

And came already with his lifted blade,
Drawn for that end, to take her haughty head;
To him an easy task; for she was laid
Among the grass and flowers, like one that's dead.
But, "'Tis enough that she is vanquished," said
The pair: "no further press thy vengeance dread.

Sheathe, courteous cavalier, thy sword anew:
Pass we the river, and our way pursue."

Along the path, which through a forest lay
Roughish and someddeal ill to beat, they went.
Besides that strait and stony was the way,
This, nigh directly, scaled a hill's ascent.
But, when arrived upon the summit, they
Issued upon a mead of vast extent;
And a more pleasant palace on that green
Beheld, and brighter than was ever seen.

To meet the child, Alcina, fair of hue,
Advanced some way beyond the outer gate;
And, girded by a gay and courtly crew,
Rogero there received in lordly state:
While all the rest to him such honor do,
And on the knight with such deep reverence wait,
They could not have displayed more zeal and love,
Had Jove descended from the choirs above.

Not so much does the palace, fair to see,
In riches other princely domes excel,
As that the gentlest, fairest company
Which the whole world contains, within it dwell:
Of either sex, with small variety
Between, in youth and beauty matched as well:
The fay alone exceeds the rest as far
As the bright sun outshines each lesser star.

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter luster glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.

Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and somedeal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
Of which the offended myrtle told above.
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
Can be united with so sweet a smile.

No! he could now believe, by magic art,
Astolpho well transformed upon the plain,
For punishment of foul ungrateful heart,
And haply meriting severer pain.
And, as for all he heard him late impart,
'Twas prompted by revenge, 'twas false and vain.



LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

From a painting by Titianus

By hate and malice was the sufferer stung,
To blame and wound the fay with slanderous tongue.

The beauteous lady whom he loved so well
Is newly banished from his altered breast;
For (such the magic of Alcina's spell)
She every ancient passion dispossessed:
And in his bosom, there alone to dwell,
The image of her love and self impressed.
So witched, Rogero sure some grace deserves,
If from his faith his frail affection swerves.

At board lyre, lute, and harp of tuneful string,
And other sounds, in mixed diversity,
Made, round about, the joyous palace ring,
With glorious concert and sweet harmony.
Nor lacked there well-accorded voice to sing
Of love, its passion and its ecstasy;
Nor who, with rare inventions, choicely versed,
Delightful fiction to the guests rehearsed.

What table, spread by whatsoever heir
Of Ninus, though triumphant were the board,
Or what more famous and more costly, where
Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord,
Could with this banquet's matchless joys compare,
By the fond fairy for Rogero stored?
I think not such a feast is spread above,
Where Ganymede presents the cup to Jove.

They form a ring, the board and festive cheer
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game:
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbor's ear,
What secret pleases best; to knight and dame
A fair occasion, without let or fear,
Their love, unheard of any, to proclaim.
And in conclusion the two lovers plight
Their word, to meet together on that night.

Soon, and much sooner than their wont, was ended
The game at which the palace inmates play:
When pages on the troop with torches tended,
And with their radiance chased the night away.
To seek his bed the paladin ascended,
Girt with that goodly squadron, in a gay

And airy bower, appointed for his rest,
'Mid all the others chosen as the best.

And when of comfits and of cordial wine
A fitting proffer has been made anew,
The guests their bodies reverently incline,
And to their bowers depart the courtly crew.
He upon perfumed sheets, whose texture fine
Seemed of Arachne's loom, his body threw:
Harkening the while with still attentive ears,
If he the coming of the lady hears.

At every movement heard on distant floor,
Hoping 'twas she, Rogero raised his head:
He thinks he hears; but it is heard no more,
Then sighs at his mistake: ofttimes from bed
He issued, and undid his chamber door,
And peeped abroad, but still no better sped:
And cursed a thousand times the hour that she
So long retarded his felicity.

"Yes, now she comes," the stripling often said,
And reckoned up the paces, as he lay,
Which from her bower were haply to be made
To that where he was waiting for the fay.
These thoughts, and other thoughts as vain, he weighed
Before she came, and, restless at her stay,
Often believed some hindrance, yet unscanned,
Might interpose between the fruit and hand.

At length, when dropping sweets the costly fay
Had put some end to her perfumery,
The time now come she need no more delay,
Since all was hushed within the palace, she
Stole from her bower alone, through secret way,
And passed towards the chamber silently,
Where on his couch the youthful cavalier
Lay, with a heart long torn by Hope and Fear.

When the successor of Astolpho spies
Those smiling stars above him, at the sight
A flame, like that of kindled sulphur, flies
Through his full veins, as ravished by delight
Out of himself; and now up to the eyes
Plunged in a sea of bliss, he swims outright.

He leaps from bed and folds her to his breast,
Nor waits until the lady be undressed ;

Though but in a light sendal clad, that she
Wore in the place of farthingale or gown ;
Which o'er a shift of finest quality,
And white, about her limbs the fay had thrown :
The mantle yielded at his touch, as he
Embraced her, and that veil remained alone,
Which upon every side the damsel shows,
More than clear glass the lily or the rose.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip,
With whose green boughs its stem is interlaced,
Than those fond lovers, each from either's lip
The balmy breath collecting, lie embraced :
Rich perfume this, whose like no seed or slip
Bears in sweet Indian or Sabæan waste ;
While so to speak their joys is either fixed,
That oftentimes those meeting lips are mixed.

These things were carried closely by the dame
And youth, or if surmised, were never bruited ;
For silence seldom was a cause for blame,
But oftener as a virtue well reputed.
By those shrewd courtiers, conscious of his claim,
Rogero is with proffers fair saluted :
Worshiped of all those inmates, who fulfill
In this the enamored fay, Alcina's will.

No pleasure is omitted there ; since they
Alike are prisoners in Love's magic hall.
They change their raiment twice or thrice a day,
Now for this use, and now at other call.
'Tis often feast, and always holiday ;
'Tis wrestling, tourney, pageant, bath, and ball ;
Now underneath a hill by fountain cast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past ;

Now by glad hill, or through the shady dale,
They hunt the fearful hare, and now they flush
With busy dog, sagacious of the trail,
Wild pheasant from the stubble field or bush.
Now where green junipers perfume the gale,
Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush ;

And casting now for fish, with net or hook,
Disturb their secret haunts in pleasant brook.

Rogero revels there, in like delight,
While Charles and Agramant are troubled sore.
But not for him their story will I slight,
Nor Bradamant forget; who evermore,
'Mid toilsome pain and care, her cherished knight,
Ravished from her, did many a day deplore;
Whom by unwonted ways, transported through
Mid air, the damsel saw, nor whither knew.

Of her I speak before the royal pair,
Who many days pursued her search in vain;
By shadowy wood, or over champaign bare,
By farm and city, and by hill and plain;
But seeks her cherished friend with fruitless care,
Divided by such space of land and main:
Often she goes among the Paynim spears,
Yet never aught of her Rogero hears.

Of hundreds questioned, upon every side,
Each day, no answer ever gives content.
She roams from post to post, and far and wide
Searches pavilion, lodging, booth, or tent,
And this, 'mid foot or horseman, unespied,
May safely do, without impediment,
Thanks to the ring, whose more than mortal aid,
When in her mouth, conceals the vanished maid.

She cannot, will not, think that he is dead;
Because the wreck of such a noble knight
Would from Hydaspes' distant waves have spread,
To where the sun descends with westering light.
She knows not what to think, nor whither sped,
He roams in earth or air; yet, hapless wight,
Him ever seeks, and for attendant train
Has sobs and sighs, and every bitter pain.

At length to find the wondrous cave she thought,
Where the prophetic bones of Merlin lie,
And there lament herself until she wrought
Upon the pitying marble to reply;
For thence, if yet he lived, would she be taught,
Or this glad life to hard necessity

Had yielded up; and, when she was possessed
Of the seer's counsels, would pursue the best.

With this intention, Bradamant her way
Directed thither, where in Poictier's wood
The vocal tomb, containing Merlin's clay,
Concealed in Alpine place and savage, stood.
But that enchantress sage, who night and day
Thought of the damsel, watchful for her good,
She, I repeat, who taught her what should be
In that fair grotto her posterity;

She who preserved her with protecting care,
That same enchantress, still benign and wise,
Who, knowing she a matchless race should bear
Of men, or rather semi-deities,
Spies daily what her thoughts and actions are,
And lots for her each day, divining, tries;—
She all Rogero's fortune knew, how freed;
Then borne to India by the griffin steed:

Him on that courser plainly she had eyed,
Who would not the controlling rein obey;
When, severed by such interval, he hied,
Borne through the perilous, unwonted way,
And knew that he sport, dance, and banquet plied,
And lapt in idleness and pleasure lay;
Nor memory of his lord nor of the dame,
Once loved so well, preserved, nor of his fame.

And thus such gentle knight ingloriously
Would have consumed his fairest years and best
In long inaction, afterwards to be,
Body and soul, destroyed; and *that*, possessed
Alone by us in perpetuity,
That flower, whose sweets outlive the fragile rest
Which quickens man when he in earth is laid,
Would have been plucked or severed in the blade,

But that enchantress kind, who with more care
Than for himself he watched, still kept the knight,
Designed to drag him, by rough road and bare,
Towards true virtue, in his own despite;
As often cunning leech will burn and pare
The flesh, and poisonous drug employ aright:

Who, though at first his cruel art offend,
Is thanked, since he preserves us, in the end.

She, not like old Atlantes, rendered blind
By the great love she to the stripling bore,
Set not on gifting him with life her mind,
As was the scope of that enchanter hoar;
Who, reckless all of fame and praise declined,
Wished length of days to his Rogero more
Than that, to win a world's applause, the peer
Should of his joyous life forego one year.

By him he to Alcina's isle had been
Dispatched, that in her palace he might dwell,
Forgetting arms; and, as enchanter seen
In magic and the use of every spell,
The heart had fastened of that fairy queen,
Enamored of the gentle youth, so well,
That she the knot would never disengage,
Though he should live to more than Nestor's age.



THE PRINCE.

BY NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

[**NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI**, Florentine writer and statesman, was born May 3, 1469. He came of a noble but impoverished family, his father being Bernardo Machiavelli, a jurist. He was secretary of the council named "The Ten" from 1498 until the fall of the republic in 1512, and during this time was occupied in the voluminous correspondence of his bureau, in diplomatic missions to France, Germany, and the petty states of Italy, and in the organization of the Florentine militia. On the restoration of the Medici in 1512, he was banished, and in the following year arrested and subjected to torture on the charge of conspiracy, but was soon pardoned and liberated. The next eight years he spent in retirement and literary work, was then again employed as ambassador, and died at Florence, June 22, 1527. His chief works are: "The Prince" (*Il Principe*), a study of the founding and maintenance of a state; "Florentine History"; "Art of War"; "Discourses on Livy"; "Mandragola," and other comedies.]

OF CRUELTY AND CLEMENCY, AND WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO BE LOVED THAN FEARED.

To proceed to other qualities which are requisite in those who govern. A prince ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. *Cæsar*

Borgia was accounted cruel; but it was to that cruelty that he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be allowed that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because by making a few examples, he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end, than he, who by too great indulgence, suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, whilst punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity, by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne which she did not inherit from her ancestors:—

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et latè fines custode tueri. — *Æn.* lib. i.

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising; neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales which may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence, in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked whether it is better to be loved than feared; to which I answer that one should wish to be both. But as that is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than be loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested; so long as you can serve them, they are entirely devoted to you; their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring are at your disposal, when you have no occasion for them; but in the day of need, they turn their

back upon you. The prince who relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services. Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded, than to one who merely strives to be beloved ; and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest : whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared, in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love, he may at least avoid the hatred, of his subjects ; and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and above all things, he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned party. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relations than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects ; but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should make little account of being esteemed cruel ; such a character will be useful to him, by keeping his troops in obedience, and preventing every species of faction.

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops ; insomuch, that having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of people, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline : and this can only be attributed to his extreme severity, and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, and without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing.

There have been writers notwithstanding, but, in my opinion, very injudicious ones, who, whilst they render every degree of justice to his talents and his splendid achievements,

still condemn the principle on which he acted. But nothing can in this respect more fully justify him than the example of Scipio, one of the greatest generals mentioned in history. His extreme indulgence towards the troops he commanded in Spain occasioned disorders, and at length a revolt, which drew on him from Fabius Maximus, in full senate, the reproach of having destroyed the Roman soldiery. This general having suffered the barbarous conduct of one of his lieutenants towards the Locrians to go unpunished, a senator, in his justification, observed that there were some men who knew better how to avoid doing ill themselves than to punish it in others. This excess of indulgence would in time have tarnished the glory and reputation of Scipio, if he had been a prince; but as he lived under a republican government, it was not only connived at, but redounded to his glory.

I conclude, then, with regard to the question, whether it is better to be loved than feared, — that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves, whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise, he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

WHETHER PRINCES OUGHT TO BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day, who have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith.

It should therefore be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest: the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts; but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force: a prince ought therefore to understand how to use both these descriptions of arms. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern, that it was their

duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. Now, as a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares, and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they who entirely rely upon the lion's strength, will not always meet with success: in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing; never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government.

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess

all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety : this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart ; and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority ; the means he employs, be what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause ; for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom or never heard or regarded.

There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith ; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and dominions.¹

WHETHER FORTRESSES AND SOME OTHER THINGS ARE REALLY OF SERVICE TO A PRINCE.

Some princes, in order to maintain themselves effectually in possession of their dominions, disarm their subjects. Others encourage divisions in the provinces subjugated to their rule. Some go so far as designedly to make themselves inimical to

¹ Ferdinand V., king of Aragon and Castile.

the people, while others strenuously endeavor to gain over those whom they had suspected at the commencement of their reign. One prince builds fortresses, and another razes them to the ground. It is not easy to determine what line of conduct is the best to adopt, without a thorough knowledge of the different states where the rules are to be applied. It will be sufficient therefore to treat this part of the subject in a general way.

A new prince never disarms his subjects; on the contrary, if he find them without the means of defense, he at once provides them with arms, and his subjects are thus converted into soldiers entirely devoted to his service. The suspected become thenceforth attached to his cause, his friends continue firm in their attachment, and all his people become his partisans.

It is, without doubt, impossible to arm every one; but if the prince is kind and obliging to those whom he does arm, he can have little to fear from the rest. Those who are in his service will think themselves honored by the preference, and those who are not, will readily excuse him, from a persuasion that the greatest merit is due to those who run the greatest dangers. But a prince who disarms his subjects forfeits their affection by the distrust which he betrays, and nothing is more likely to excite their hatred. In addition, it becomes necessary, under such circumstances, to support an army of mercenaries, the dangers of which I have before sufficiently explained. Besides, amongst other inconveniences, troops of this kind can never be efficient against a powerful enemy and disaffected subjects.

Thus it has always been a maxim with those who raise themselves to power, to arm their subjects. But when a prince acquires a new state, and annexes it as an appendage to his hereditary dominions, he should then disarm his subjects, excepting those who were favorable to his views antecedent to his new conquest; and even then it would still behoove him to soften and enervate, as occasion may require, in order that his whole military force may consist of his own subjects.

Some of our ancestors, who were deemed wise men, used to say that Pistoia should be restrained by domestic factions, and Pisa by fortresses. Upon which account they always fomented divisions and discord in the cities and towns where the people were suspected. This policy was well devised, considering the uncertain state of affairs in Italy at that time. But it could scarcely be adopted now, because a town divided against itself

could never successfully withstand an enemy, for the latter would infallibly allure one of the two factions to its cause, and so become master of the place.

The Venetians, adopting this very policy, favored alternately the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the cities subjected to their sway ; and although they never suffered them to come to actual collision together, yet they incessantly fomented divisions, which prevented them from thinking of revolt ; but Venice did not derive from such conduct the benefit which was anticipated ; for her armies having been defeated at Vaila, one of these factions had the audacity to aspire to sovereign power, and was successful in the attempt.

These expedients argue weakness in a prince ; for no government of any power will ever permit such divisions, although in times of peace they are unquestionably attended with less inconvenience, because they divert the attention of the people from rebellion, yet in time of war they betray the impotence of a state which must employ so weak a policy.

It is by conquering difficulties that princes raise themselves to power, and fortune cannot more successfully elevate a new prince, than by raising enemies and confederacies against him, thus stimulating his genius, exercising his courage, and affording him an opportunity of climbing to the highest degree of power. Many persons are therefore of opinion that it is advantageous for a prince to have enemies, which by preventing him from indulging in a dangerous repose will enable him to win the esteem and admiration not only of his faithful, but of his rebellious subjects.

Princes, and particularly new ones, have often experienced more zeal and fidelity from those subjects whom they suspected at the beginning of their reign, than from others in whom they placed more confidence at first. Pandolpho Petrucci, prince of Sienna, governed chiefly by the assistance of those whom he once suspected. It is, however, difficult to establish general rules upon a subject that must vary according to circumstances. I shall only observe that if those who are disaffected to the prince at the beginning of his reign stand in actual need of his protection, he may easily gain their support ; and afterwards they will continue faithful to him, from a desire to efface by their services every unfavorable prejudice to which their former conduct may have given birth. Those, on the other hand, who have never opposed the prince's interest, will serve

him with that lukewarm zeal which is the invariable result of complete security.

But since the nature of my subject seems to require it, I cannot refrain from advising a prince who may have attained supreme authority by means of popular favor, minutely to examine the cause and motives of this good will : if it arise more from a hatred of the old government than from any interest inspired by the prince himself, he may, perhaps, find it no easy matter to preserve the people's affection, as it will be almost impossible ever to satisfy their wishes.

If we examine history, ancient or modern, we shall find it easier for a prince to gain the friendship of those who lived quietly under the preceding government, and were consequently averse to his accession, than to make others his friends who sided with him at first, and favored his enterprise merely from discontent.

Princes have sometimes erected fortresses for the purpose of more easily defending their states from the attacks of internal enemies, and in order to be able effectually to repel the first efforts at a revolt. This mode is an old and, in my opinion, a very good plan. Nevertheless, even in our own times, Nicholas Vitelli actually demolished the two fortresses of the city of Castello to effect the safety of that state ; and Guy d'Ubaldo, duke of Urbino, having recovered his duchy from which he had been driven by Cæsar Borgia, razed all the fortresses, in order the more easily to maintain his conquest. The Bentivoglieri acted in a similar manner at Bologna, when that state was restored to their dominion.

Fortresses are therefore useful or dangerous according to circumstances ; and if in some cases they are serviceable, they are in others injurious. Thus a prince who is more in dread of his subjects than of foreign foes ought to fortify his cities ; but if the reverse, he should abstain from such a course. The citadel which Francis Sforza built at Milan has caused more irreparable injury to his family than all the disturbances and disorders to which that duchy has ever been exposed.

There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people. If he is hated by his subjects, all other fortresses will be in vain, for when they fly to arms, there will be no want of enemies without the walls to afford them assistance. Fortresses have been of little use to the princes of the present day, with the exception perhaps of the countess of Forlì, who, after

the death of her husband Count Jerome, found herself enabled by such assistance to wait for succors from the state of Milan, whereby her authority was restored; yet even then she was greatly indebted to circumstances, which prevented her subjects from obtaining the assistance of foreign aid. When she was afterwards attacked by Cæsar Borgia, she must doubtless then, though perhaps too late, have become convinced that the best fortress for a prince is found in the people's affection.

After due reflection, therefore, I see no reason for blaming a prince, either for building fortresses, or abstaining from such a course; but he doubtless is deserving of the most decisive censure who is content to rely on their protection alone, regardless of the hatred of his subjects.

EXHORTATION TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN POWERS.

When I take a review of the subject-matter treated of in this book, and examine whether the circumstances in which we are now placed would be favorable to the establishment of a new government, honorable alike to its founder and advantageous to Italy, it appears to me that there never was, nor ever will be, a period more appropriate for the execution of so glorious an undertaking.

If it was necessary that the people of Israel should be slaves to Egypt, in order to elicit the rare talents of Moses; that the Persians should groan under the oppression of the Medes, in order to prove the courage and magnanimity of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be scattered and dispersed, in order to make manifest the rare virtues of Theseus, it will be likewise necessary, for the glory of some Italian hero, that his country should be reduced to its present miserable condition, that they should be greater slaves than the Israelites, more oppressed than the Persians, and still more dispersed than the Athenians; in a word, that they should be without laws and without chiefs, pillaged, torn to pieces, and enslaved by foreign powers.

And though it has sometimes unquestionably happened that men have arisen, who appeared to be sent by Heaven to achieve our deliverance, yet jealous fortune has ever abandoned them in the midst of their career, so that our unfortunate country still groans and pines away in the expectation of a deliverer, who may put an end to the devastations in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the kingdom of Naples. She supplicates Heaven to raise

up a prince who may free her from the odious and humiliating yoke of foreigners, who may close the numberless wounds with which she has been so long afflicted, and under whose standard she may march against her cruel oppressors.

But on whom can Italy cast her eyes except upon your illustrious house, which, visibly favored by Heaven and the church, the government of which is confided to its care, possesses also the wisdom and the power necessary to undertake so glorious an enterprise? and I cannot think that the execution of this project will seem difficult if you reflect on the actions and conduct of the heroes whose examples I have above adduced. Though their exploits were indeed wonderful, they were still but men; and although their merit raised them above others, yet none of them certainly were placed in a situation so favorable as that in which you now stand. You have justice on your side; their cause was not more lawful than yours, and the blessing of God will attend you no less than them. Every war that is necessary is just; and it is humanity to take up arms for the defense of a people to whom no other resource is left.

All circumstances concur to facilitate the execution of so noble a project, for the accomplishment of which it will only be necessary to tread in the steps of those great men whom I have had an opportunity of mentioning in the course of this work. For though some of them, it is true, were conducted by the hand of God in a wonderful manner, though the sea divided to let them pass, a cloud directed their course, a rock streamed with water to assuage their thirst, and manna fell from heaven to appease their hunger, yet there is no occasion for such miracles at present, as you possess in yourself sufficient power to execute a plan you ought by no means to neglect. God will not do everything for us; much is left to ourselves, and the free exercise of our will, that so our own actions may not be wholly destitute of merit.

If none of our princes have hitherto been able to effect what is now expected from your illustrious house, and if Italy has continually been unfortunate in her wars, the evil has arisen from the defects in military discipline, which no person has possessed the ability to reform.

Nothing reflects so much honor on a new prince as the new laws and institutions established under his direction, especially when they are good and bear the character of grandeur. Now it must be acknowledged that Italy soon accommodates herself

to new forms. Her inhabitants are by no means deficient in courage, but they are destitute of proper chiefs; the proof of this is in the duels and other individual combats in which the Italians have always evinced consummate ability, whilst their valor in battles has appeared well-nigh extinguished. This can only be attributed to the weakness of the officers, who are unable to insure obedience from those who know, or think they know, the art of war. Thus we have seen the greatest generals of the present day, whose orders were never executed with exactness and celerity. These are the reasons why, in the wars in which we have been for the last twenty years engaged, the armies raised in Italy have been almost always beaten. Witness Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri.

If therefore your illustrious house is willing to regulate its conduct by the example of our ancestors, who have delivered their country from the rule of foreigners, it is necessary, above all things, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to set on foot a national army; you cannot have better or more faithful soldiers, and though every one of them may be a good man, yet they will become still better when they are all united, and see themselves honored, caressed, and rewarded by a prince of their own.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to have troops raised in our own country, if we wish to protect it from the invasion of foreign powers. The Swiss as well as the Spanish infantry are highly esteemed, but both have defects which may be avoided in the formation of our troops, which would render them superior to both of those powers. The Spaniards cannot support the shock of cavalry, and the Swiss cannot maintain their ground against infantry that is equally resolute with themselves.

Experience has fully shown that the Spanish battalions cannot resist the French cavalry, and that the Swiss have been beaten by the infantry of Spain. And though there has not been any thorough trial with regard to the Swiss on this point, yet there was a sort of specimen at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish infantry came in contact with the German troops, who fought in the same order as the Swiss. Upon that occasion, the Swiss, having with their accustomed vivacity, and under the protection of their bucklers, thrown themselves across the pikes of the Germans, the latter were obliged to

give way, and would have been entirely defeated if their cavalry had not come to their relief.

It is necessary therefore to institute a military force possessing neither the defects of the Swiss or the Spanish infantry, and that may be able to maintain its ground against the French cavalry, and this is to be effected, not by changing their arms, but by altering their discipline. Nothing is more likely to make a new prince esteemed, and to render his reign illustrious.

Such an opportunity ought eagerly to be embraced, that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at least behold her deliverer appear. With what demonstrations of joy and gratitude, with what affection, with what impatience for revenge, would he not be received by those unfortunate provinces who have so long groaned under such odious oppression. What city would shut her gates against him, and what people would be so blind as to refuse him obedience? What rivals would he have to dread? Is there one Italian who would not hasten to pay him homage? All are weary of the tyranny of these barbarians. May your illustrious house, strong in all the hopes which justice gives our cause, deign to undertake this noble enterprise, that so, under your banners, our nation may resume its ancient splendor, and, under your auspices, behold the prophecy of Petrarch at last fulfilled.

Virtu contr' al furore
Prendera l' arme et sia il combatter corto
Che l' antico valore
Ne gl' Italici cuor non è ancor morto.

When virtue takes the field,
Short will the conflict be,
Barbarian rage shall yield
The palm to Italy :
For patriot blood still warms Italian veins,
Though low the fire, a spark at least remains.



ROMEO AND JULIET

From a painting by G. Papperitz

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

By SHAKESPEARE.

Scene : Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo —

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were! —

She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,

O, that I were a glove upon that hand!

That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet —

Ah me!

Romeo —

She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet —

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo—

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Juliet—

'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo—

I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet—

What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo—

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet—

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo—

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet—

How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo—

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet—

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo —

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet —

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo —

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Juliet —

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo —

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet —

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say — *Ay*;
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo —

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Juliet—

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo—

What shall I swear by?

Juliet—

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo—

If my heart's dear love—

Juliet—

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Romeo—

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet—

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo—

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet—

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo—

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet—

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Romeo—

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Reënter JULIET, above.

Juliet —

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world: —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet —

I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet —

By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Romeo —

So thrive my soul, —

Juliet —

A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Romeo —

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Reënter JULIET, above.

Juliet —

Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo —

It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet —

Romeo!

Romeo — My sweet!

Juliet — At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Romeo —

At the hour of nine.

Juliet—

I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo—

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet—

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Romeo—

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet—

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo—

I would, I were thy bird.

Juliet—

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Romeo—

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

Scene : Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar—

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

Romeo—

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar—

These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet —

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar —

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet —

As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo —

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet —

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar —

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.]

Scene : Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Juliet —

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo —

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious **streaks**
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet —

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo —

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow!
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet —

It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too;
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

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